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UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS

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HYMNS AND CHORALS

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A Book for Heart, Home, Church

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
CHICAGO
1913

KF 16548

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WILLIAM C. GANNETT AND FREDERICK L. HOSMER

PREFACE

THIS book is a much revised and enlarged form of the "Unity Hymns and Chorals," published thirty years ago. During this period the rising faith has voiced itself in many ways, and not least significantly in new and noble hymns. Mainly from these recent hymns, but also from fresh gleanings in the older fields, our present selection is made. Of its three hundred and thirty-five hymns, one hundred and forty-eight are new to this revision, and seventy-three of its hundred and fifteen tunes. The "Opening Services," six of the fourteen "Choral Responses," the "Thanksgivings," the "Prayers," the "Benedictions," and many of the "Choral Sentences," are also new to it. More than half of the book is, therefore, new. The editors, both of whom took part in the preparation of the former book, hope that even more than that it may deserve its new sub-title, "A Book for Heart, Home, Church."

Many churches will, of course, prefer a wider range both of hymns and tunes. But familiarity and association have much to do with hymn-love and tune-use; and few congregations use more than three hundred hymns, or can sing more than one hundred tunes with success and enjoyment. Our book is made for the little church rather than the large, and for the singing congregation rather than the choir; and in providing our small number of hymns and tunes our aim has been to select such as will serve nearly every practical purpose for which a church-book is used, and also such as already have, or are likely to acquire, enduring love among us.

THE TUNES

Our tunes, with few exceptions, have long been familiar to the congregations. Most of them are common to many of the better hymn-books, and have been chosen partly by that test of excellence. The cut-leaf feature is retained, — this device, with some undoubted drawbacks, having approved itself, we think, to most of the churches that have used the former book. It has several advantages: it brings any tune over any hymn on any opened page; hymns and tunes can be arranged in perfect independence of each other, — the tunes alphabetically, so they can be easily found without consulting an index, — the hymns ideally by subject, while each group can be arranged within itself in sequences of beauty; and it makes possible a smaller book and a cheaper price. With each hymn we venture to suggest the tunes that seem best to interpret it; usually two, to allow for differing tastes,

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or because one seems to render certain lines or verses better than the other. Much delightful study has been given to these matings, but with no thought that the choice made may not be bettered by the preference of others. The feeling has grown that the great tunes are comparatively few; and that certain old and noble tunes, even if oft repeated, make worthier settings than many of the new ones provided in such variety by the large hymn-books.

THE HYMNS

As before, our hymns reflect the religious feelings underlying what is called the Liberal Faith, — feelings of moral longing and consecration, of dependence on the One in All, of childlike trust in the Eternal Goodness, of happy thankfulness for life, of free communion between man and man in brotherhood, and between the child-soul and the indwelling Father-Soul. There are not so many hymns of Duty, Brotherhood and Service in the book as we had hoped, — mainly because such hymns, in singing and poetic forms, are not yet many in the world. But there is more than the usual proportion of herald-songs, — songs of the Good-to-Be. More, also, than is common of hymns touched with a sense of the wonder and beauty of Nature, and of what may perhaps be deemed "poems" rather than "hymns." Songs suffused with the thought and feeling, without the name, of God will be used increasingly as "hymns," we think. The imagery of Christian hymns has been largely borrowed from a drama of salvation now passing out of credence; its place will be taken by imagery drawn from Nature and life, — and this is almost equivalent to saying that "hymns" are likely to broaden in their scope, and, in broadening, to grow more poetic and more beautiful.

No one who knows the singers of the rising faith will be surprised that we have a large number of hymns written by a comparatively small group of kindred writers, — Whittier, Samuel Longfellow, Samuel Johnson, John Chadwick, and the like. It will gladden many to find that Whittier's unexhausted quarry has yielded several new hymns; and that Chadwick's list is much enlarged, mainly from the book of "Later Poems," that he left nearly ready when he passed away. In all matters save one, that concern the choice of our hymns, the two editors have worked closely together; but for this one feature of the book, that in his judgment gives it no little of its special value, a single editor (W. C. G.) wishes to claim sole responsibility, — the inclusion of so many hymns written by the other editor, and included against this other's urgent preference. To make his own assurance more than doubly sure, several friends, good judges, were consulted on this point: they were virtually of one mind that hymns of such quality, so truly interpreting the heart of to-day's religiousness, ought to be welcomed and enter uncounted, even though they cluster under the name of a single author, and that the name of one of the editors.

Many of our hymns are changed from their originals either by previous editors or by ourselves. Usually the change is slight. If it affect but an unimportant word or two, or if a hymn be a cento of lines from different parts of the same poem, no indication of change is given; otherwise a star follows the author's or translator's name (seventy-five hymns thus), — unless the change be so great as to amount to "adaptation," in which case "adapted," or "ad," is used without the star (eleven hymns thus). In four other cases so many hands from first to last have had part in the gradual transformation, that the hymns are simply marked "composite." The editors belong with those who think that the honor due the maker of a noble hymn is best ensured and manifested, not by a scrupulous care to retain his exact words or else pass by his good work altogether, but by claiming reverent right to change his words, when change will prolong his service, and the gratitude felt for it, to after-generations. Many a hymn has achieved its immortality in this way, — by alteration that fits it better to the needs of changing faith and taste. "Watts altered David, and Wesley altered Watts"; and Wesley, in turn, becomes "Wesleyan," and so reaches us. The ancient Latin hymns, the tender Moravian hymns, have "histories of change," and therefore of abiding influence and delight. The great Prayer-Books of the Christian Church show similar transformation, and thereby keep kinship through the centuries. All rich, impressive "liturgy" abounds in echoes, as it ought; but in echoes, not in exact quotations.

That this liberty to change should be used only under a sense of careful responsibility has certainly been felt by the present editors. They do not suppose that they have made no mistakes; but they have done nothing lightly, and in some cases have probably given more thought and pains to a single verse or line than was originally given by the author to his whole hymn; for the trouble with too many even of the good hymns is that they were never finished with an artist's love and touch. If borrowing by other books of certain altered hymns that first appeared in the Unity book of thirty years ago may be considered evidence, we feel sure that sometimes, at least, we have thus helped "impossible" or unknown verse to reach the singing churches. We hope and think that starred hymns from the present book will find even wider welcome. In the preface to his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer" — a collection in which, by careful count, thirty-three per cent of the hymns show some touch of change — James Martineau has stated at length this view of the ethics of hymn-alteration; and we would refer the doubter to his words.

Authors living have, with very few exceptions, been asked permission for the alteration wished; and it was easily obtained. If any have not been consulted who should have been, the plea made in our earlier book is urged again: "Allow it, friendly author, for the widened service which your heart's song thereby secures; rejoice that you have sung a song in which, *with* alteration, you can help other souls to rise towards God."

THE SERVICE ELEMENTS

Not "Services of Worship," but only "Service Elements," are provided in our book. Some congregations that may like the hymns will never use these elements; others, perhaps small churches and those for a time without a minister, may find them useful. As always with such work, the material is largely borrowed; and it has been used by us with such free handling and re-combination that specific sources cannot easily be designated. In the "Opening Services" and the "Prayers" many phrases will be recognized as Martineau's, whose "Two Services" and "Home Prayers" are so heart-searching and so rich in beauty. The "Choral Responses" of the former book have fixed themselves so firmly in the love of certain churches, that six new ones have been confidently added. Even if the Old Testament Psalms, so long read responsively, seemed as well fitted for such use to-day as formerly, our book is too small to admit them in sufficient variety; but three "Thanksgivings," arranged somewhat as litanies, are offered, which in some churches may win liking. Is there more reason why a "Confession" should be a "constant" in a service of worship than a "Thanksgiving"? The "Prayers," but few in all, are grouped by their dominant thought, — Worship, God, the Way of Life, the Heart of Love, the World Made New by Love, our Country. The "Choral Sentences" are a few musical phrases that may be found useful at the beginning and the close of services, or as responses after prayer. The "Benedictions" — some of them for centuries, some for only yesterdays, have sent the congregations forth in peace.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the friends who have shared with us the making of this book, we here record our gratitude. The comradeship is large, — some granting permission to use their work, or work controlled by them; others helping in the selection of hymns and tunes by sending or by criticizing lists; others by counsel or financial aid. To many thanks are due for one noble hymn; to a few for several hymns,— to Rev. Theodore C. Williams, for 47, 111, 322; to Bradford Torrey, for 182 and 220; to Mrs. Frances Whitmarsh Wile, for 48, 230, 306; and to our fellow-editor in the former book, Rev. J. V. Blake, for 23, 68, 153, 233, 296. Special gratitude is due to those who allowed the requested changes in their lines; and to three generous hearts on whom the request may have borne a little hardly, — Rev. Dr. Gladden (hymn 147), Rev. Howard Arnold Walter (hymn 86), and Richard Watson Gilder (hymn 168). William Watson, the English poet, graciously adapted to American conditions a poem of his, not to be found as yet in any of his books; the mother-land thus sending us a national hymn (332). Rev. Dr. W. G. Horder and Rev. V. D. Davis, English friends and hymnologists, have shown most friendly interest. Prof. John R. Slater of the University of Rochester, allows use of his "Commencement" tune, now for the first time published, and named "Rochester" (77). The

musical setting for St. Augustine's words in Choral Response VII is also his, besides large contributions to the "Prayers." For the second "Thanksgiving" certain fine sentences arranged by Rev. Dr. Charles F. Dole have been, with his consent, enlarged; nor has this been his only aid. Rev. Dr. Charles L. Noyes, editor of the "Pilgrim Hymnal," has shared his rich experience with us. Rev. Edwin A. Rumball and Rev. John H. Lathrop and Charlotte Katharine Gannett lent a helpful touch in parts of the Service Book. Perley Dunn Aldrich, W. ApMadoc, W. D. Armstrong, and F. W. Batchelder, all professionally trained, have aided with musical suggestion; and among others helping in the same way are Rev. Dr. C. W. Wendte, Rev. R. W. Boynton, Rev. H. W. Foote, and Prof. W. H. Carruth. To all these friends, laboring in love with us in what has proved an almost three-years task, we would repeat our cordial thanks. Also to Charles Scribner's Sons for the use, so far as they control it, of Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock's glowing hymn (254), found in his "Thoughts for Every Day Living"; to the Century Company for use of Miss Elizabeth C. Cardozo's hymn (139); to the Chicago "Interior" for the use of Rev. W. P. Merrill's national hymn (333); to the "Outlook" for the use of President Hyde's hymn (127); and especially for the *carte blanche* generously given by the Houghton Mifflin Company, who evidently count it privilege to spread far and wide the Gospel of Whittier, Lowell, Samuel Longfellow and John Chadwick, each largely represented in this book.

But above all others thanks belong to our two fellow-workers, Charles E. Van Laer and Miss Mary L. Young, both of Rochester; to the latter for the many hours spent in the selection of tunes, in wedding hymns with tunes, and in reading proof; to the former, the musical editor of the book, for his skilful supervision of all its music, and for certain contributions of his own, — the tune "Wings of the Morning" (114); the second chant, "Our Father" (page 45); and the music in Choral Responses X, XII, XIII, XIV, part of it composed, and part arranged, by him.

Lastly, the many who have taken unconscious part with all of us in the making of the book, men and women of the past, whose heart's worship, becoming hymn and prayer and music, has lived after them to make more beautiful our own, — these also are most gratefully remembered.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT,
FREDERICK L. HOSMER,
Editors.

DECEMBER 31, 1910.

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ERRATA

In the present edition it was thought best to make the paging of the Service Book continuous with that of the Hymn Book section. To fit this new arrangement certain page-references in the text should have been changed, as follows:

On page vii of the Preface, near end, change 45 to 161.
On page viii, in the Contents of the Service Book, change

2–3 to 118–119	30–41 to 146–157
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On pages 121–125, in the Glorias, change 46 to 162.
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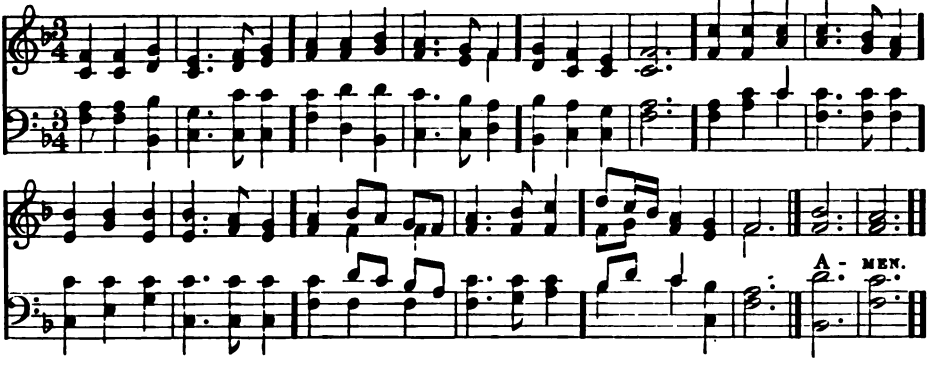
Nicæa..... 64

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For great is the Lord:
In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.
For he is our God:
We are the people of his pasture,
And the sheep of his hand.

Psalm xcv

AMERICA. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Old Strains (?)
Arr. by HENRY CAREY



I

THE ONE IN ALL

Hymns

1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY 1- 8
2. THE LIFE OF NATURE, SOUL AND AGES 9-30

1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY *Nicæa*, 64

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

REGINALD HEBER*

2. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS *St. Ann*, 82

O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the Only Lord
And Everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

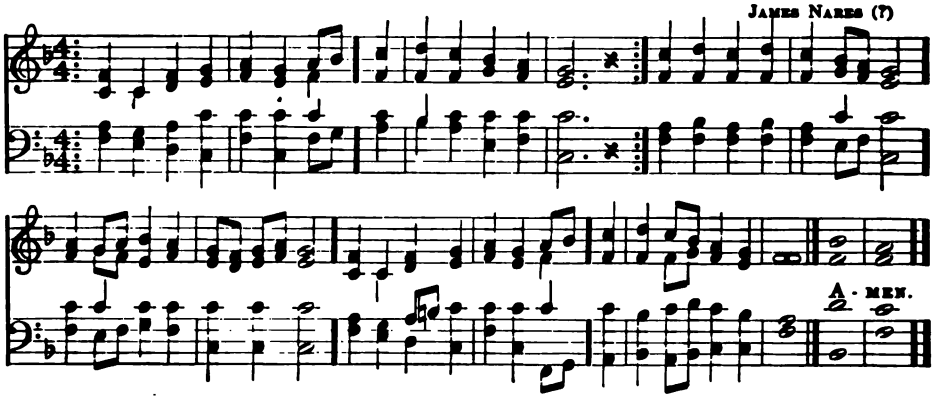
The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

EARLY CHRISTIAN
Tr., TATE AND BRADY

3. ALL CREATURES, PRAISE *Windermere*, 113
Sicily (repeat l. 3), 97

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living Nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,—
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 **AMSTERDAM.** 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. German Choral
James Nares (?)



Sun and noon bright,
Night and moon-light,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,—
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell his story!
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,—
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,—
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise him ever,
Bounteous Giver,
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,—
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

4. WHO WERT, AND ART, AND EVERMORE SHALT BE *Nicæa*, 64

Bring, O Morn, thy music! Night, thy starlit silence!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and planets chorus, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee, mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo, they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws our spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

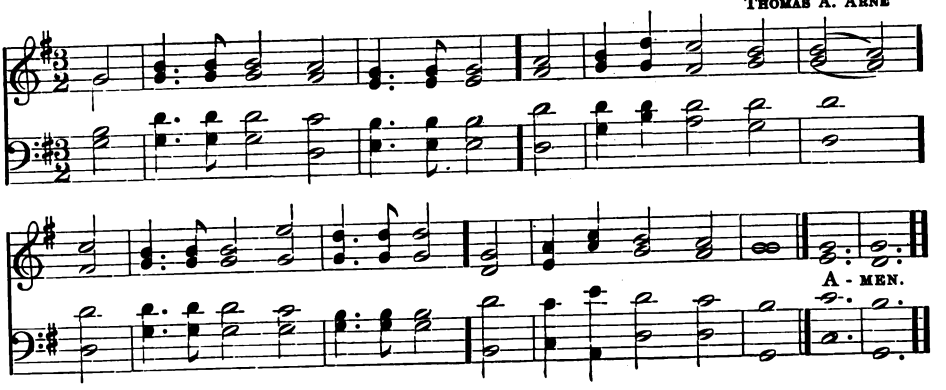
WILLIAM C. GANNETT

5. YIGDAL *Yigdal*, 116
"Let him be magnified"

Praise to the living God!
All praisèd be his Name,
Who was, and is, and is to be,
For aye the same!
The One Eternal God
Ere aught that now appears:
The First, the Last, beyond all thought
His timeless years!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE



Formless, all lovely forms
Declare his loveliness;
Holy, no holiness of earth
Can his express.
Lo, he is Lord of all!
Creation speaks his praise,
And everywhere, above, below,
His will obeys.

His Spirit floweth free,
High surging where it will:
In prophet's word he spake of old,—
He speaketh still.
Established is his law,
And changeless it shall stand,
Deep writ upon the human heart,
On sea, on land.

He knoweth every thought,
Our secrets open lie,
End as beginning clear to his
All-seeing eye.
With perfect poise he binds,
Accordant to the deed,
To wrong the doom, to right the joy,
In measured meed.

Eternal life hath he
Implanted in the soul;
His love shall be our strength and stay,
While ages roll.
Praise to the living God!
All praised be his Name,
Who was, and is, and is to be,
For aye the same!

JEWISH RITUAL: *Tr.*, NEWTON MANN
Adapted

6. ALMIGHTY MAKER

(Psalm c)

Erfurt, 26
Park Street, 70
Old Hundredth, 68

We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS

7. HALLELUJAH

(Psalm cxvii)

Noyes, 65
Ferrier, 29

All ye nations, praise the Lord!
All ye lands, your voices raise!
Heaven and earth, with loud accord
Praise the Lord, forever praise!

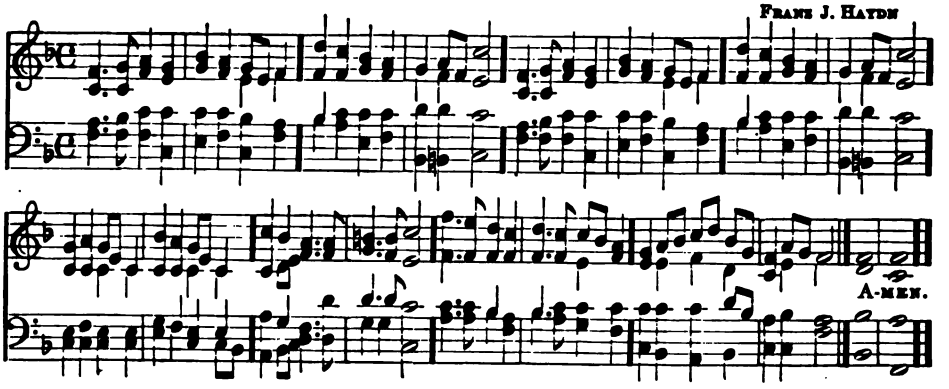
For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love!
Praise him, from the depths beneath!
Praise him, in the heights above!
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

AUSTRIA. 8. 7. D.

FRANZ J. HAYDN



HALLELUJAH *Old Hundredth*, 68
(*Psalm cxvii*)

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Eternal Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS

9. OUR DWELLING-PLACE *St. Ann*, 82
(*Psalm xc*)

Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

ISAAC WATTS

10. THE LORD OF ALL *Christmas*, 86

Sing forth his high eternal Name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call;
O may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous God of all!

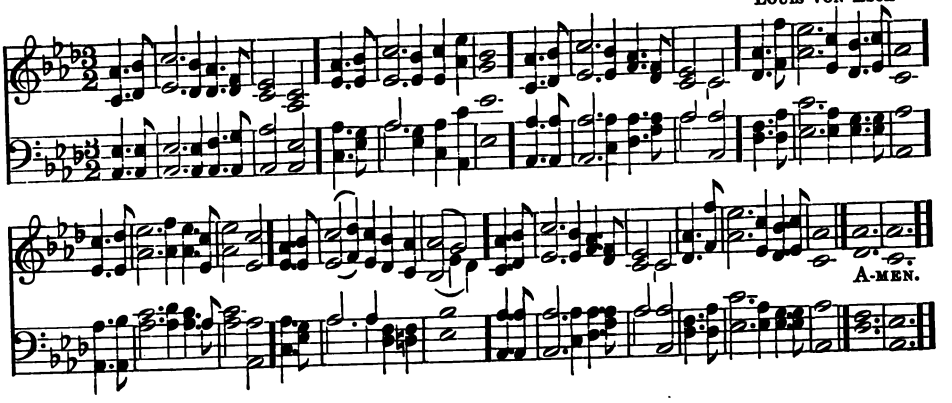
When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The Only Lord of all.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

AUTUMN. 8.7.D.

LOUIS VON ESCH



11. HALLOWED BE THY NAME *Truro*, 102 *Rockingham*, 78 *Federal Street*, 28

One Lord there is, all lords above:
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, consuming Flame,
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the gate,—

The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an everlasting Name.

WILLIAM B. RANDS

12. LORD OF ALL BEING *Truro*, 102 *Rockingham*, 78

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

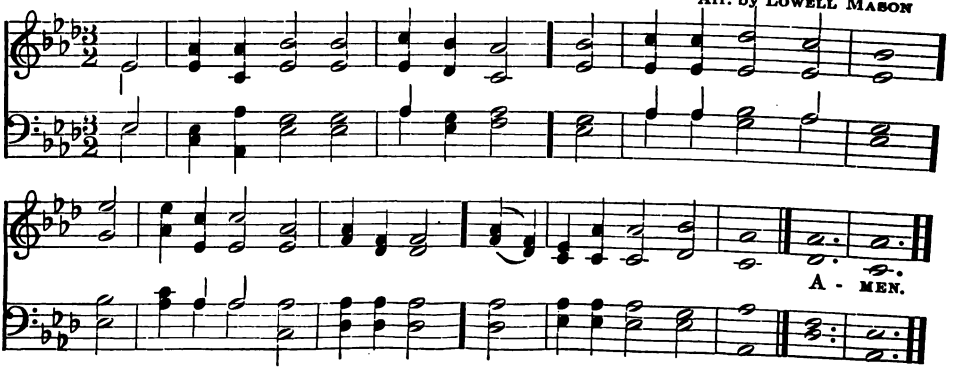
13. JEHOVAH *Lyons*, 52
(*Psalm civ*)

O worship the King all-glorious above!
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

AZMON. C. M.

CARL G. GLÄSER
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

ROBERT GRANT

14. O GOD, THOU ART GREAT *Lyons, 52*
(Psalm civ)

My soul, praise the Lord! O God, thou art great:
In fathomless works thyself thou dost hide.
Before thy dark wisdom and power uncreate,
Man's mind, that dare praise thee, in awe must abide.

The earth where we dwell, that journeys in space,
With air as a robe thou wrappest around:
Her countries she turneth to greet the sun's face,
Then plungeth to slumber in darkness profound.

Lo, there is thy sea, whose bosom below
With creatures doth teem, scaled fishes and finn'd:
Above, the ships laden with merchandise go,
Nor fear the wild waters, nor rage of rude wind.

All seemeth so sure, yet naught doth remain:
Unending their change obeys thy decree:
The valleys of ocean stand up a dry plain,
Thou whelmest the mountains beneath the deep sea.

O God, thou art great: no greatness I see,
Except thee alone, thy praise to record.
On all thy works musing my pleasure shall be:
My joy shall be singing, 'My soul, praise the Lord!'

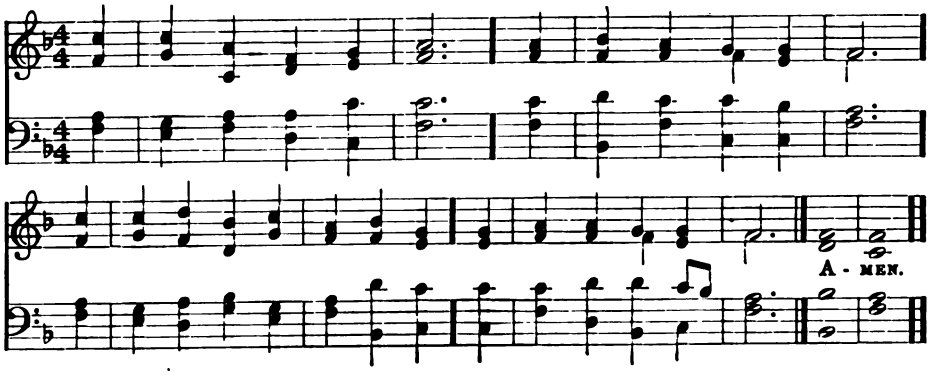
YATTENDON HYMNAL, NO. 68

15. THE LIFE OF LIFE *Martyrdom, 55*
Logan, 49

To him who is the Life of life,
My soul its vows would pay;
He leads the flowery seasons on,
And gives the storm its way.

The winds run backward to their caves
At his divine command,
And the great deep he folds within
The hollow of his hand.

German Melody



He clothes the grass, he makes the rose
To wear her good attire;
The moon he gives her patient grace,
And all the stars their fire.

He stretches out the north; he binds
The tempest in his care;
The mountains cannot strike their roots
So deep he is not there.

Hid in the garment of his works
We feel his presence still,
With us and through us fashioning
The mystery of his will.

ALICE CARY

16. THE EVERLASTING ARMS *Mann*, 53 *Duke Street*, 21

O Love, that dost with goodness crown
The years through all the ages down,
Our highest faith, our deepest cheer,
Is that thy life is ever near!

From planets singing on their way
To flowers that fear the eye of day,
From rivers that rejoicing go
To brooks that murmur sweet and low,

Well know I that the pageant vast,
So beautiful from first to last,
Is but the smile upon thy face,
The sign of love's unmeasured grace.

The seasons roll at thy command;
'Tis in thy strength the mountains stand;
And rooted are all things that bless
Deep in thy everlastingness.

Within thy circling arms we lie,
Safe-lapped in thine infinity,
O Love, who dost with goodness crown
The moments and the ages down!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

17. THE MIRACLE UNBROKEN *Sacrament*, 80

Day after day in trailing splendor
Gives way to glories of the night:
Thanksgiving to thy name we render,
Lord of the darkness and the light!

Daily from thee we have our being,
In all this wondrous order set;
Thine omnipresence blinds our seeing,
And in thy gifts we thee forget.

Touch thou our eyes, their blindness healing,
Until the common earth and air
To our illumined sight and feeling
Thy glory and thyself declare:

Till storied marvel, sign and token,
All pale before the nearer thought
Of the vast miracle unbroken,
Hour unto hour around us wrought.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

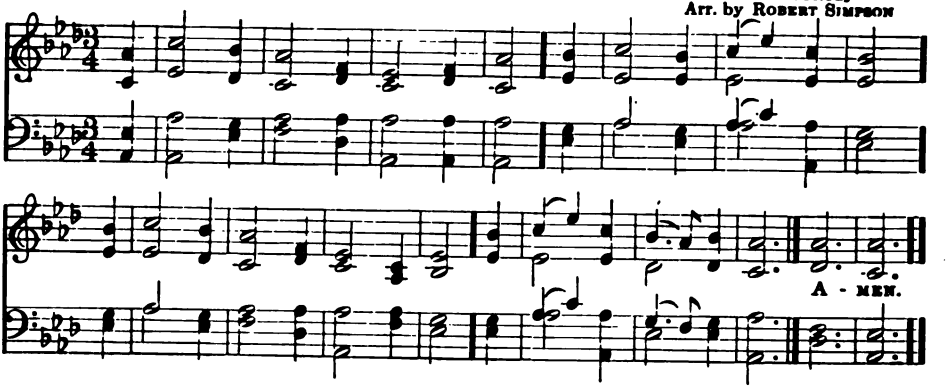
18. NATURE AT WORSHIP *Balerma*, 8 *Boardman*, 13

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody
Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON



The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

19. TWO WORLDS *Beatitudo*, 9 *St. Stephen*, 91

There is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
His boundless power display;
And in the gentler breeze we find
His Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours; and ours to win
The wisdom to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere!

JOHN KEBLE

20. MORE THAN THIS *Credo*, 18

I saw the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendor of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company:
I thought, How beautiful it is!
My soul said, There is more than this.

I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round:
I thought, How wonderful it is!
My soul said, There is more than this.

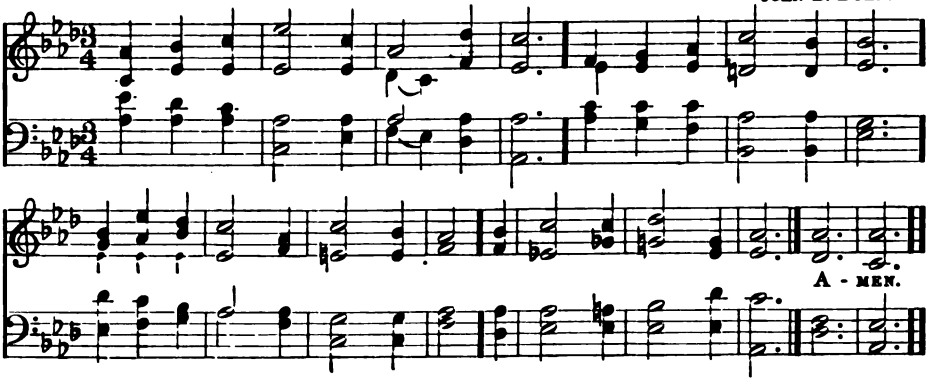
Sometimes I have an awful thought
That bids me do the thing I ought;
It comes like wind, it burns like flame;
How shall I give that thought a name?
It draws me like a loving kiss:
My soul says, There is more than this.

Yea, there is One I cannot see
Or hear, but he is Lord to me;
And in the heavens and earth and skies,
The good which lives till evil dies,
The love which I cannot withstand,
God writes his name with his own hand.

WILLIAM R. RANDS

BEATITUDO. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES



21. INDWELLING *Duke Street*, 21 *Rockingham*, 78

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Of all above and all below,
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power, thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, 'Let there be light!'

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there, —
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

22. THE PRESENCE *Federal Street*, 28 *Hamburg*, 35

Mysterious Presence, Source of all,
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy Spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

SETH C. BEACH

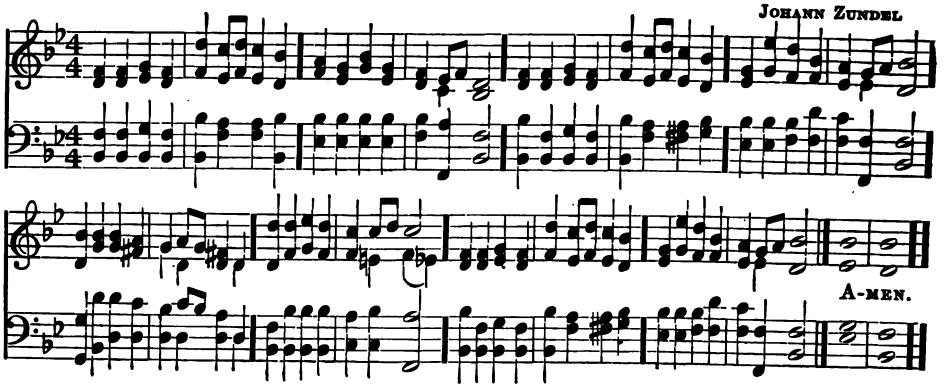
23. CALLING *Nicæa*, 64

Father, thou art calling, calling to us plainly,
To the spirit comes thy loving message evermore:
Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door!

In the whirling tempest and the storm thou livest;
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the after-glow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow, thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low:
Enter, O our Father, truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go!

In thee living, moving, unto thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill the soul,



Father, we adore thee, asking naught nor fearing,
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

J. VILA BLAKE

24. THOU IN US AND WE IN THEE *Lymington*, 51 *St. Anselm*, 83

The heavens thy praise are telling,
The earth declares thy might,
But naught save thine indwelling
Can show thee, Lord, aright:
Where'er our eyes are turning,
Thy foot-prints we can see, —
The light within us burning
Alone revealeth thee.

We know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all humanity:
We know no death, O Spirit,
Because we live in thee,
And all our souls inherit
Thine immortality.

COMPOSITE

25. HIS HOLY PLACE *Lloyd*, 48 *Materna*, 56

The Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far:
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart,
And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long, —
We lose him not, unsought.

The listening ear doth Sinai hear,
Wherever we may be;
'Thy will be done!' and lo, we stand
In dim Gethsemane!
O everywhere his Holy Place,
If love unseal the eyes,
And everywhere the waiting Face
To welcome and surprise!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

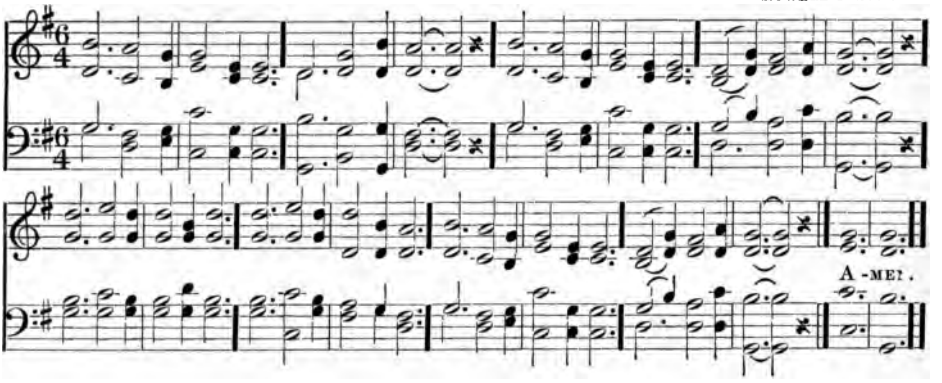
26. IMMANENCE *Noyes*, 65 *Holley*, 37

Thou whose Spirit dwells in all,
Primal Source of life and mind,
In the clod as in the soul,
Fresh and full and unconfined!

Thine the atom's faintest thrill,
Thine the humblest creature's breath,
Prophecy in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death, —

Yearning for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last unfold
All thy secrets strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old.

LOWELL MASON



Secrets, too, of things to be
In the cycles on before:
Love that stronger is than death,
Life with thee for evermore.

Never severed from thy heart,
Never parted from thy side,
Still, as in Creation's dawn,
In thy bosom we abide!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

27. LIFE OF AGES *Noyes*, 65 *Solitude*, (*f.*), 98

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, —

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

28. THE WORD OF GOD *Webb*, 110 *Lymington*, 51 *Ewing*, 27

It sounds along the ages,
Soul answering to soul;
It kindles on the pages
Of every Bible scroll;
The psalmists heard and sang it,
From martyr-lips it broke,
And prophet-tongues outrang it
Till sleeping nations woke.

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
It breathed from Buddha's tree,
It charmed in Athens' market,
It hallowed Galilee;
The hammer-stroke of Luther,
The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
The oracles of Concord,
One holy Word declare.

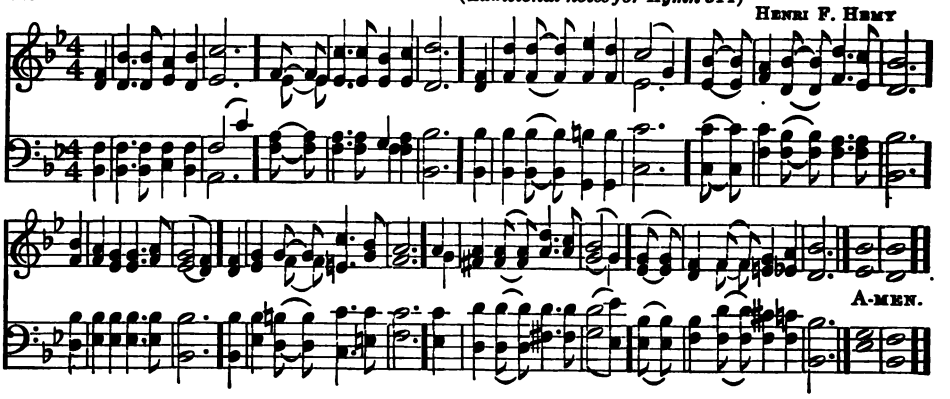
It dates each new ideal;
Knows naught itself of time;
Man's laws but catch the music
Of its eternal chime;
It calls — and lo, new Justice!
It speaks — and lo, new Truth,
In ever nobler stature
And unexhausted youth!

It everywhere arriveth;
Recks not of small and great;
It shapes the unborn atom;
It tells the sun its fate;
The wing-beat of archangel
Its boundary never nears;
Forever on it soundeth, —
The music of the spheres!

WILLIAM C GANNETT

BEULAH. 6. D. *(Additional notes for Hymn 314)*

HENRI F. HEMY



29. CONSIDER THE LILIES *St. Anselm*, 83 *Webb*, 110

He hides within the lily,
A strong and tender Care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan:
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows;
We hear thy wide worlds echo,
'See how the lily grows!'

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

30. THE PLOUGHING OF THE LORD *Azmon*, 6

The ploughing of the Lord is deep,
On ocean or on land;
His furrows cross the mountain-steep,
They cross the sea-washed sand.

Wise men and prophets know not how,
But work their Master's will;
The kings and nations drag the plough
His purpose to fulfil.

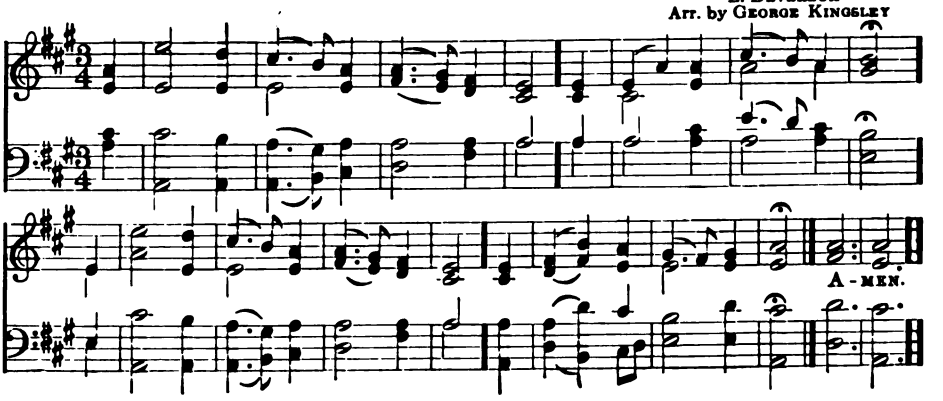
They work his will because they must,
On hillside or on plain,
Till clods are broken into dust,
And ready for the grain.

Where prophets lone the deserts trod,
Where monarchs dragged the plough,
Behold the seed-time of his Word,—
The Sower comes to sow!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BOARDMAN. C. M.

L. Devereux
Arr. by George Kingsley



II
WORSHIP

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2. ASPIRATION	39-46	4. EVENING	62-67
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31. FATHER ALL-GLORIOUS *Italy*, 43

Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
  Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
  Ancient of Days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
  Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Spirit of holiness,
  On us descend!

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
  Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore!

ANON.

32. STRENGTH, LOVE, LIGHT *Italy*, 43

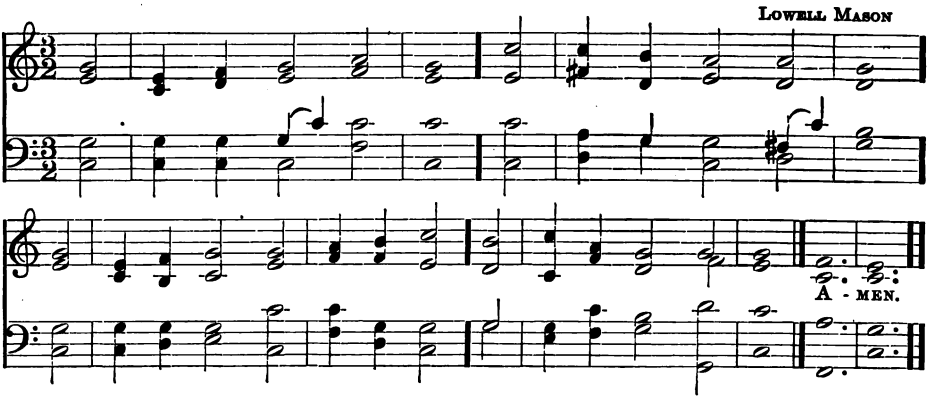
Come, thou Almighty Will!
Our fainting bosoms fill
  With thy great power;
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's Defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
  Come, in this hour!

Come, thou most tender Love!
Within our spirits move,
  Their sweetest guest;
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
  Quickener and Rest!

Come, Light serene and still!
Our darkened spirits fill
  With thy clear day;
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of our darkest night,
Reveal the path of Right,
  Show us thy way!

ANON. (HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT)

LOWELL MASON



33. REVISITED *Beecher*, 10 *Autumn*, 5

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

CHARLES WESLEY*

34. BREATH OF GOD *Olmutz*, 69 *Boylston*, 14

Breathe on me, Breath of God!
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will
To do and to endure!

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Blend all my soul with thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine!

Breathe on me, Breath of God!
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH

35. THE LAW OF LIBERTY *St. Thomas*, 92 *Laban*, 46

O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin!

The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of perfect holiness,
Spirit of perfect love!

That blessed law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,—
O write it in my heart!

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee!

CHARLES WESLEY*

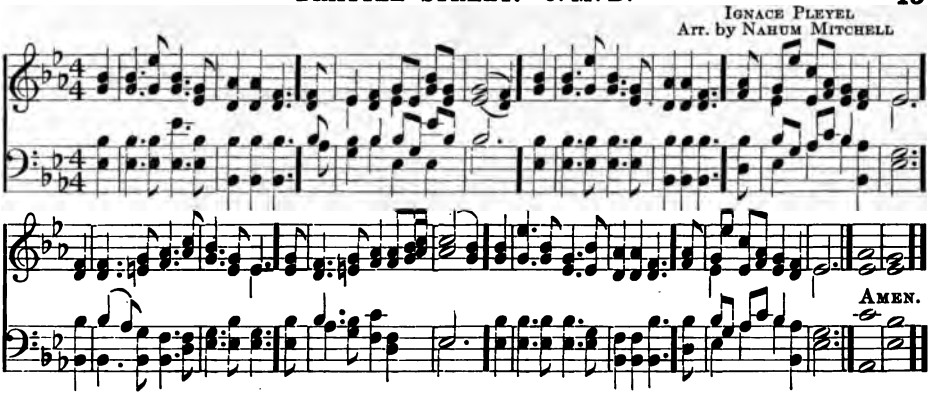
36. INSPIRATION *Solitude*, 98 *Noyes*, 65

Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire,
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;

IGNACE PLEYEL
Arr. by NAHUM MITCHELL



By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
'Spring, O Well, forever spring!'

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

37. O EVERLASTING LIGHT *Mornington*, 60 *St. Thomas*, 92

O everlasting Light!
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which Creation lay:

O everlasting Truth!
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me, too.

O everlasting Health!
From whom all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure and my wealth,
What life thy presence brings!

O everlasting Love!
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

O everlasting Strength!
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

HORATIUS BONAR*

38. SPIRIT DIVINE *Azmon*, 6 *Beatitudo*, 9

Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, holy Spirit, come!

Come as the light! to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come as the fire! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
That our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.

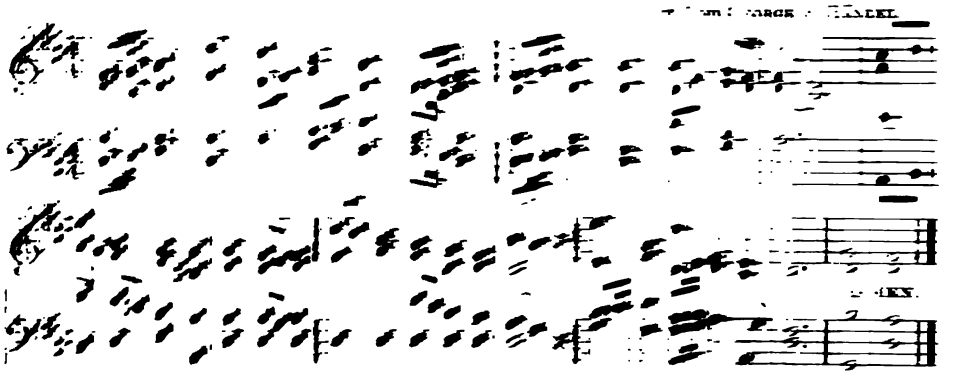
Come as the dew! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Come, Wind of God! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

ANDREW REED
Ad., HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

39. THE SOUL *Posen*, 75 *Noyes*, 65

What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?



Naught that charms the ear or eye
Can its hunger satisfy;
Active, restless, it would pierce
Through the outward universe.

What is it? and whither whence, —
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the soul, — mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came:
It would, mighty God, like thee,
Holy, holy, holy, be!

Onward, upward to thy throne,
O thou Infinite Unknown,
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all and all in thee!

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

40. RISE, MY SOUL

Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven thy native place!
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

Rivers to the ocean run
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So, my soul, fetched from God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

41. AWAKE, OUR SOULS

Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint, —

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

ISAAC WATTS

42. SEEKING

Thirsting for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near:
Farther, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

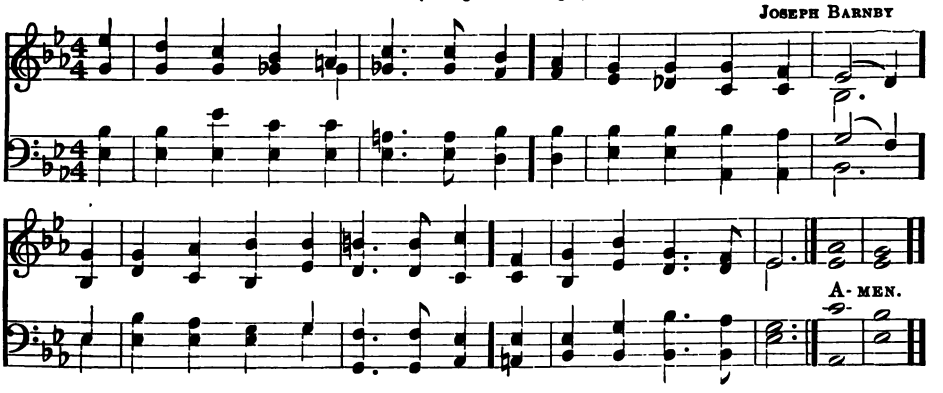
Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy Spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might!

FRANCIS H. ARTHUR

CONISTON. (Holy Trinity.) C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY



43. IDEALS *Serenity*, 95 *Coniston*, 17

O bright Ideals, how ye shine
Aloft in realms of air!
Ye pour your streams of light divine
Above our low despair.

Shine on, shine on through darkest night,
Nor let your glories pale!
Some stronger soul may win the height,
Where weaker ones must fail.

And this one thought of hope and trust
Comes with its soothing balm,
As here I lay my brow in dust,
And breathe my lowly psalm, —

That not for heights of victory won,
But those I tried to gain,
Will come my gracious Lord's 'Well done,'
And sweet effacing rain.

Then on your awful heights of blue
Shine on, forever shine!
I come, I climb, I mount to you, —
For endless years are mine.

EDMUND H. SEARS

44. NEARER TO THEE *Bethany*, 11

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

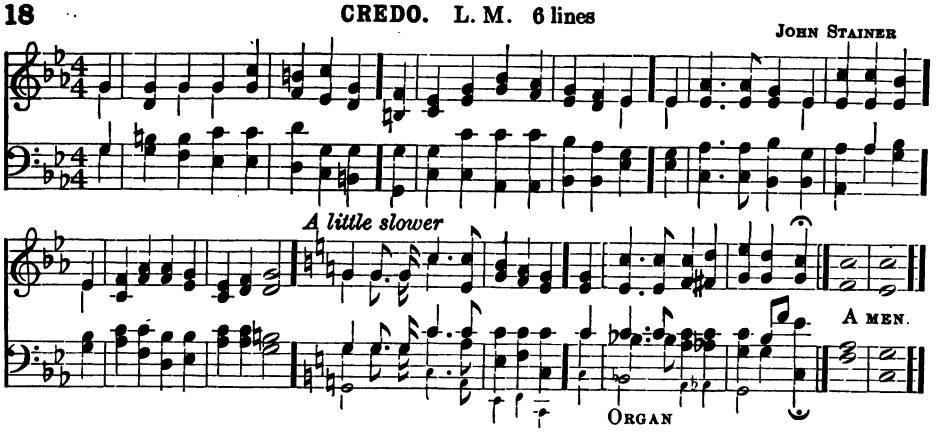
Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

45. SEEKING FOR GOD *St. Catherine*, 85 *Hursley (repeat l. 1)*, 41

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.

18 **CREDO.** L. M. 6 lines



Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN
Tr., JOHN WESLEY

46. HUMBLY KNEELING *Pilgrims*, 72 *Newnham*, 63

Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That we may live to glorify thy name;

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

47. THE HOLY DAY *St. Leonard*, 90 *Rochester*, 77

By law from Sinai's clouded steep
A toiling world was blest;
And still the listening nations keep
The day of sacred rest.
Renewed to peace and power and joy,
Man's soul is free this day,
Nor task nor care our minds employ,—
We need but love and pray.

Let wheel and anvil silent stand,
Leave furrow, field and mart;
Give rest to weary head and hand,
And lift to heaven the heart;
Be life upborne by light and love,
As tides enlarge the sea;
Let grief and sin see God above,
And all men brothers be.

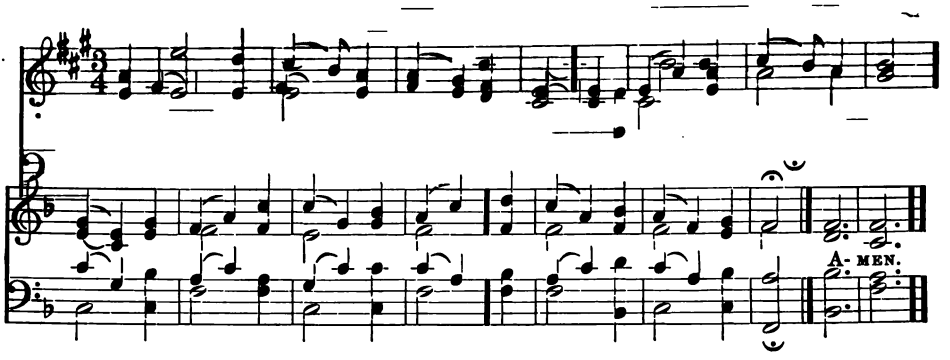
Man may not live by bread alone,
Him angel hands sustain;
But gifts from heaven are not our own
Till God within us reign:
So on this holy day of days,
With free, fraternal mind,
We bring thee, Lord, our hymn of praise,
And leave the world behind.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS

48. SUNDAY *Ward*, 108 *Hursley*, 41

My holy day, my calm delight;
My meadow in the fields of life;

HANS G. NÄGELI
ARR. by LOWELL MASON



My silence, in earth's noisy strife,
Where God is clearest to my sight.

My island, in the rushing stream,
Where birds may sing and lilies blow;
My hill-top, where the mornings glow,
While still in night the valleys dream.

My strength, to face the coming week;
My rest, to count the battles fought;
My quiet, where the jarring thought
Of other days grows still and meek.

My day of love; my day of prayer;
My day of pure and perfect peace;
My day where all the tumults cease,
And souls rise to serener air.

FRANCES W. WILE

49. ON HOLY GROUND *Horton*, 39 *Noyes*, 65

What has drawn us thus apart
From the common daily round,
Bringing here a lowly heart,
Standing as on holy ground?

Morning visions high and pure;
Glorious things that are to be;
Faith and hope that shall endure;
Love's abiding unity;

All the things that make for peace
In the daily toil and strife;
All that can our part increase
In the world's diviner life.

Short the time together here;
Then, with earnest heart and hand,
Back to life with freshened cheer,
Every vision God's command!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

50. ON THE MOUNT *Truro*, 102 *Duke Street*, 21

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here —
We cry, the heavenly presence near:
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision, — but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

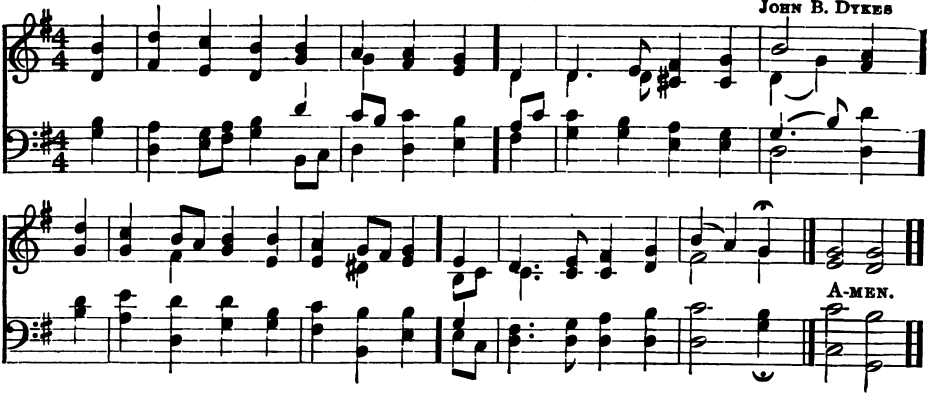
FREDERICK L. HOSMER

51. SALUTATION OF PEACE *Beecher*, 10 *Nettleton*, 62

Peace be to this congregation,
Peace to every heart herein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace that floweth as a river
From the eternal Source alone.

20 **DOMINUS REGIT ME.** 8. 7. (Iambic)

JOHN B. DYKES



O thou God of peace, be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blessed freedom come!
Come with all thy revelations,
Truth, which we so long have sought;
Come with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God, which passeth thought!

CHARLES WESLEY*

52. SALUTATION OF JOY *Nettleton*, 62 *Autumn*, 5

Holy Spirit, Source of gladness,
Come with all thy radiance bright,
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light!
Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our soul's annoy;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing joy!

Let the peace which knows no measure
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication,
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled peace!

Tr. from PAULUS GERHARDT
Ad., HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT*

53. GREETING *Hebron*, 36 *Truro*, 102 *Mann*, 53

O Life that maketh all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God,—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new!

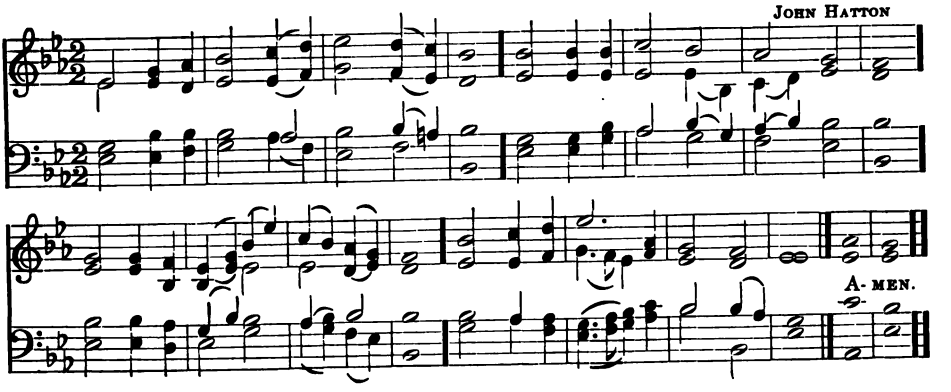
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

54. UNITY *Russia (repeat l. 1)*, 79

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee!

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow Truth, and so be one with thee!

JOHN W. CHADWICK



55. FOR TRUTH AND LOVE *Wareham*, 109 *Hebron*, 36 *Rockingham*, 78

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That Truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That Love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM

56. THE HOUSE OF PRAYER *Holley*, 37 *Seymour*, 96

In this peaceful house of prayer
Stronger faith, O God, we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care, —
Thou the strengthening message speak!

In our greatest trials we,
Calm through thee, the way have trod;
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God.

Of thy presence and thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.

In this quiet hour of prayer
Stronger faith, O God, we seek;
Here we lay each earthly care, —
Thou the strengthening message speak!

ANON. (HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT)

57. THE OFFERING *Pleyel*, 73 *Solitude*, 98

Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

Quiet thoughts, at peace with all;
Wrongs forgiven into rest;
Sympathy, intent to call
Sorrow from the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring, —
Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR

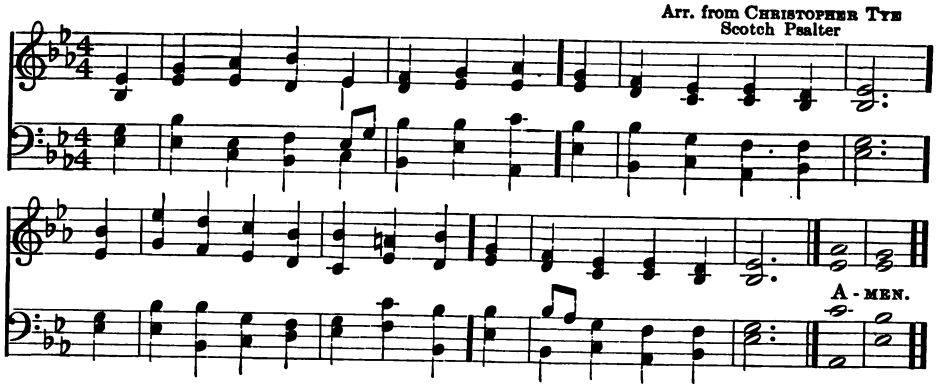
58. HEART-SPEECH *Boylston*, 14 *Mornington*, 60

Help me, my God, to speak
True words to thee this day;
Real let my voice be when I praise
And trustful when I pray.

Thy words are true to me;
Let mine to thee be true, —
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE
Scotch Psalter



True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of striving for deliverance
And likeness, Lord, to thee.

True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief:
Lord, I believe, — O hear my cry,
Help thou mine unbelief!

HORATIUS BONAR

59. IN THE TEMPLE

Beecher, 10
Autumn, 5

God is in his holy temple!
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow:
He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple
In the pure and holy mind,
In the reverent heart and simple,
In the soul from sense refined:
Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls, in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

ANON. (HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT)

60. THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

Amsterdam, 2
(*Slowly, softly*)

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,—
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper, of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still,
Would not in thy presence move:
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love!

CHARLES WESLEY

61. BEFORE THEE

Seymour, 96
Gottschalk, 34

Lo, we stand before thee now,
And our silent, inward vow
Thou dost hear in that profound,
Where is neither voice nor sound!

Not by any outward sign
Dost thou show thy will divine;
Deep within thy voice doth cry,
And our quickened souls reply.

Thou dost hear, and thou wilt bless
With thy strength and tenderness:
Lo, we come to do thy will, —
With thy life our spirits fill!

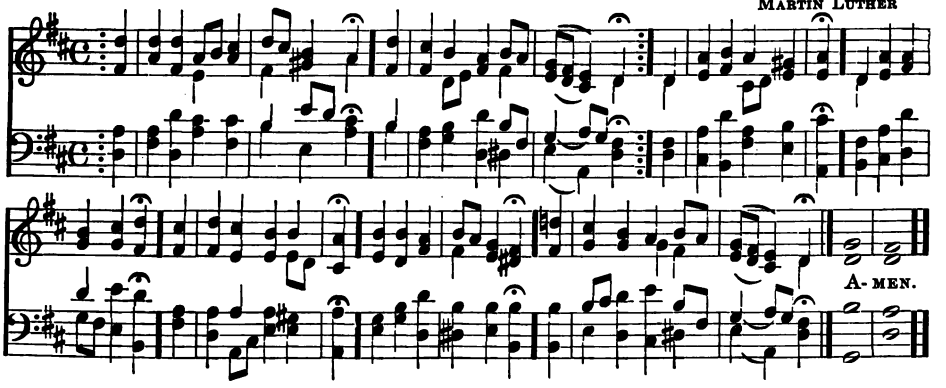
JOHN W. CHADWICK

62. VESPER HYMN

Hursley, 41
Germany, 33

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

MARTIN LUTHER



May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to thee we bow!
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

63. EVENTIDE *Vesper Hymn*, 105

Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound,
And our evening hymn is blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise, —
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

64. EVENING *Seymour*, 96 *Gottschalk*, 34

Slowly by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness: O, how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently!
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

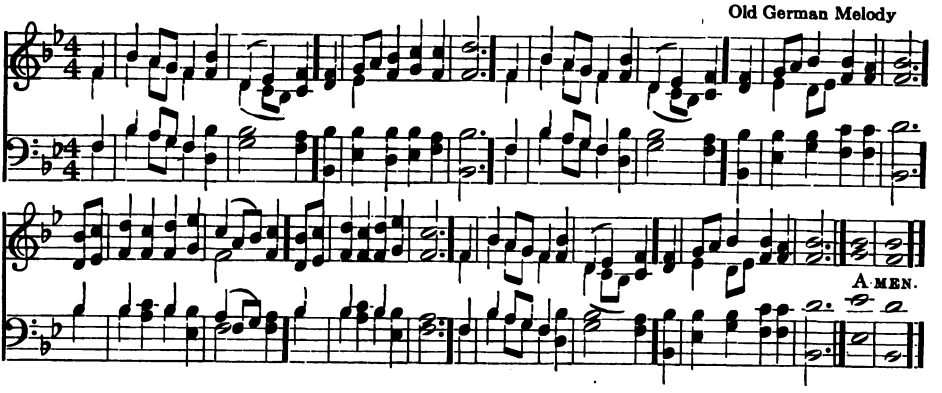
65. NIGHT-FALL *Dundee*, 22 *St. Agnes*, 81

Darker and darker fall around
The shadows of the night:
We gather here with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

24 **ELLACOMBE.** 7. 6. D.; or C. M. D. (without slurs)

Old German Melody



We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

ANON. ('HYMN OF THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS')
Ad., HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

66. AN EVENING PRAYER *Hamburg*, 35 *Federal Street*, 28

My Father, God of life and light,
Ere evening's hour hath ebbed away,
Before thy throne of grace to-night
I offer up this closing day.

I bring thee all this day hath brought,
Its storms and sunshine, joy and pain;
Its every word and deed and thought;
Its hope and fear, its loss and gain.

I lay before thy pitying gaze
Its joys to bless, its wounds to cure;
I bring it all to speak thy praise,
And tell of thy compassion sure.

On eyes that weep, on hearts that bleed,
May all thy richest blessings fall!
I ask thy help for all in need,
And asking this, I pray for all.

M. L. B.

67. NIGHT-WATCHES *Merrial*, 58

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

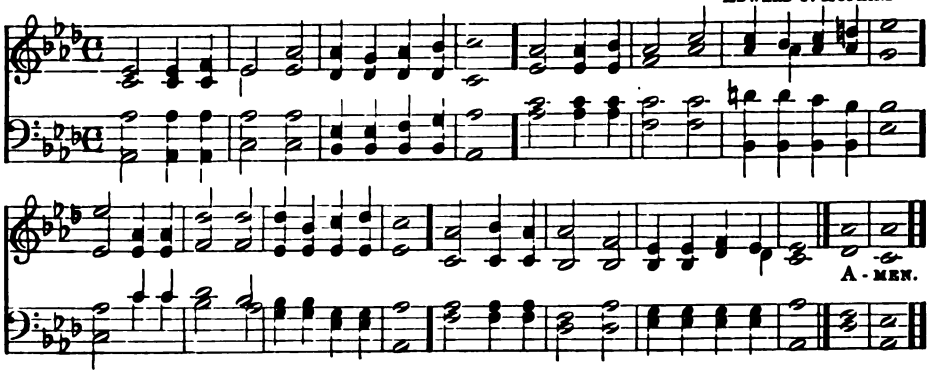
Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING-GOULD*

EDWARD J. HOPKINS



68. CLOSE OF SERVICE *Nuremberg*, 67 *Pleyel*, 73

Lord, the word is spoken now,
Sung the hymn and said the prayer;
Hither came we in thy light,
Hence departing in thy care.

Lord, what hath been spoken right,
Give us light of soul to see;
Aught that hath been said amiss
In each heart corrected be.

Lord, one dearer thing we pray, —
By the light thy love confers,
To become each other's light,
All to all thy ministers.

J. VILA BLAKE

69. BEFORE WE PART *Sicily*, 97 *Vesper Hymn (D.)*, 105

Father, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end;
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

70. BENEDICTION *Merrial*, 58

Father, let thy blessing
Touch us and remain,
Guiding all our actions
Till we meet again.

Father, keep us loving,
Brave and true and free,
Kind to every creature, —
All belong to thee.

Unto all thy children,
Here and everywhere,
Father, give the comfort
Of thy loving care.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN

71. PART IN PEACE *Galilee*, 31 *Vesper Hymn (D.)*, 105

Part in peace: is day before us,
Praise his name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us,
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace: with deep thanksgiving
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace: such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
This the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Part in peace: for duties call us,
There in service still to praise;
Fearing not what may befall us,
Leave to God the coming days.

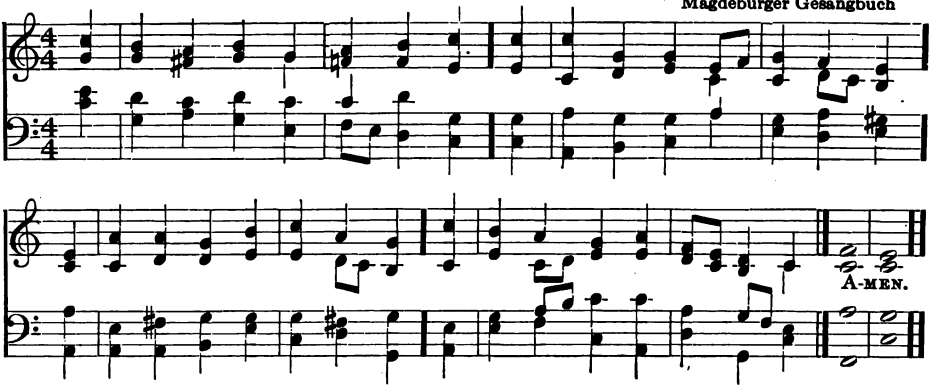
SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

72. COME, BROTHERS *Laban*, 66 *Franconia*, 30

Come, brothers, let us go!
Our Father is our Guide,
And when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.

26 **ERFURT.** L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER (?)
Magdeburger Gesangbuch



As brothers let us be,
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly, —
God guards us round about.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, when they fall;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN
Tr., CATHERINE WINKWORTH*

73. AS WE PART *Solitude*, 98 *Ferrier*, 29

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

When we move at duty's call,
He is with us by the way;
He is ever with us all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep;

In thy strength may we be strong;
Hallow every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

JOHN NEWTON

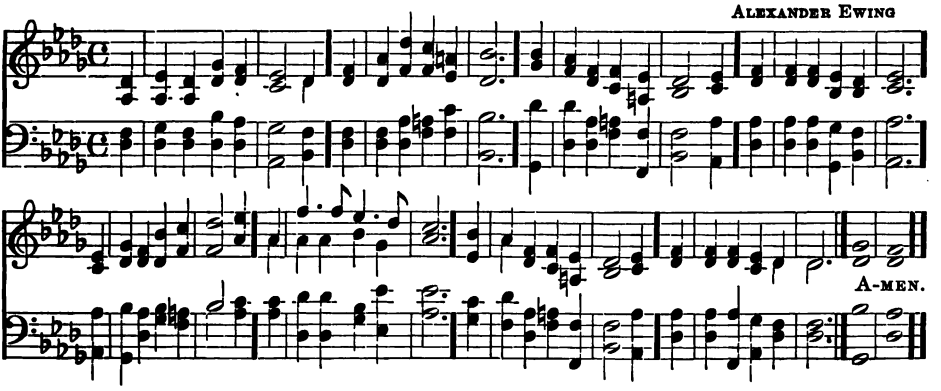
74. HOMEWARD *St. Gertrude*, 88

On our way rejoicing
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness,
Thine it cannot be:
Is our sky beclouded,
Clouds are not from thee.
Refrain: On our way rejoicing.

If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessing,
Fill the heart with peace.
Refrain: On our way rejoicing.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

ALEXANDER EWING



III
DUTY

	Hymns		Hymns
1. THE LAW DIVINE	75–78	3. EACH NEW MORN	87–91
2. CONSECRATION	79–86	4. THE DAY'S TASK	92–97
		5. PENITENCE	98–104

75. THE UNCREATED LAW *Ein' Feste Burg*, 23

Still loom the Sinais, rugged, grand,
With lightning-flash and thunder,
Awakening the slumberous land
To mingled dread and wonder.
The uncreated Law
Men own, and stand in awe;
'Thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not'
Self-will can ne'er out-blot:
That Law stands fast forever!

It flameth in the spirit's sky,
To every soul appealeth;
It holds the keys of destiny,
The nations' doom it sealeth.
It casteth down the proud,
Lifts up the poor and bowed;
O'erwhelms the wrong in night,
With victory crowns the right:
And it shall rule forever!

Though clothed with terror to our sin,
That Law is our salvation;
It hurts to heal, it warns to win,
Each erring soul and nation.
Behind it is a Face
All tenderness and grace;
Be swift our souls to obey,
Ye lands, prepare the way:
On earth God's kingdom cometh!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

76. DUTY *Noyes*, 65 *Ferrier*, 29

Majesty of Law Divine,
At whose glance our spirits bow,
With the seal of eldest time
Stamped upon thine awful brow, —

Sovereign Duty, in whose hand
Is the sceptre heaven-brought, —
Thine the accent of command,
Thine the dreadful, mystic *Ought!*

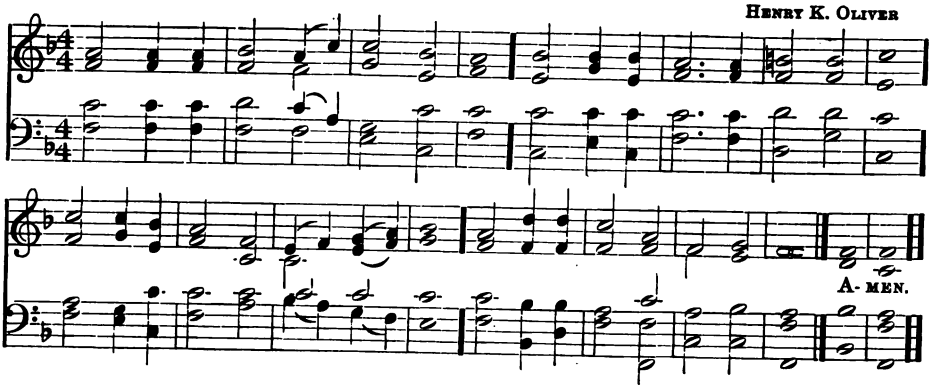
Yet thy bondage is so sweet,
And thy burdens make us strong:
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips and song.

Wheresoever thou shalt lead,
Freshly burdened day by day,
Duty, make us free to speed
On thine ever brightening way!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

28 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER



77. HOURS OF INSIGHT *Credo*, 18

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks, in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
And we at rest in Nature's eye,
Triumphant in our self-control,
Our struggling, tasked morality, —
'Ah, child!' she cries, 'that strife divine,
It was the life of God in thine!'

MATTHEW ARNOLD

78. SOME SILENT LAWS *Azmon*, 6 *Lambeth*, 47

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

79. CONSECRATION *St. Thomas*, 92 *Badea*, 7

My God, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

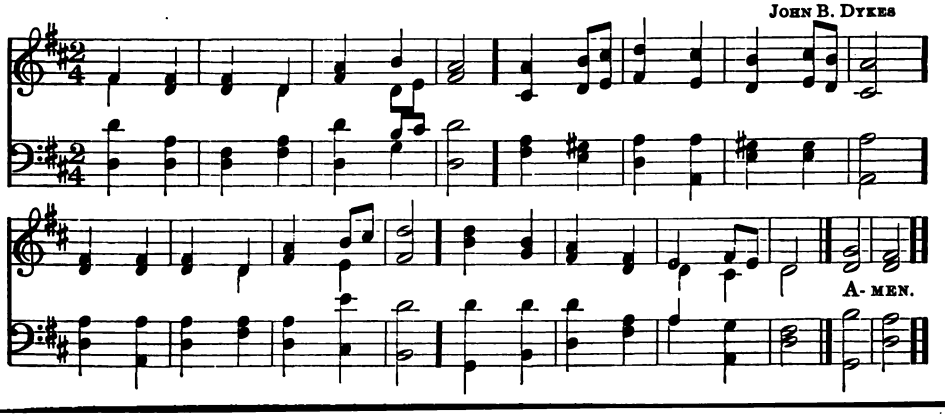
I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY

80. ALL FOR THEE *Horton*, 39 *Innocents*, 42

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.



Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my will and make it thine, —
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own, —
It shall be thy royal throne,

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

81. IN MY PRIME *Martyrdom*, 55 *Spohr*, 99

Lord, in the fullness of my might
I would for thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To thee should soar my song.

I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then thy service prove.

O not for thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
Not, not for thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

O choose me in my golden time,
In my dear joys have part!
For thee the glory of my prime,
The fullness of my heart!

THOMAS H. GILL

82. HEIGHTS OF HOLINESS *Ferrier*, 29 *Pleyel*, 73

Lord of our supreme desire,
Fill us now with heavenly fire!
Nobly may we bear the strife,
Keep the holiness of life.

May we for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee;

Still forget the things behind,
Follow thee in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

Free from anger, free from pride,
May we thus in thee abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

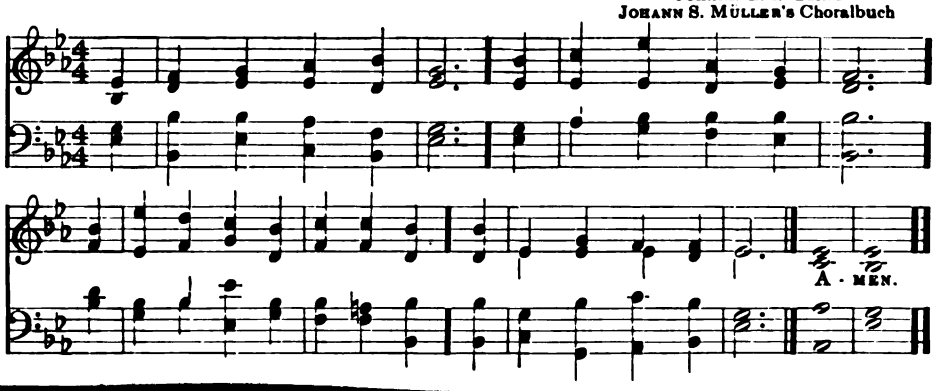
CHARLES WESLEY

83. GIRDED ANEW *Park Street*, 70 *Duke Street*, 21

Again we gird us for the quest,
Set forth anew to seek our God;
The Infinite shall give us rest,
The Spirit is our staff and rod.

Yet O, not far away he dwells
Who is our promise and our stay;
Within us, in our nature's wells,
He showeth clear the truth, the way.

JOHANN G. EBELING
JOHANN S. MÜLLER'S Choralbuch



Not outer bond, but inner light,
  Shall keep us quick at duty's call,
Shall hold us to the eternal Right,
  Shall lead us to the All-in-all.

O soul, acquaint thee with thy needs;
  To-day re-consecrate thy power;
Thy ritual be the words and deeds
  That bless our brothers more and more!

JOHN C. LEARNED

84. THE UPWARD PATH *Franconia*, 30 *Olmutz*, 69

Believe not those who say,
  The upward path is smooth;
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,
  And faint before the truth.

It is the only road
  Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
  Must all his powers employ.

To labor and to love,
  To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
  And keep thy conscience pure, —

Be this thy constant aim,
  Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame,
  Or who should scorn or slight,

If but thy God approve,
  And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love,
  The earnest of his rest?

ANNE BRONTÉ

85. NOT FOR EASE *Stockwell*, 101 *Wilmot*, 112

Father, hear the prayer we offer!
  Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
  Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
  Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
  May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
  Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
  From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
  In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
  Father, be thou at our side!

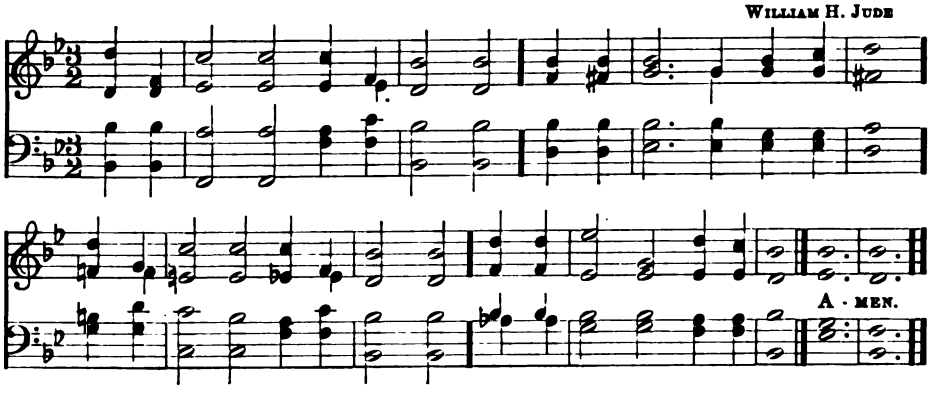
LOVE M. WILLIS
Ad., HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

86. I WOULD BE TRUE *Ventnor*, 104 *Newnham*, 63

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
  I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
  I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all, — the foe, the friendless;
  I would be giving, and forget the gift;

WILLIAM H. JUDE



I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.

I would look up! for not in me the power
To be all this I would, until I pray,
'Use me, my Father!' and, myself forgetting,
Live in the Strength not mine, from day to day.

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER, (vv. 1, 2)
v. 3 ADDED

87. TO BE ALIVE *Melton*, 57

We wake each morn, as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, 'How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!'

Lo, all around us his bright servants stand!
And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hand!

And our lives may in glory move along;
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see, — the very air
We breathe self-shaped into a natural song.

And ever towards new heights we still may strive,—
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive!

HENRY S. SUTTON*

88. TO-DAY *Spohr*, 99 *Azmon*, 6

I wake this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with fair promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take, —
Perchance new burdens I may bear
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that naught my thoughts recall
But life of every day, —

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Be where thy footstep trod,
Then blest be every happy hour
That leads me nearer God!

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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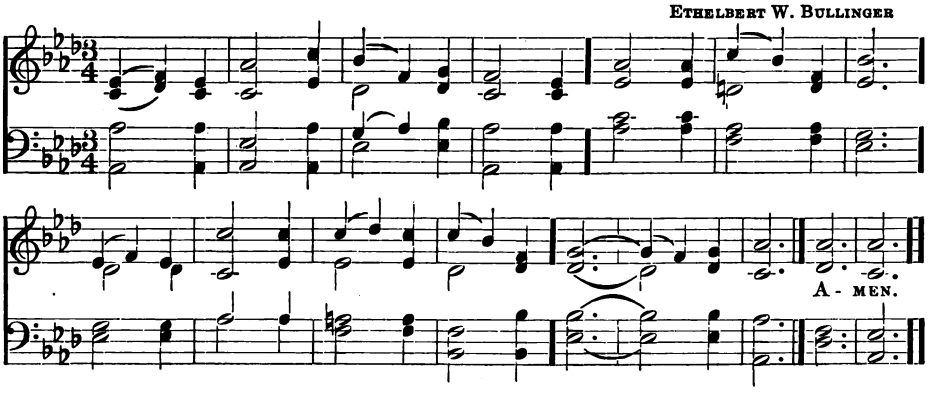
ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER



89. ANOTHER DAY *Wareham*, 109 *Hebron*, 36

O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,
For sunny skies and air and light:
O God, I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn;

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God;

Another day to do, to dare,
To tax anew my growing strength,
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

CAROLINE A. MASON

90. MORNING HYMN *Truro*, 102 *Duke Street*, 21

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Shine on me, Lord! new life impart,
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

THOMAS KEN

91. NEW EVERY MORNING *Hursley*, 41 *Germany*, 33

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

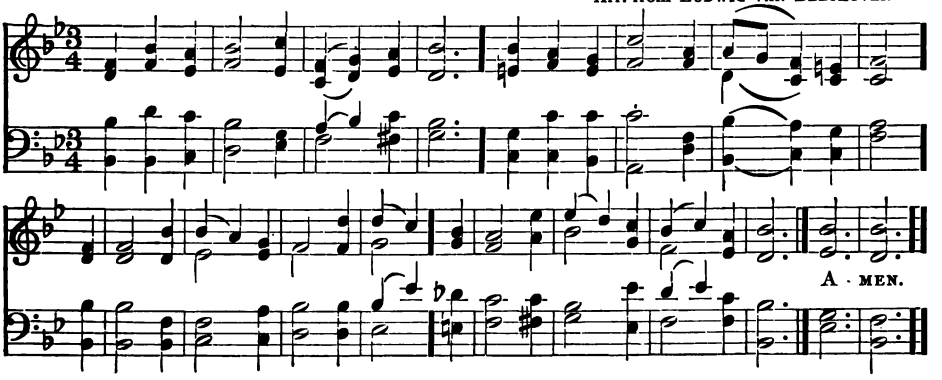
JOHN KEBLE

92. MY DAILY TASK *Hebron*, 36 *Wareham*, 109

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

GERMANY. L. M.

Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN



Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above, —
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
With every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And in their glory live this day!

CHARLES WESLEY*

93. ONE BY ONE *Stockwell*, 101 *Galilee*, 31

One by one our duties wait us, —
Let our whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate us,
Learn we first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent us here below:
Grateful let us take them given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one our griefs shall meet us,—
Fear we not an armèd band:
One will fade as others greet us,
Shadows passing through the land.

Hath our life enduring sorrow,
Yet how small each moment's pain!
God will help us for to-morrow;
Each new day begin again.

Not an hour but, high or lowly,
Hath its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If we set each gem with care.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER*

94. THE TRIVIAL ROUND *Federal Street*, 28 *Germany*, 33

O could we learn true sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present comfort, rapture, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go; —
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for nobler tasks above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray!

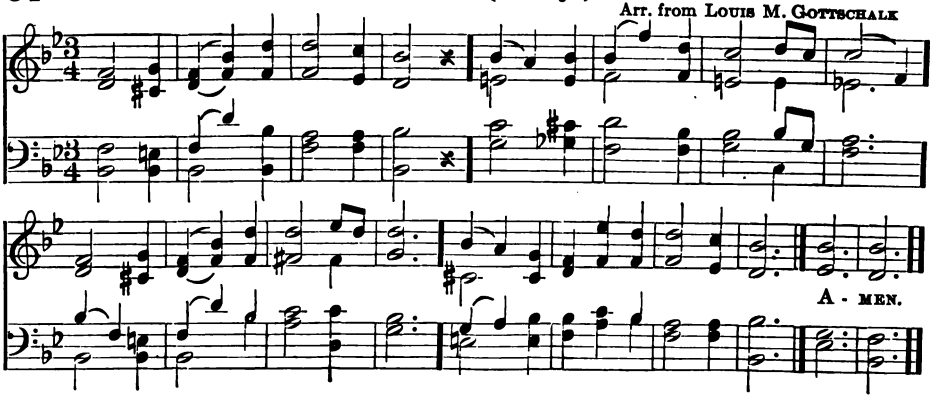
JOHN KEBLE*

95. THE ELIXIR *Olmutz*, 69 *Mornington*, 60

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with its tincture, 'for thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

34 GOTTSCHALK. (Mercy.) 7.



A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT

96. THE LOWLY HEART *St. Bede*, 84 *Varina*, 103

Father, I ask the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.

Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on thee
Are happy anywhere.

ANNA L. WARING

97. THE HEAVEN OF THE HUMBLE *Azmon*, 6 *Beatitudo*, 9

O wherefore should I seek above
Thy City in the sky?
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie;

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified, —
There, only there, is Heaven!

In thee my powers, my treasures live;
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

ELIZA SCUDDER

98. PENITENTIAL *Azmon*, 6 *Manoah*, 54

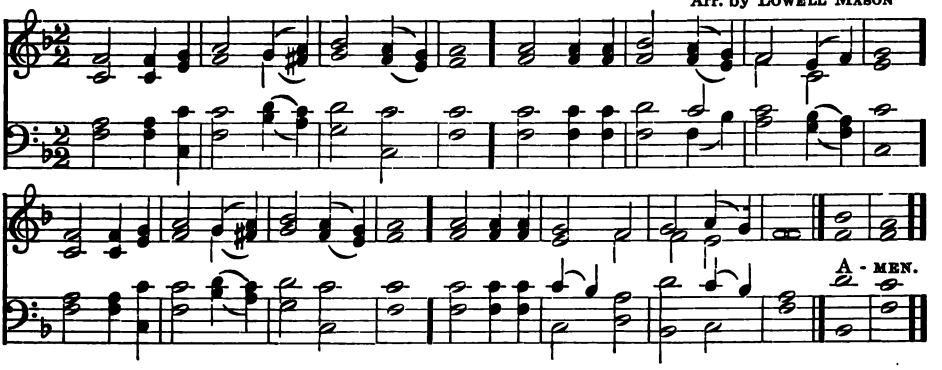
Richly, O richly have I been
Blest evermore by thee;
And morning, noon and night thou hast
Preserved me tenderly.

And yet the love which thou canst claim
To idols I have given,
And I have bound to earth the hopes
That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee;
Father, O more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me!

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

Gregorian Tone I
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
The mighty power of faith, —

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

99. I DO REPENT *Ellers*, 25

Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
O Lord, I do repent, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
O Lord, I do repent, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength thou gavest me
In struggle which thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer thee,
O Lord, I do repent, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent, I do repent.

Because thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child,
O Lord, I do repent, I do repent.

SARAH WILLIAMS

100. WITH SELF DISSATISFIED *Beatitudo*, 9 *Lambeth*, 47

Not when, with self dissatisfied,
O Lord, I lowly lie,
So much I need thy grace to guide,
And thy reproving eye, —

As when the sound of human praise
Grows pleasant to my ear,
And in its light my broken ways
Fair and complete appear.

By failure and defeat made wise,
We come to know at length
What strength within our weakness lies,
What weakness in our strength:

What inward peace is born of strife,
What power, of being spent;
What wings unto our upward life
Is noble discontent.

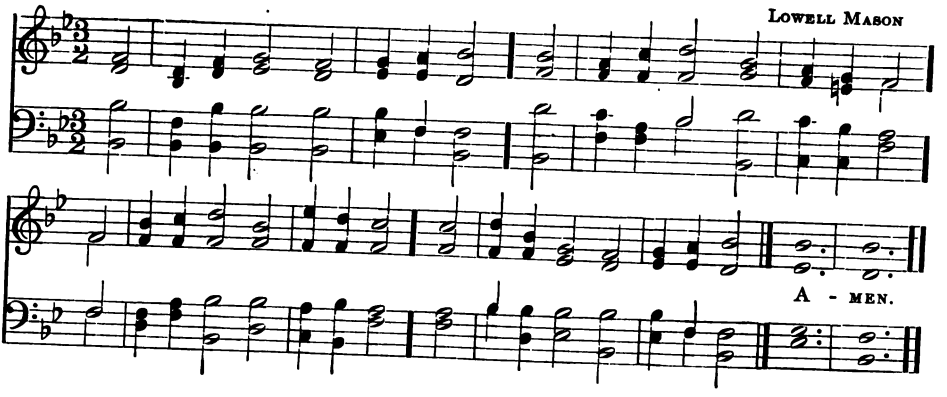
O Lord, we need thy shaming look
That burns all low desire;
The discipline of thy rebuke
Shall be refining fire!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

101. THROUGH AND THROUGH *Beulah*, 12 *Jewett*, 44

We name thy name, O God,
As our God call on thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from thy ways may be.
And we can own thy law,
And we can sing thy songs,
While the sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.

HEBRON. L. M.



On us thy love may glow,
As the pure mid-day fire
On some foul spot look down,
And yet the mire be mire.
Then spare us not thy fires,
The searching light and pain;
Burn out our sin; and, last,
With thy love heal again!

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE

102. MY RESCUED HEART *Hursley*, 41 *Germany*, 33

Into thy silent place of prayer,
Father, my wandering mind recall;
Dwell mid thy own creation there,
Restoring, claiming, hallowing all.

Then my calm spirit, won from sin,
Thy perfect sacrifice shall be,
And all the ransomed powers therein
Shall go forth glorifying thee.

Thee will I love, my saving Strength,
Thee shall my rescued heart embrace;
Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Shall be my peaceful dwelling-place.

There may be other love in store,
But none whereof thy child may say,
'My Strength, my Life forevermore,
My ample Portion day by day!'

ANNA L. WARING*

103. THE WANDERER *Horton*, 39 *Solitude*, 98

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him, — he is near!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

104. THE FATHER'S WELCOME *Gottschalk*, 34 *Nuremberg*, 67 *Solitude*, 98

Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

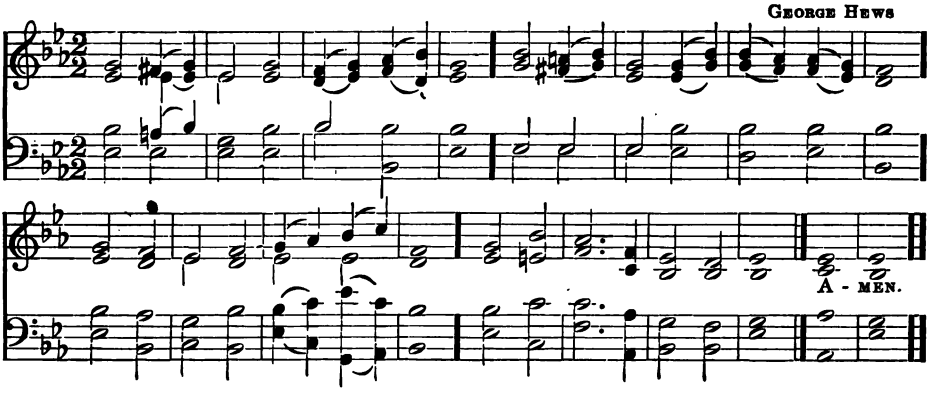
I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the wilful prodigal!

To my Father can I go? —
At his feet myself I'll throw;
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands!
See, he reaches out his hands!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

GEORGE HEWS



IV
LOVE AND SERVICE

	Hymns		Hymns
1. THE HEART OF LOVE	105-116	3. THE HEROIC LIFE	129-140
2. LIFE OUT OF SELF	117-128	4. THE SPIRIT OF JESUS	141-150

5. THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS . . . 151-157

105. THE TWO VOICES *Badea*, 7 *Franconia*, 30

A voice by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear:
'Reform, be just, and sin no more,
God's judgment draweth near!'

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice, I hear:
'Love God, thy neighbor love,—for see,
God's mercy draweth near!'

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth! I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through Duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

106. THE LARGER PRAYER *Mornington*, 60 *Dennis*, 19

At first, I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next, I prayed for Strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now, I pray for Love,
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan; —

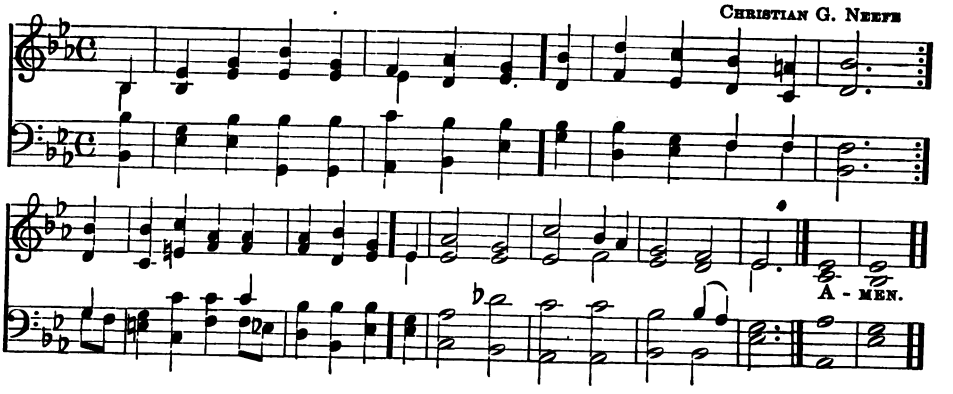
And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

EDNAH D. CHENEY*

107. PURE RELIGION *Hamburg*, 35 *Federal Street*, 28

Unto the calmly gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught, —
The mystery, dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good;

HOREB. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.



That to be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness;
From sin itself, and not the pain
That warns us of its chafing chain;

That worship's deeper meaning lies
In mercy, and not sacrifice,—
Not proud humilities of sense,
But love's unforced obedience;

That God is near us now as when
He spake in old-time faith and men;
That the true Christ dwells not afar
The king of some remoter star,—

But here amid the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Within our lives he lives to-day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

108. HE PRAYETH BEST

Balerma, 8
Beatitudo, 9

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

109. CHRIST-LIKE

Boylston, 14
Mornington, 60

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O God, from thee.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe the word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

WILLIAM W. HOW

110. LOVE MAKES LIFE

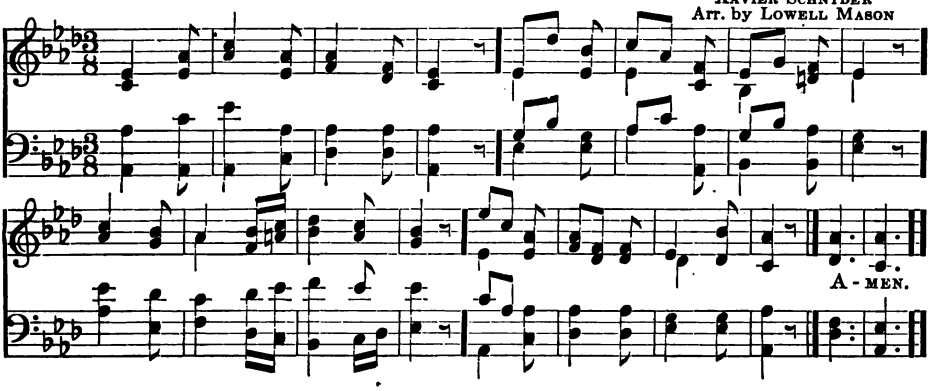
Joy, 45

Not a life so mean or lowly
But, if love is there,
Both ingrowing and outflowing,
May be strong and fair.
Love for every unloved creature,
Lonely, poor or small!
Christ was born to show how truly
Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station
But, without love's breath,
Neither giving nor receiving,
Is a living death.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

Love by love alone is ripened,
Hearts through it grow true;
Life is bounded, filled and rounded
By its power to do.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

XAVIER SCHNYDER
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



Having love, be sure to give it;
Give it, having not;
For in living through our giving
Share we Christ's own lot.
Refrain: Love for every unloved creature!

ELLEN T. LEONARD

111. WITH THY BROTHER *Geneva*, 32

When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS

112. THE LAW OF LOVE *Azmon*, 6 *Martyrdom*, 55

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

RICHARD C. TRENCH*

113. FELLOWSHIP *St. Bede*, 84 *Varina*, 103

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

In service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me:
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free, —
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

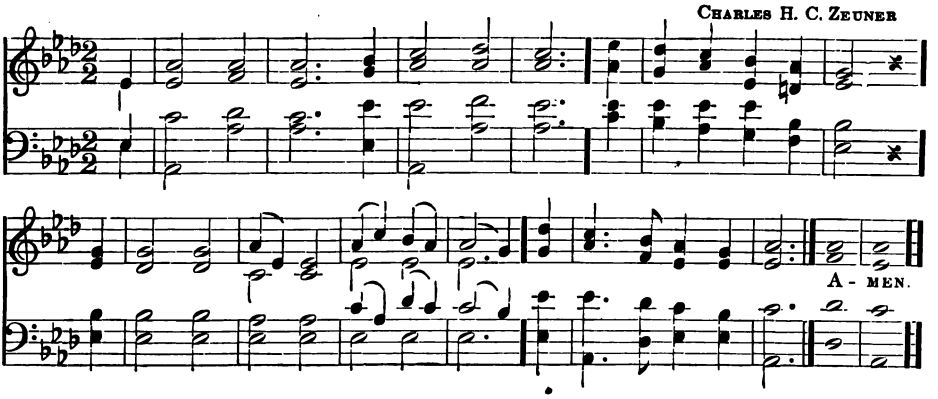
ANNA L. WARING

114. LOVE-LED *Horton*, 39 *Nuremberg*, 67

What thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

HUMMEL. C. M.

CHARLES H. C. ZEUNER



Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace;
Let me find in thine employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent;
Let me be the thing I meant!

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

115. WITH HEART AS THINE *Gottschalk*, 34 *Holley*, 37

Heavenly Helper, Friend divine,
Friend of all men, therefore mine,
Let my heart as thy heart be,
Breathe thy living breath through me!

Only at thy love's pure tide
Human thirst is satisfied;
He who fills his chalice there,
Fills with thirstier souls to share.

If another lose the way,
My feet also go astray:
Sleepless Watcher, lead us back,
Safe into the homeward track!

As a bird unto its nest,
Flies the tired soul to thy breast;
Let not one an alien be,—
Lord, we have no home but thee.

LUCY LARCOM

116. OUR BROTHER *Rochester*, 77 *St. Leonard*, 90

Think gently of the erring one:
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one:
We yet may lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

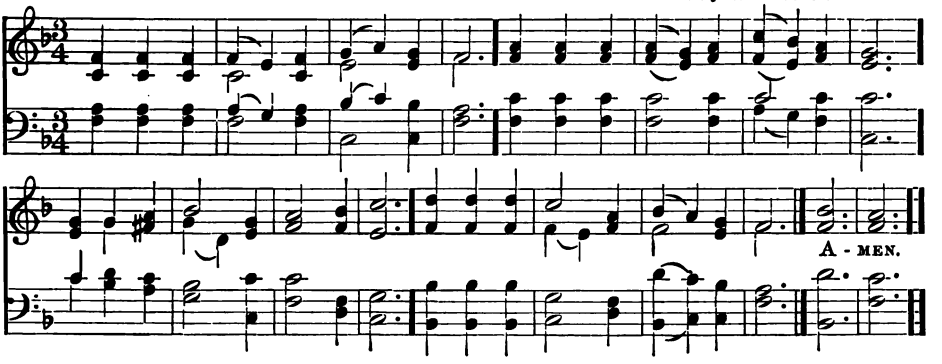
JULIA FLETCHER CARNEY

117. SERVANTS OF TRUTH *Joy*, 45

Hast thou, midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?
Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What, and where, is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end;

PETER RITTER
ART. by WILLIAM H. MONK



Not to idle dreams and trances,
Folded hands and solemn tone,
But to faith, in daily striving
And performance shown;

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;
And, without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart and weapon strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

JOHN G. WHITTIER*

118. LABOR! WAIT! *Joy*, 45

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove:
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring ever,
Let thy spirit be
Bound by links that naught can sever
To humanity.
Labor! wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done:
Count not lost thy fleeting moments, —
Life hath but begun.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear,

Wait in hope! the morning dawneth,
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee,
When thy work is done.

J. BAILEY

119. BEAUTY AND DUTY *Sicily*, 97 *Stockwell*, 101

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given,
Faithful that it do not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming storm and night;

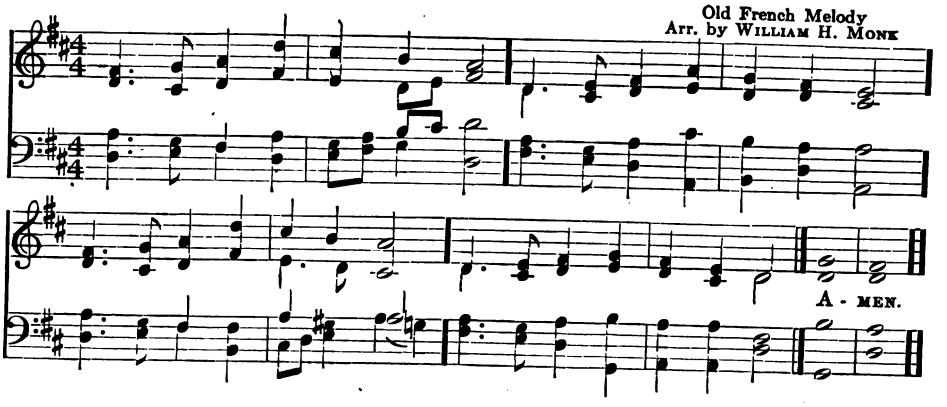
Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Haste we to life's earnest labor,
Eager for the helper's part.

ANON. (HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT)*

120. TO LIVE *Laban*, 46 *Badea*, 7

Make haste, O man, to live,
Fling ease and self away;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze, --
Up, watch, and work and pray!



To breathe and wake and sleep,
  To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth, —
  This, this is not to live.

The useful, not the great,
  The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost, —
  Set these before thine eyes.

The seed whose leaf and flower,
  Though poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
  Sow thou by day and night.

Up, then, with speed, and work;
  Fling ease and self away;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, —
  Up, watch, and work and pray!

HORATIUS BONAR

121. READY *Hebron*, 36 *Duke Street*, 21

Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace!

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move,
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight!
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest to do thy will.

OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM

122. THE VOW *Boylston*, 14 *Franconia*, 30

God of the earnest heart,
  The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art, —
  We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
  By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
  Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
  In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
  To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
  And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
  The spirit's God-likeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
  No trembling on the tongue, —
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
  Through thy completeness strong!

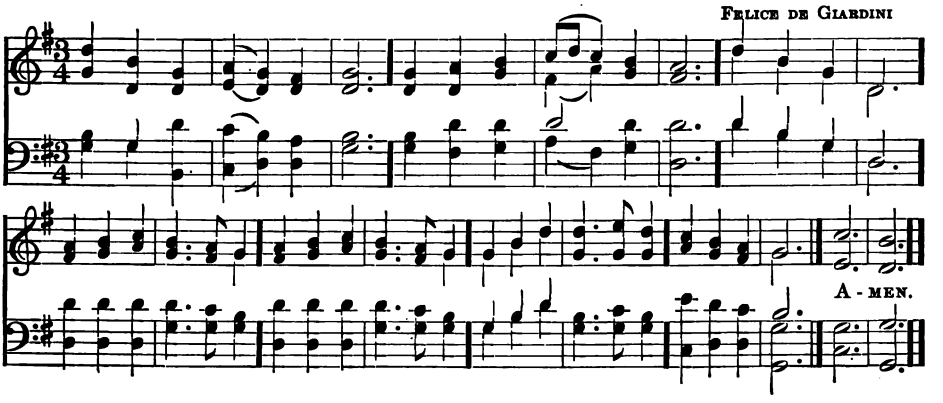
SAMUEL JOHNSON

123. THE CALL *St. Stephen*, 91 *Azmon*, 6

O still in accents sweet and strong
  Sounds forth the ancient word, —
'More reapers for white harvest-fields,
  More laborers for the Lord!'

ITALY. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

FELICE DE GIARDINI



We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.

O thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come,
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

124. SEED-TIME AND HARVEST *Miss'y Chant*, 59 *Germany*, 33

Now is the seed-time: God alone,
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown;
The harvest-time is hid with him.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

Who calls the glorious labor hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

Be ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense, —
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noon-day shade.

JOHN G. WHITTIER*

125. HARVEST-HOME *Germany*, 33 *Hursley*, 41

He liveth long who liveth well, —
All else is being flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR

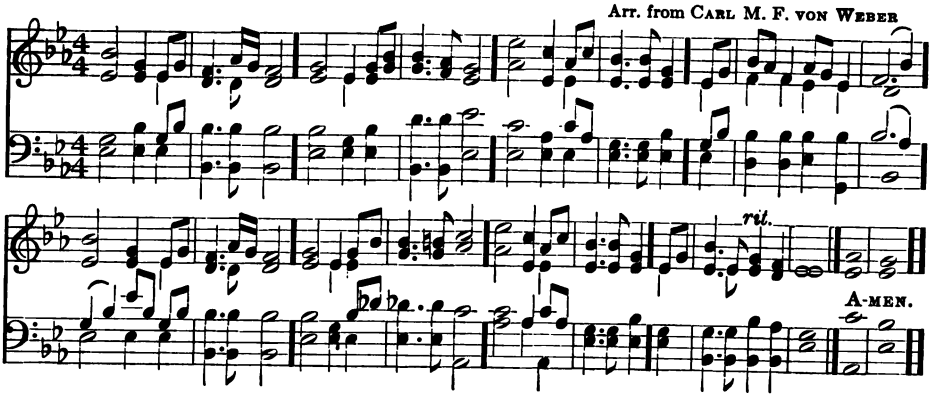
126. LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD *Hebron*, 36 *Hamburg*, 35

O Painter of the fruits and flowers,
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And he who blesses most is blest;
For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

Or soon, or late, to all that sow
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

JOHN G. WHITTIER



127. IN THE MAKING *Mann*, 53 *Waltham*, 107

Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks
That this thy world is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshalled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet;

That thou hast not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still, —
As friends who share the Maker's plan,
As sons who know the Father's will.

Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,
We see the beckoning vision flame,
The blessed Kingdom of the Right.

What though the Kingdom long delay,
And still with haughty foes must cope?
It gives us that for which to pray,
A field for toil and faith and hope.

Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar, —
The will to win it makes us free.

WILLIAM DEW. HYDE

128. THE GRATEFUL SERVANT *Manoah*, 54 *Beatitudo*, 9

I thank thee, Lord, for using me
For thee to work and speak,
However trembling be the hand,
The voice however weak.

I thank thee, gracious God, for all
Of witness there hath been
From me, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen;

For any hope or light or joy
Thou yet wilt give through me
To one least soul upon this earth,
Unknown to all but thee.

Lord, keep us still the same as in
Remembered days of old;
O keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold,

Thy name to name, thyself to own,
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed
As in life's glowing Spring!

HORATIUS BONAR

129. THE CHOICE *Autumn*, 5 *Austria*, 4

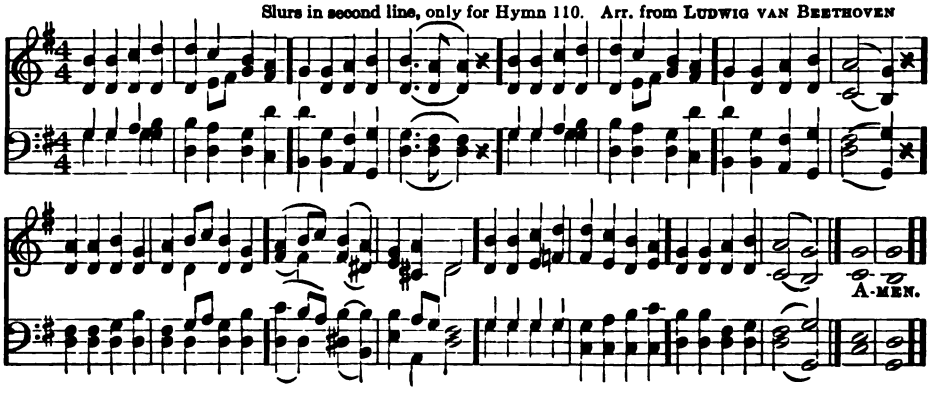
Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side:
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight, —
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with Truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust;
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong, —

JOY. 8. 5. D., or 8. 7. 8. 5. D.

Slurs in second line, only for Hymn 110. Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN



Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL*

130. LOYALTY

Beatitudo, 9
Christmas, 16

When courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty and know
That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong;
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

131. IN LONELY VIGIL

Mann, 53
Waltham, 107

O thou, in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are, —
Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be:
Trust not in numbers; God is God,
And one with him majority!

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born:
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then — the kings of earth at morn!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

132. DO THE RIGHT

Wilmot, 112
Sicily, 97

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble, —
Trust in God, and do the right!

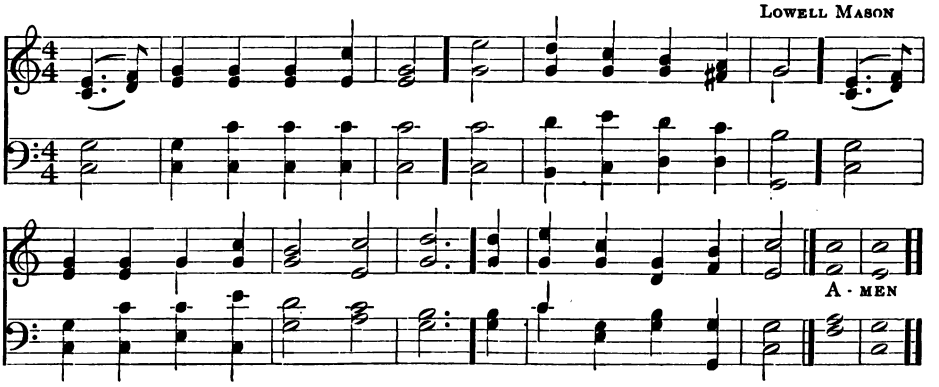
Though the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
Trust in God, and do the right!

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee, —
Trust in God, and do the right!

NORMAN MACLEOD

LOWELL MASON



133. ONWARD *Wilmot*, 112 *Stockwell*, 101

Onward, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone:
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on!

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, — press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver, —
O for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace:
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, — 'Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!'

SAMUEL JOHNSON

134. ON THE LORD'S SIDE *Christmas*, 16 *St. Stephen*, 91

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world, —
Now each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled, —
Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host!

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong, —
He joins the sacred host!

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

135. IN SERVICE *Noyes*, 66 *Pleyel*, 73

Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round;
God's own banner in their hand,
In his service faithful found.

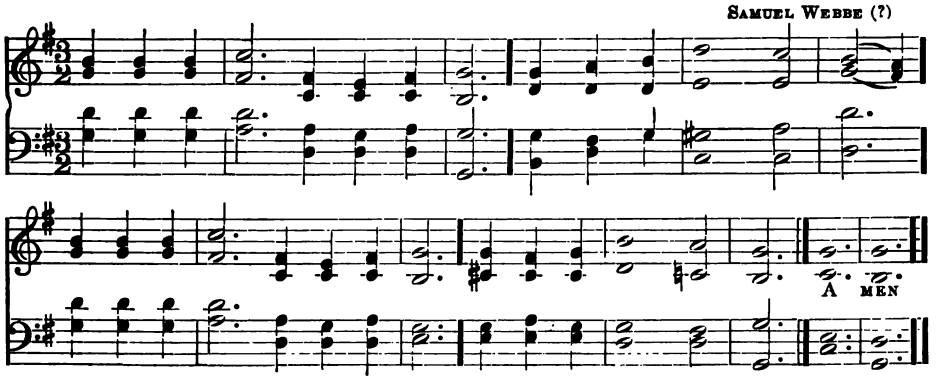
What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land,
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH

SAMUEL WEBBE (?)



136. THE BATTLE-FIELD *Mann*, 53 *Truro*, 102

O soul, with consecrated vow,
Who minglest in the arduous strife
For truths that men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown, yet faint thou not:

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last
The victory of endurance born.

Lo, Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshippers;
Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers!

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

137. BACK TO THE FIELD *Arlington*, 3 *Hummel*, 40

Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul,
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part!

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK W. FABER

138. TO LOSE — WITH GOD *Arlington*, 3 *Hummel*, 40

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

Then learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose — with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FREDERICK W. FABER

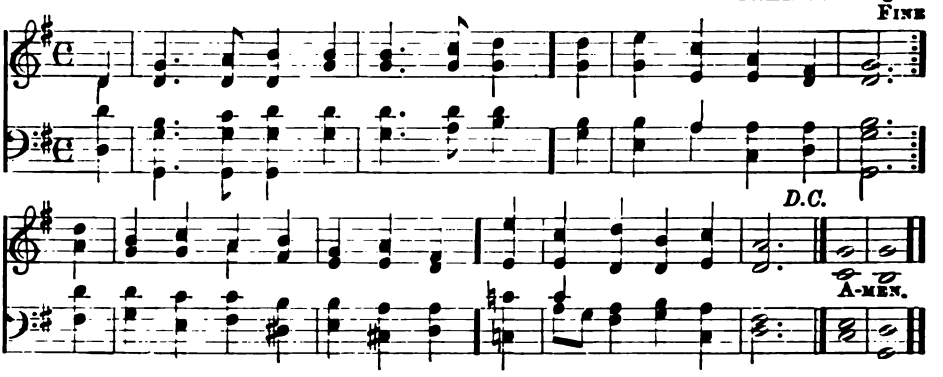
139. SPLENDID FAILURES *Naomi*, 61 *Manoah*, 54 *Serenity*, 95

We met them on the common way,
They passed and gave no sign, —
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures half-divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

LLOYD. C. M. D.

German Folk-Song



Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail!

ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO

140. VICTORY *Noyes*, 65 *Ferrier*, 29

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this, — and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore:

And who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

141. JESUS OF NAZARETH *Serenity*, 95 *St. Agnes*, 81

The loving friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
His consolations flowed.

The faithful witness to the Truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed
His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought him found
That God and heaven were there.

Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment giveth he, —
His blessed law of love.

O Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice
And the sweet tasks of love!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

142. INCARNATION *Rochester*, 77 *Materna*, 56

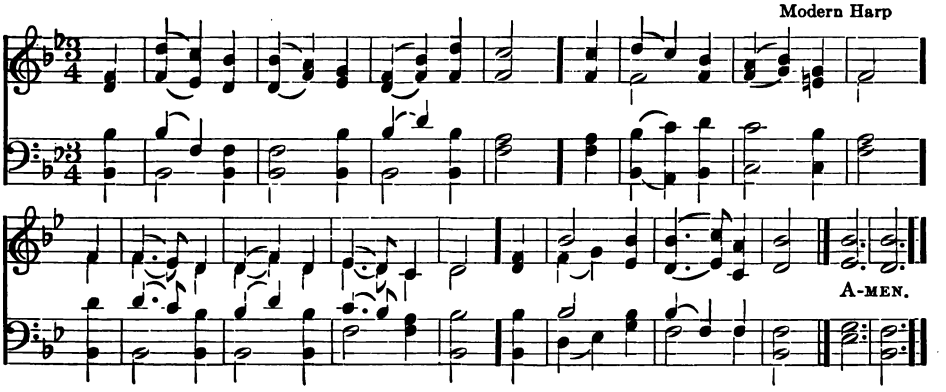
O Love, O Life, our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one!
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,
So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray,
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way;
And thou art Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign;
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Our Friend, our Brother and our Guide,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual pride,
But simply following thee;
Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Modern Harp



143. OUR BROTHER *Serenity*, 95 *Dundee*, 22

O Brother of the righteous will,
O Brother full of grace,
What human glory is revealed,
Foreshadowed in thy face!

As once the homes of Galilee,
It lighteth ours to-day;
And still to men it showeth clear
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

Thou art the Way: to feel, to know
The Goodness throned above,
There is no other way than thine, —
To lead the life of love.

Thou art the Truth: alone on eyes
Like thine the visions fall, —
The secret of the pure in heart,
Beholding God in all.

Thou art the Life: in thee we own
The likeness all may wear,
Who, one with thee, for truth and right
Will learn to do and dare.

O Brother of the righteous will,
O Brother full of grace,
What glory waits the sons of men,
Foreshadowed in thy face!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

144. IN HIS FOOTSTEPS *Pleyel*, 73 *Nuremberg*, 67 *St. George's (D.)*, 87

Hail to thee, thou Hebrew youth,
Light of life and soul of truth!
Blest the day that gave thee birth,
Bringing hope to all the earth!

Ruling all by serving all,
Sin and pain thou didst enthrall;
From the cross, all black with shame,
Breaks the splendor of thy name.

Now the conquest we may win
Over fear and doubt and sin;
For thy footsteps, they make bright
Through the dark the way to light.

Be our eyes unsealed to see
What thou wert we are to be:
Seeing thee, divinely fair,
All shall then thy likeness wear.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

145. GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY *Seymour*, 96 *Gottschalk*, 34

When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

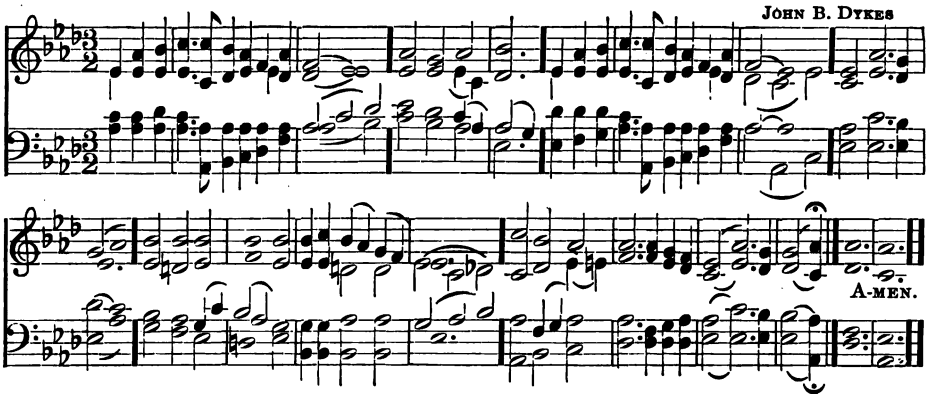
There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless one,
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe!

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

LUX BENIGNA. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

JOHN B. DYKES



Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain;
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

JOHN R. WREFORD
Ad., HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

146. THE CROSS

Mann, 53
Waltham, 107

Sign of a glorious life afar,
The holy Cross with joy we take;
Sign of a peace no ill could mar,
Sign of a faith death could not shake.

It tells how Truth, once crucified,
Now throned in majesty doth reign;
How Love is blest and glorified,
That once on earth was mocked and slain.

Up, Brethren of the Cross, and dare
Follow where he hath gone before!
Be strong to take, be strong to bear,
For love and right the Cross he bore.

LUDWIG A. GOTTER
Tr., CATHERINE WINKWORTH. — *Adapted*

147. HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD

Hursley, 41
Hamburg, 35

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way, —
In peace such fellowship can give,
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN*

148. A PRESENT HELP

Coniston, 17
Balerma, 8

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he,
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

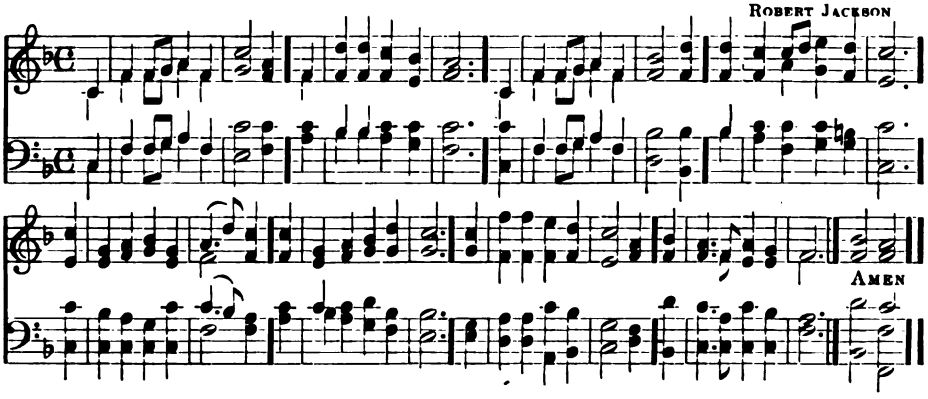
In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

149. WITH HIM OF GALILEE

Materna, 56
Rochester, 77

Amid the din of earthly strife,
Amid the busy crowd,
The whispers of eternal life
Are lost in clamors loud;
When lo, I find a healing balm,
The world grows dim to me, —
My spirit rests in sudden calm
With him of Galilee!



I linger near him in the throng,
And listen to his voice;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear his call to me,
And lay my heavy burden down
With him of Galilee.

HENRY W. HAWKES'

150. THE SPIRIT OF JESUS *Logan*, 49 *Balerma*, 8

Immortal by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore
That life of duty here, —
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

151. THE FELLOWSHIP OF JESUS *Federal Street*, 28 *Missionary Chant*, 59

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And the great marvel of his death
To the one order witnesseth.

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering;

Each in his measure but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart, —
Guide, Comforter, and inward Word,
The eternal Spirit of the Lord!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

152. THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS *Hummel*, 40 *Arlington*, 3

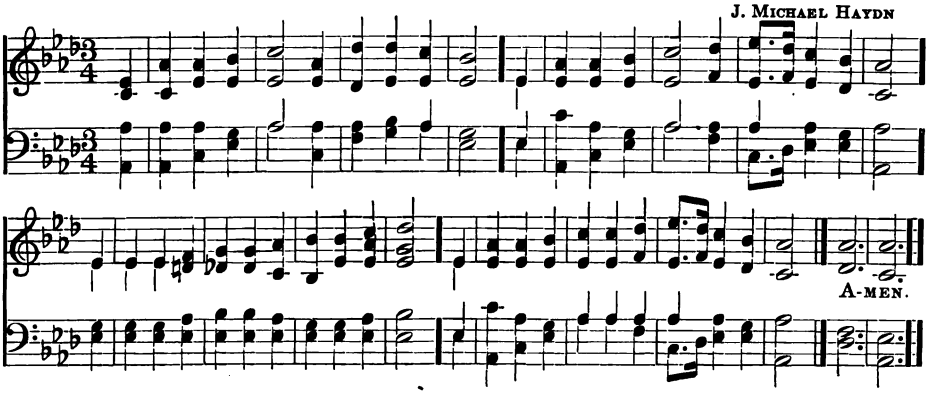
From age to age how grandly rise
The prophet souls in line!
Above the passing centuries
Like beacon-lights they shine.

Through differing accents of the lip
One message they proclaim,
One growing bond of fellowship,
Above all names one Name.

They witness to one heritage,
One Spirit's quickening breath,
One widening reign, from age to age,
Of freedom and of faith.

LYONS. 10. 10. 11. 11., or 11. 11. 11. 11.

J. MICHAEL HAYDN



Their kindling power our souls confess;
Though dead they speak to-day:
How great the cloud of witnesses
Encompassing our way!

Through every race, in every clime,
One song shall yet be heard:
Move onward in thy course sublime,
O everlasting Word!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

153. SONS OF THE LORD

Saints and Sages, 93
Horeb, 38

O sing with loud and joyful song
The seers of every name;
O sing the prophets high and true,
And saints of sacred fame!
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.

They come, the Lord's anointed ones,
In every age and shore,
And ever blessèd tidings brought,
And holy witness bore, —
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of Duty and eternal Right.

O joy, that all the ages down
The same Love is outpoured!
And joy, that every prophet-voice
Proclaims one Truth, one Lord!
O holy throng, ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more!

J. VILA BLAKE

154. SAINTS AND PROPHETS

Erfurt, 26
Truro, 102
Rockingham, 78

To thee, Eternal Soul, be praise,
Who, from of old to our own days,
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent thy light, thy love, thy word!

We thank thee for each mighty one
Through whom thy living light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

We thank thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

We thank thee for the word of might
The Spirit spake in darkest night;
Spake through the trumpet-voices loud
Of prophets at thy throne who bowed.

Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure,
That like thy saints we may endure:
Forever through thy servants, Lord,
Send thou thy light, thy love, thy word!

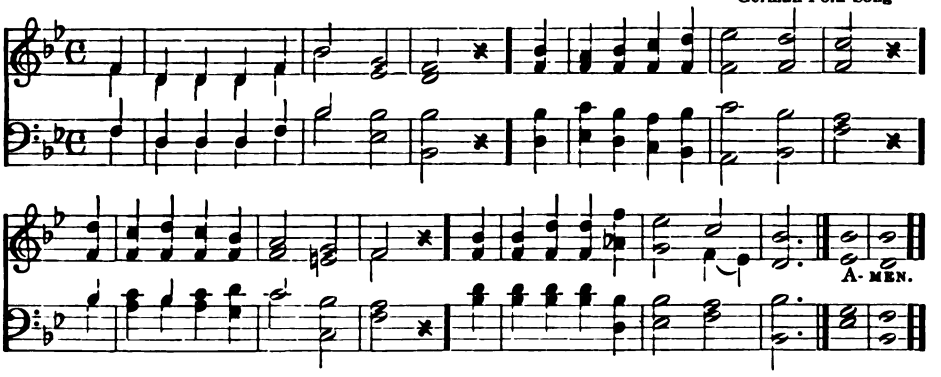
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

155. COMMEMORATION

Italy, 43

Lord, for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way;
For all whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love
The souls of men to move,
Be praise to-day!

German Folk-Song



Praise for the hearts of love,
Kin to thine own above,
Tender and brave;
Steadfast in pain and loss,
Counting earth's glory dross,
Bearing anew the cross,
To bless and save!

May their dear memory be
Motive and guide to thee,
With saints of yore!
The truth of God they taught,
The good for man they wrought,
The joy to earth they brought,
Spread evermore!

WILLIAM NEWELL*

156. CLOUD OF WITNESSES *Noyes*, 65 *Pleyel*, 73 *St. George's (D.)*, 87

Hero-saints of deathless name,
Cloud of witnesses on high,
Guarding once with hearts aflame
Truth and Right triumphantly:

Men whose conquering way was fought
Through the wrongs of ages gone;
Gentler spirits, rapt in thought,
On the mount of God alone:

Let your guiding voices join
Still in Truth's clear battle-cry;
Rouse anew the wavering line
Of her hard-pressed chivalry!

Shame the feeble, craven-souled,
And the drooping-hearted raise
Nearer to the noble mould
Of your own heroic days!

ANDREW CHALMERS

157. THE ARMY OF GOD *Sarum*, 94

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O God, forevermore be blessed!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Their Strength and Shield in all the well-fought fight,
Thou, in the darkness, still their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

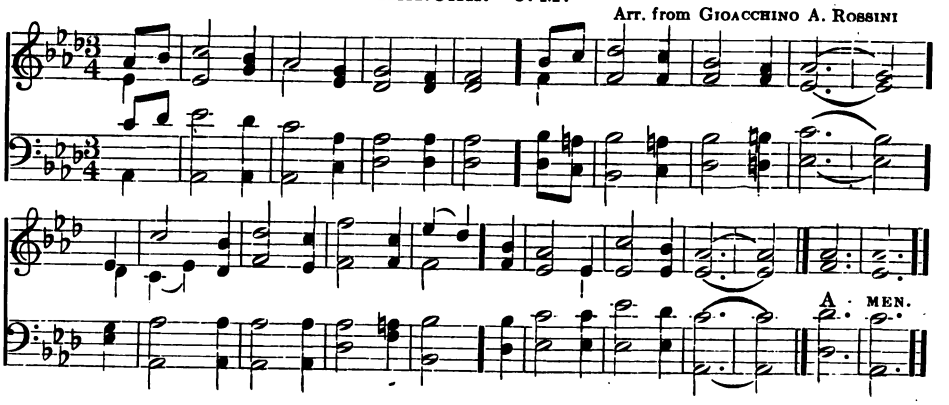
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
Ours still the struggle, they in glory shine,
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

WILLIAM W. HOW*

54 **MANOAH.** C. M.

Arr. from GIOACCHINO A. ROSSINI



V
TRUST

	Hymns		Hymns
1. IN MYSTERY	158-174	3. IN TRIAL	187-198
2. IN DAILY NEEDS	175-186	4. IN SUFFERING	199-205
		5. IN DEATH	206-217

158. THE QUEST *Pilgrims*, 72 *Ventnor*, 104

I cannot find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell:
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! E'en when most adoring
Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art!

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam:
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home!

ELIZA SCUDDER

159. LOVE SUPREME *Ward*, 108 *Federal Street*, 28 *Rockingham*, 78

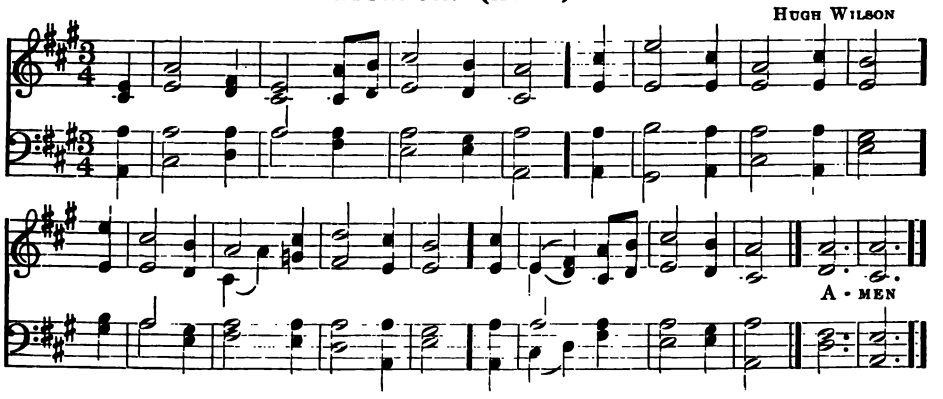
O Source divine and Life of all,
The Fount of being's fearful sea,
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee!

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

HUGH WILSON



Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.

JOHN STERLING

160. VERY NEAR *Hursley*, 41 *Federal Street*, 28 *Missionary Chant*, 59

O sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit-mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain and doubt
A great compassion clasps about;
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar self forgets to ask;
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The one true Life our own renew.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

161. SO FAR, SO NEAR *Coniston*, 17 *Serenity*, 95

O Thou in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

O sweeter now than aught besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

162. WAIT ON THE LORD *Coniston*, 17 *St. Agnes*, 31

Lord, when thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense,
I love thee in the mystery,
I trust thy providence.

I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

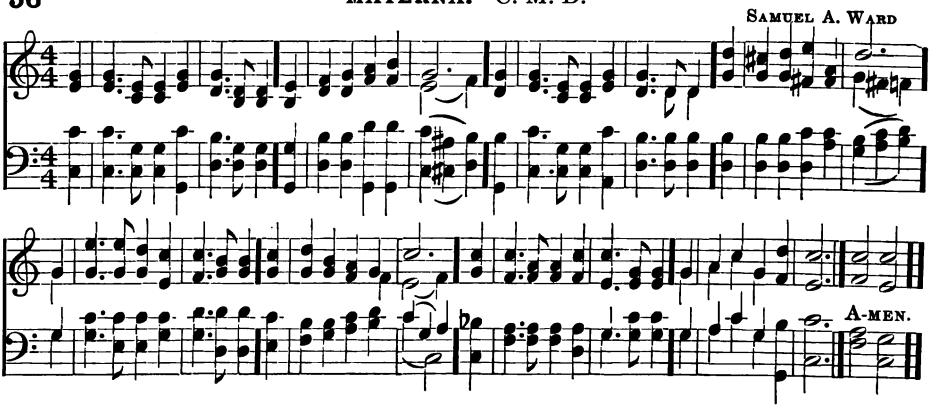
My Father, it is good for me
To trust, and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For thy revealing grace.

GEORGE RAWSON

163. MOTHER AND CHILD *Manoah*, 54 *Coniston*, 17

My child is lying on my knees,
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

MATERNA. C. M. D.



I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak:

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The Infinite of God.

Lo, Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee, —
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee!

GEORGE MACDONALD

164. A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD *Lambeth*, 47 *Spohr*, 99

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath his small interpreters,
The child must teach the man.

Alone to guilelessness and love
Heaven's gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

165. PRAYER FOR TRUTH *Mornington*, 60 *Franconia*, 30

O True One, give me truth!
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

Truth, which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt;
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts all falsehood out:

Calm faith, which grasps the word
Of Him who cannot lie;
Which hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds are standing by.

O Truth of God, destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be,
My bright and morning star!

HORATIUS BONAR

166. WINNING REST *Mornington*, 60 *Boylston*, 14

We pray for truth and peace;
With weary hearts we ask
Some rest, in which our souls may cease
From life's perplexing task.

Only to living faith
The promises are shown,
And by the love that passeth death
The rest is won alone.

Be ours the earnest heart,
Be ours the steady will,
To work in silent faith our part, —
For God is working still.

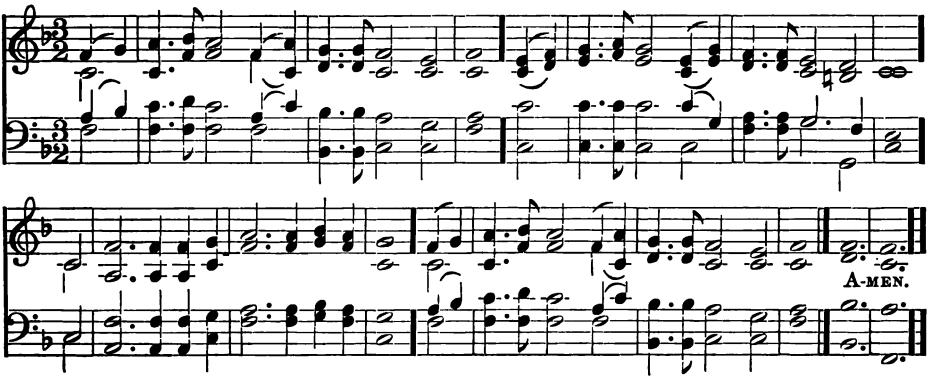
Then newer lights shall rise
Above these clouds of sin,
And heaven's unfolding mysteries
To glad our souls begin;

Our hearts from fear and wrong
Shall win their full release,
With God's own might forever strong,
And calm with God's own peace.

WILLIAM H. HURLBUT

167. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT *Lux Benigna*, 50

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—



Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

168. THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT *Ellers (repeat l. 1)*, 25

Through love to light! O wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
The Love of love, the eternal Light of light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER*

169. UNDISMAYED *St. Thomas*, 92 *Laban*, 46

Give to the winds thy fears!
Hope, and be undismayed!
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

PAULUS GERHARDT
Tr., JOHN WESLEY*

170. PROVIDENCE *Naomi*, 61

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

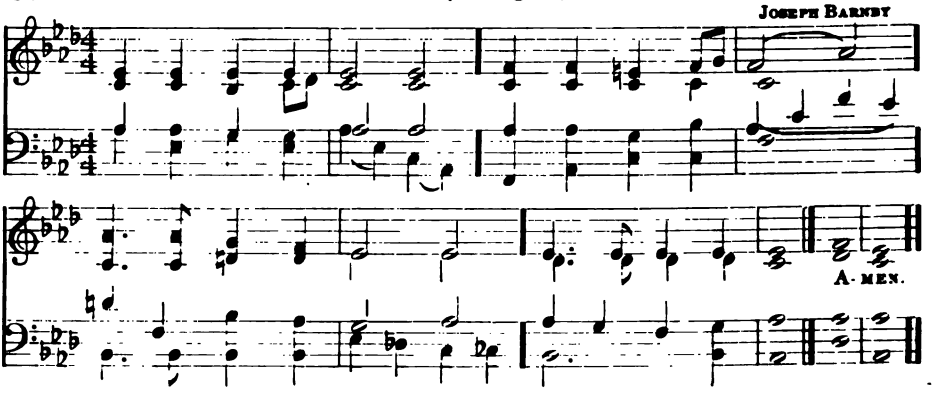
Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER



171. THE THOUGHT OF GOD *St. Agnes*, 81 *Coniston*, 17

O Thou, to outward eye unseen,
But for the thought of thee
How sad and strange our lives had been,
How full of mystery!

O happy thought, that we are thine,
Our life is wrapt in thee,
The human linked with the divine
For all eternity!

The wrong, the false, must pass away,
With all things not of thee;
The darkness vanish in the ray
Of truth and purity.

Good only can immortal be,
Evil at last shall fall;
The right must win the victory,
And God be all in all.

HESTER P. HAWKINS.

172. THE ETERNAL GOODNESS *St. Agnes*, 81 *Manoah*, 54

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries
The world confess its sin:

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings, —
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate, — I know
His goodness and his love.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

173. REVELATION *Credo*, 18 *Park Street*, 70 *(Omitting l. 6 of verses)*

I pray for faith, I long to trust;
I listen with my heart, and hear
A Voice without a sound: 'Be just,
Be true, be merciful, revere
The Word within thee: God is near, —
The Word within thee: God is near.'

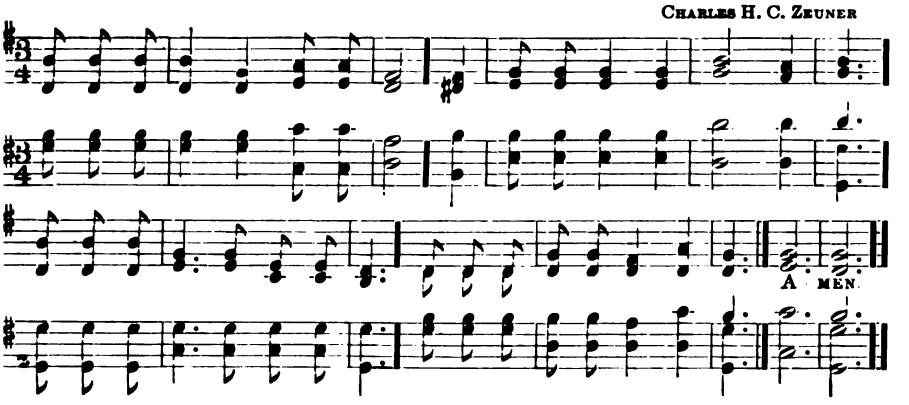
O joy supreme! I know the Voice,
Like none beside on earth or sea.
Yea, more, O soul of mine, rejoice:
By all that he requires of me
I know what God himself must be, —
I know what God himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,
I shape no image in my prayer;
I only know in him is all
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
Eternal Goodness here and there, —
Eternal Goodness here and there!

I fear no more. The clouded face
Of Nature smiles; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings,
And hear the song of hope she sings, —
And hear the song of hope she sings!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

CHARLES H. C. ZEUNER



1. THE EVERLASTING YEA *Ellers*, 25 *Melton*, 57

here no God in all the circling spheres,
Love deep-throbbing through the endless years,
Wisdom to construct the shining dome,
l for the weary soul no rest, no home?

l, struggle on! Within the darkest night
l broods the majesty of deathless Right:
› its promptings clear thou still art true,
: larger, sweeter lights will flash to view;

: stars will shine, and the blue pomp of day,
l to thine ear the Everlasting Yea
l breathe its music and its lofty song;
l we shall know that Beauty still is strong;

.t there is heart, and life, the good, the fair,
.t God is smiling in the sunny air,
l Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
l Love is yearning where the lowest are!

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM

5. MERCIES EVER NEW *Serenity*, 95 *Coniston*, 17 *Beatitudo*, 9

I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my Leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn,
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

176. HE LOVES ME EVERYWHERE *St. Agnes*, 81 *Manoah*, 54

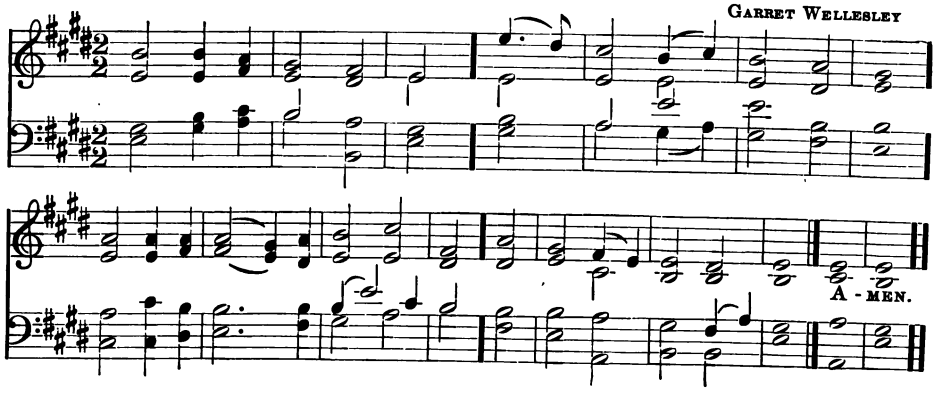
I cannot walk in darkness long, —
My Light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong,
While following such a guide.

I see his presence in the night,
And, though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.

He is my stay and my defence, —
How shall I fail or fall?
My Helper is Omnipotence,
My Ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care:
I cannot wander from his love
Who loves me everywhere.

CAROLINE A. MASON



177. THE LORD THY KEEPER *Amsterdam*, 2

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near!
Lo, he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear,
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms!
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide:
He thy faltering steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide.
Lean upon thy Father's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest, —
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin:
He is still our sure defence;
We his ceaseless care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence
And ever-waking love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

178. THY MIGHTY GRASP *Spohr*, 99 *Martyrdom*, 55

No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But thou, O Lord, thou changest not,
The same thou art alway.

I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then come down
Darkness and cold unrest.

Out of that weak, unquiet drift,
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where thou unchanging art.

Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of thee;
In this alone rejoice with awe, —
Thy mighty grasp of me!

JOHN C. SHAIRP.

179. SEEING THE UNSEEN *Boylston*, 14 *Mornington*, 60

Thou who dost all things give,
Be not thyself forgot!
No longer may thy children live
As if their God were not!

But every day and hour,
Since thou dost bless us thus,
In still increasing light and power
Reveal thyself to us;

Until our faith shall be
Stronger than words can tell,
And we shall live beholding thee,
O thou Invisible!

WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

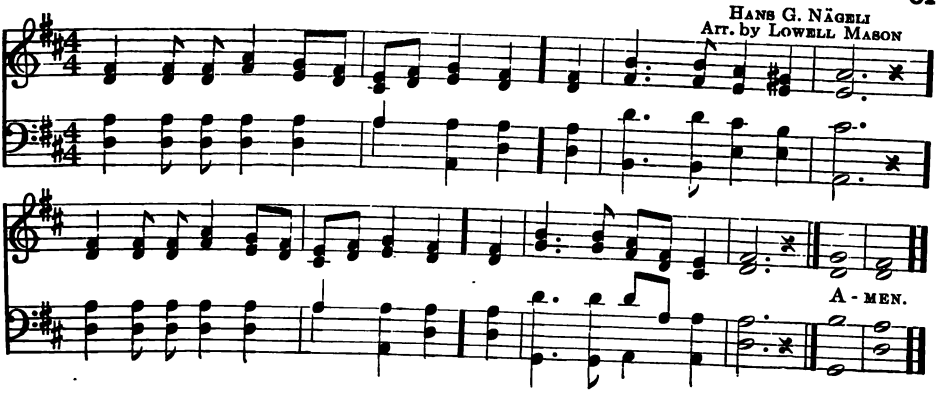
180. DAY BY DAY *Ferrier*, 29 *Seymour*, 96

Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

'Day by day,' the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,—
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned

NAOMI. C. M.



To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

O to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

JOSIAH CONDER

181. IN THY HAND *St. Thomas*, 92 *Franconia*, 30

'My times are in thy hand:'
My God, I wish them there!
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

'My times are in thy hand,'
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

'My times are in thy hand,' —
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

'My times are in thy hand!'
I'll always trust in thee;
In life, in death, within thy hand
May they forever be!

WILLIAM F. LLOYD*

182 WAIT *Beulah*, 12 *Jewett*, 44

Not so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although he linger long,
He never comes too late;
He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best
Vex not thyself in vain;
Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal, —
Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed:
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait his lead.

BRADFORD TORREY

183. A THANKFUL HEART *Naomi*, 61 *Serenity*, 95

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

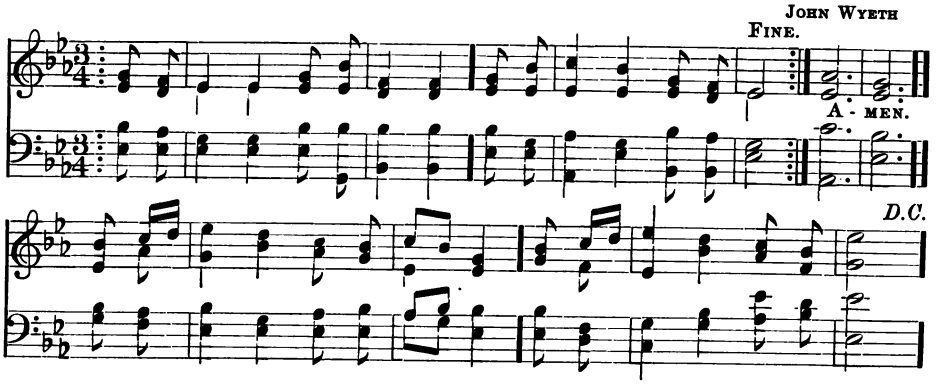
Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet thought that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown that journey's end.

ANNE STEELE*

184. MY STEADFAST HEART *Brattle Street*, 15

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.



Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will;
My lifted eye without a tear
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS

185. THROUGH UNKNOWN PATHS *Brattle St.*, 15 *Rochester*, 77

O Thou who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow thee through unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart;
Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

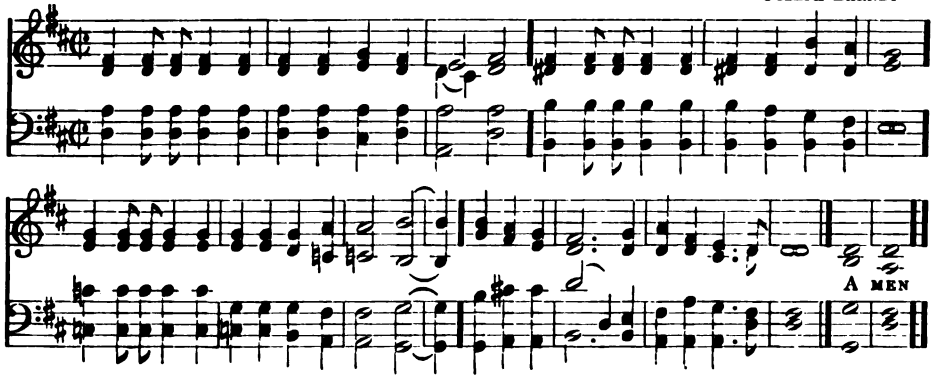
186. A PATIENT HEART *Hursley (repeat l. 1)*, 41 *St. Catherine*, 85

None loves me, Father, with thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O grant me, as thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of thine;
From every doubt and fear release,
And give me confidence and peace!

Give me a faith shall never fail,
Faith that shall always work by love;
And then, whatever foes assail,
They shall but higher courage move
More boldly for the truth to strive,
And more by faith in thee to live.

A heart that, when my days are glad,
May never from thy way decline,

JOSEPH BARNBY



And when the sky of life grows sad,
May still submit its will to thine, —
A heart that loves to trust in thee,
A patient heart, create in me!

ANON. (GERMAN)
HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

187. THE BURDEN DROPPED *Dennis*, 19 *Franconia*, 30

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

While Providence supports,
Let hearts securely dwell:
That hand which bears all Nature up
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

188. CONFIDING *St. Anselm*, 83 *Lymington*, 51

Sometimes a light surprises
The pilgrim while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!'

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

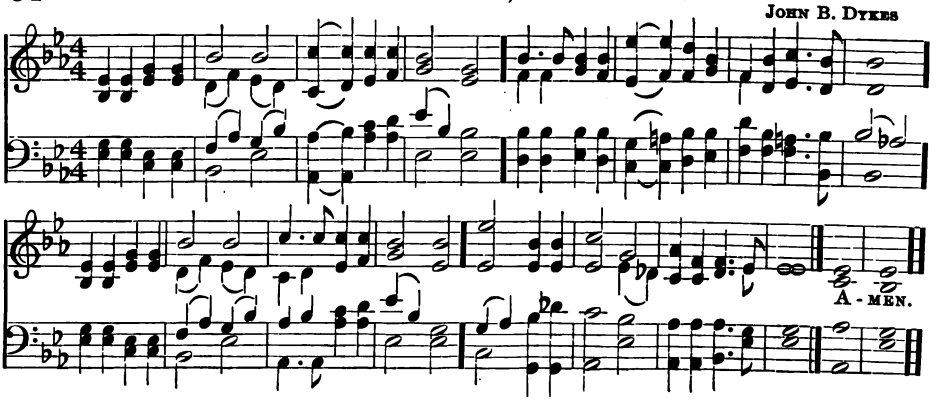
WILLIAM COWPER

189. ABIDING IN LOVE *Ewing*, 27 *St. Hilda*, 89

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

NICAEA. 11. 12. 12. 10., or 12. 13. 12. 10.

JOHN B. DYKES



Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where dark the clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Father has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING*

190. IN THE DEEP *Dundee*, 22 *Arlington*, 3

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand seem lost, —
Dtear moment of delay;
We cry, 'Lord, help the tempest-tost!'
And safe we're borne away.

O happy soul of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

JAMES MARTINEAU

191. THE STORM GOD-SENT *Varina*, 103 *St. Bede*, 84

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey!
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away, —
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may!

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay, —
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
'Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;'
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

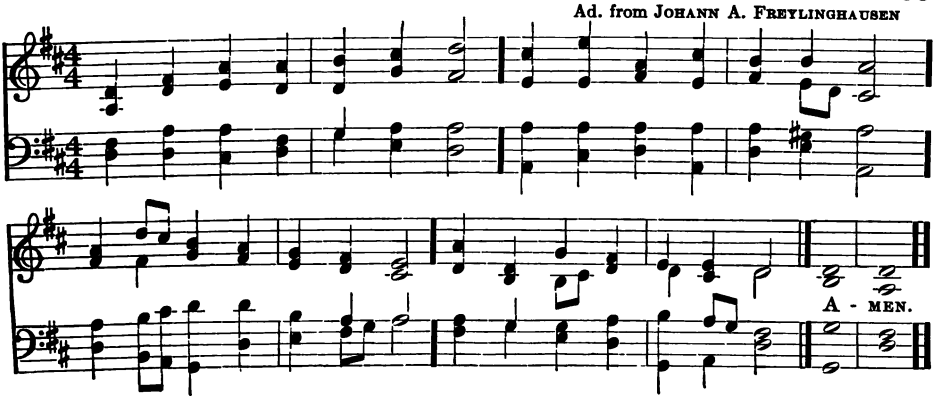
ANNA L. WARING

192. HOMEWARD LED *Varina*, 103 *St. Bede*, 84

Sweet is the solace of thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Oft in a dark and lonely place
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.

Ad. from JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN



O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will;
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find thee with me still.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of thy love
My heart be satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at thy side.

ANNA L. WARING

193. THE LOVE OF GOD *St. Agnes*, 81 *Manoah*, 54

Thou Grace divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow, —
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER

194. I LOOK TO THEE *Horeb*, 38 *Saints and Sages*, 93

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again!
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

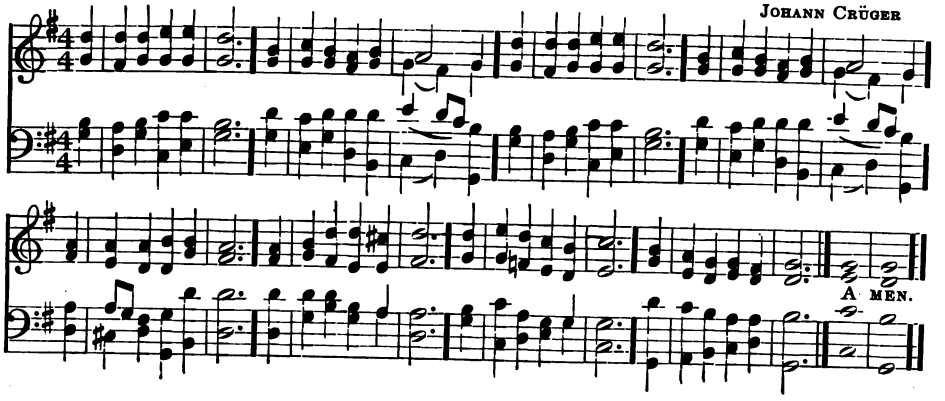
Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road, —
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

NUN DANKET. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.



195. OUR HIDDEN PEACE *St. Cuthbert*, 86

When shadows gather on our way,
Fast deepening as the night,
Be thou, O God, the spirit's stay,
Our inward Light!

Amid the outward toil and strife,
The world's dull roar and din,
Still speak thy word of higher life,
Thou Voice within!

When burdens sore upon us press,
And vexing cares increase,
Spring thou, a fount of quietness,
Our hidden Peace!

Though fond hopes fail, and joy depart,
And friends should faithless prove,
O save us from the bitter heart,
Indwelling Love!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

196. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL *Penitence*, 71

In the hour of trial,
Father, strengthen me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee.
When thou see'st me waver,
With a touch recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
By thy love sustaining,
Father, keep thy child,
All my foes restraining,
And my passions wild.

Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, *Adapted*

197. THE COMFORTER *Hursley*, (*repeat l. 1*), 41
St. Catherine, 85

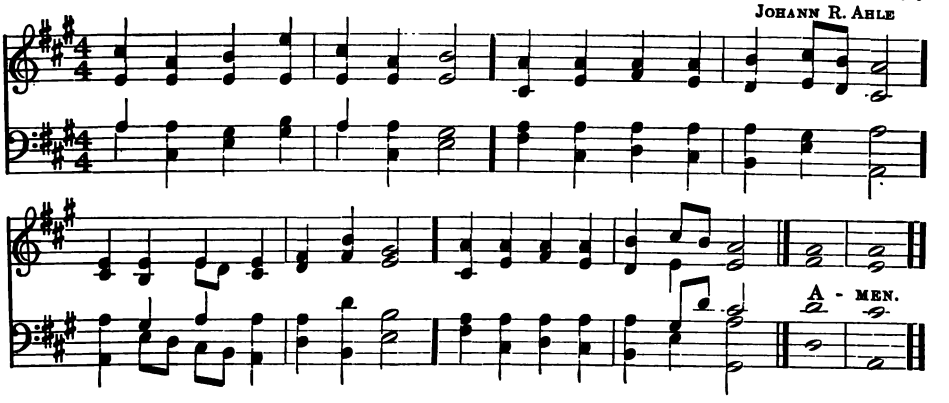
O draw me, Father, after thee
So shall I run and never tire:
With gracious words still comfort me,
Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.

From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God, in that transcendent hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And bear me through the whelming tide!

PAULUS GERHARDT
Tr., JOHN WESLEY

JOHANN R. AHLE



198. A MIGHTY FORTRESS *Ein' Feste Burg*, 23
(Psalm xlvi)

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure, —
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

MARTIN LUTHER
Tr., FREDERICK H. HEDGE

199. FATHER, TO THEE *Pilgrims*, 72
Newnham, 63

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase, —
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

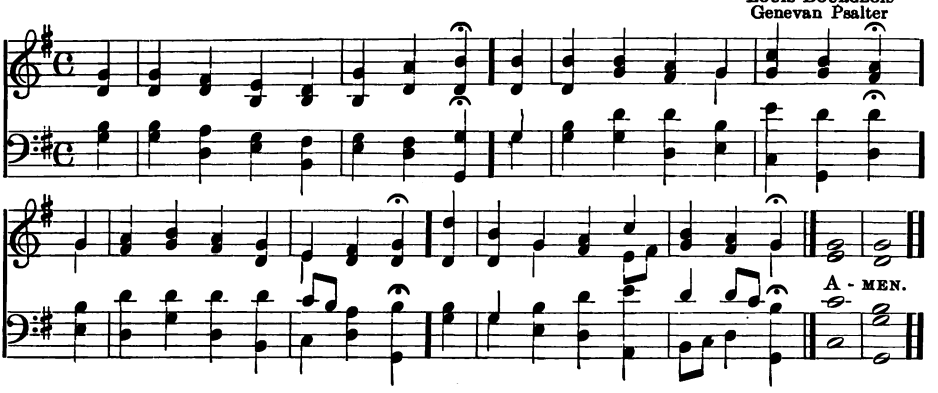
Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Louis Bourgeois
Genevan Psalter



200. FOR DIVINE STRENGTH *Newnham*, 63 *Pilgrims*, 72

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, — O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, — we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

201. FILIAL TRUST *Federal Street*, 28 *Hamburg*, 35

My God, I thank thee, — may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all Nature bloom,
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

ANDREWS NORTON

202. BLESSED SORROWS *Missionary Chant*, 59 *Germany*, 33

I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now, my shallow cistern spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

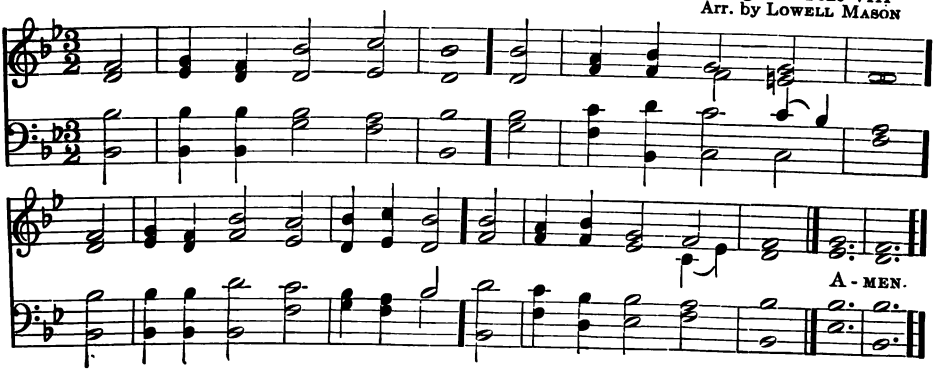
I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove:
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm,
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian Tone VIII
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

203. DISCIPLINE *Dundee*, 22 *Coniston*, 17

Father, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

204. TREASURES OF GRIEF *Lambeth*, 47 *Dundee*, 22

O word divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
Thy heavenly consolation falls, —
'Blessed are they that mourn!'

To every hope by sorrow crushed
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned hath never known
What treasures grief reveals:
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals;

The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore, —
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before;

How rich and sweet and full of strength
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer!

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

205. THE ETERNAL YEARS *Logan*, 49 *Coniston*, 17

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy careful fears;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

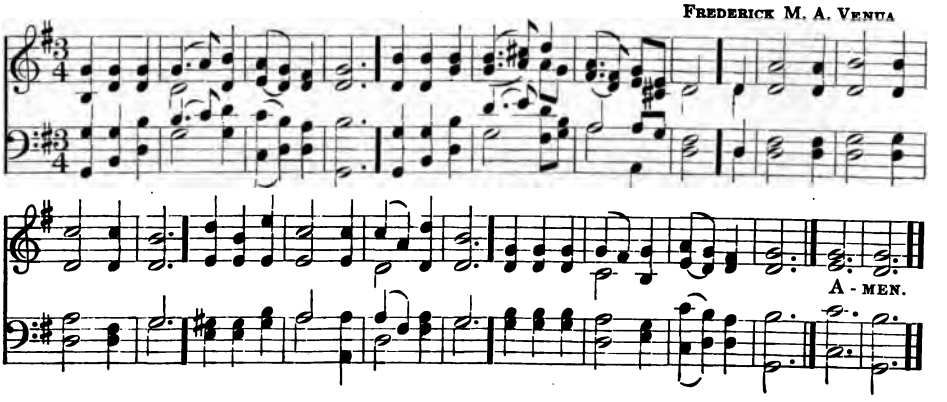
FREDERICK W. FABER

206. A PSALM OF TRUST *Beatitudo*, 9 *Serenity*, 95

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of my own;
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay

FREDERICK M. A. VENUA



Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine, —
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

207. ASSURED *Manoah*, 54 *Serenity*, 95

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

208. THE DEARER TRUST *Coniston*, 17 *Balerma*, 8

My God, I rather look to thee
Than to my fancies fond,
And wait till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

I seek not of thine Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

O sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone!

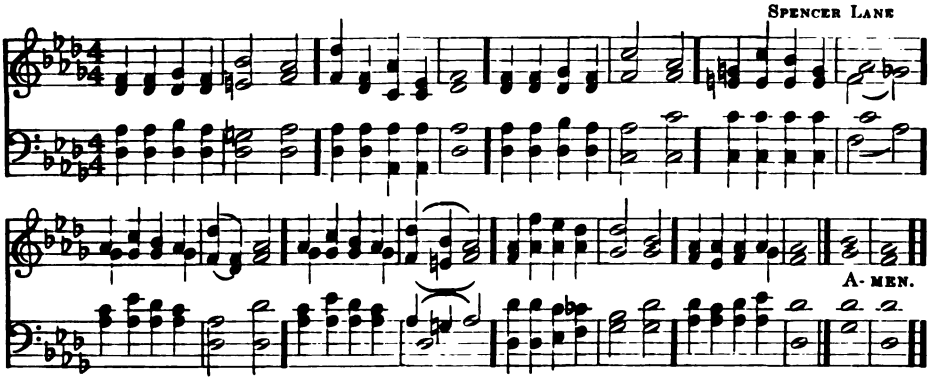
In thee my powers, my treasures live,
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

ELIZA SCUDDER

209. YET ONWARD *Rockingham*, 78 *Hursley*, 41

I thank thee, Lord, for precious things
Which thou into my life hast brought;
More gratefully my spirit sings
Its thanks for all I yet have not.

SPENCER LANE



How fair thy world to me has been!
How dear the friends who breathe its air!
But who can guess what waits within
Thine opening realms, thy worlds more fair?

At friendly shores, at peaceful isles
I touch, but may not long delay;
Where thy flushed East with mystery smiles
I steer into the unrisen day.

For veils of hope before thee drawn,
For mists that hint the immortal coast
Hid in thy farthest, faintest dawn, —
My God, for these I thank thee most.

Joy, joy! to see, from every shore
Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
Thy sunrise reddening still before, —
More light, more love, more life beyond!

LUCY LARCOM

210. IN THOSE FAR WORLDS *Rochester*, 77 *Materna*, 56

Change not, change not to me, my God!
I would that thou shouldst be
To farthest worlds what thou hast been
Upon this earth to me:
Though thou hast baffled sore my life,
Though thy swift-scourging rod
Hath left me spirit-scarred, I cry,
Change not to me, my God!

I do not ask with sudden step
Thy purest heaven to win;
Be still, most Merciful, all love,
Relentless to my sin:

Yea, when I love thee not at all,
When from thy face I flee,
Let thy compelling love pursue, —
My God, change not to me!

O, Lord, make wholly beautiful
What thou hast loved so well;
Burn out in me whate'er defiles, —
Burn out in fire of hell!
So bring thy banished to thyself,
As thou didst bring of old,
When thy sin-wearied child but thought
On the forsaken fold.

Change not to me in those far worlds,
Where all is strange and new;
Where can my stranger spirit rest,
If thou art changèd too?
Do with me, Lord, whate'er thou wilt,
So only thou wilt be,
Forever and forevermore,
What thou hast been to me!

ARRAH LEIGH

211. THE SILENT LAND *Hursley*, 41

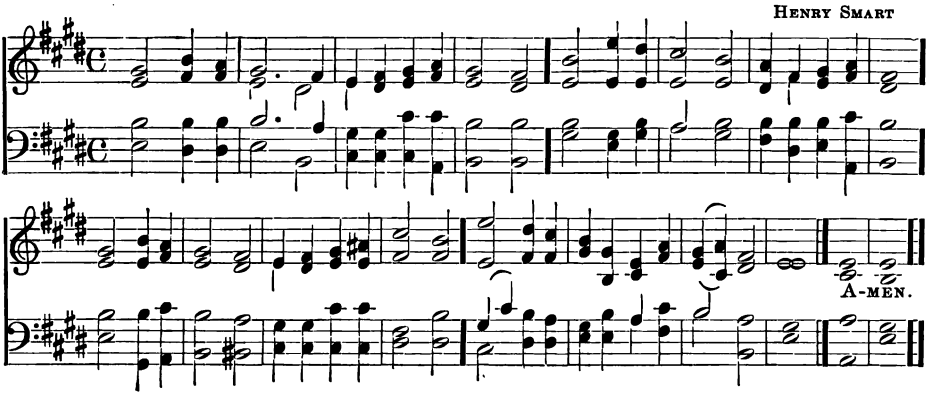
God giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and yearnings fond
To fuller life and love beyond.

What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty, passing show,
Requites the loss of all we know?

O Silent Land, to which we move,
Enough, if there alone be Love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

HENRY SMART



212. GONE BEFORE *Serenity*, 95 *Manoah*, 54

Another hand is beckoning us,
  Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
  The path that reaches heaven.

O half we deemed she needed not
  The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
  Who walked an angel here!

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled, —
That he whose love exceedeth ours
  Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms!
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
  Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in Goodness strong.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

213. 'FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT' *Solitude*, 98 *Ferrier*, 29

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
  He hath fought a noble fight,
  He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
  Crowd around us from the past:
  He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long, toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
  Freedom, righteousness and truth, —
  These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
  Yet it had a glorious might:
  Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
  He hath fought the noble fight,
  He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

WILLIAM GASKELL

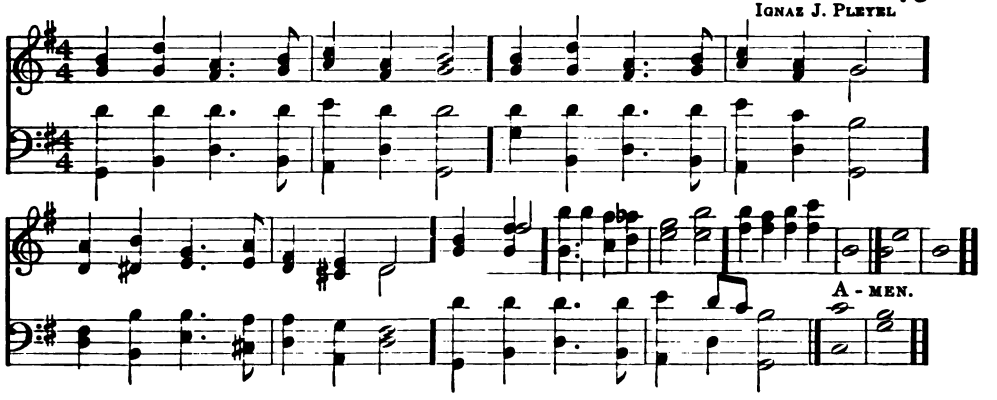
214. GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS *Beecher*, 10 *Autumn*, 5

Clear in memory's silent reaches
  Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
  Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no star-light
  To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
  Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

Yet O well I can remember,
  Once I called my pastures, Pain;
And the waters were a torrent
  Sweeping through my life amain:
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
  Brightness of all happy thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
  From my faces that are naught.

Naught? I fear not! If the Power
  Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
  Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
  Loseth none he ever led:
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
  On the faces of my dead!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT



215. THEIR SILENT MINISTRY *Coniston*, 17 *Naomi*, 61

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

216. AULD LANG SYNE *Materna*, 56 *Rochester*, 77

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call:
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But O 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

217. UNTO HIM ALL LIVE *Victory*, 106

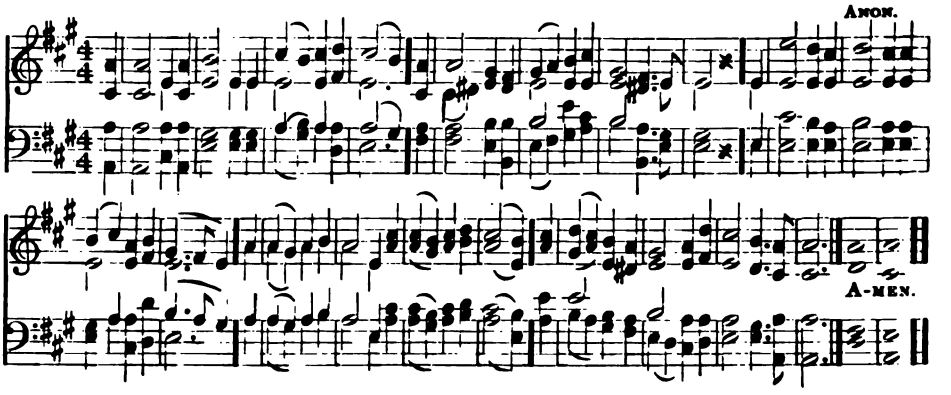
O Lord of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee.
Alleluia!

All souls are thine, and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Alleluia!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just:
Above the requiem 'dust to dust'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.
Alleluia!

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed!
Living or dying they are blest.
Alleluia!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER



VI
BLESSEDNESS

	Hymns		Hymns
1. COMMUNION	218-233	3. THANKFULNESS	244-253
2. PEACE	234-243	4. JOY IN GOD	254-265

218. STILL, STILL WITH THEE *Ventnor*, 104 *Newnham*, 63

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee!

Alone with thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

219. WITH THEE *Olmutz*, 68 *Mornington*, 68

Still with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

With thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer:

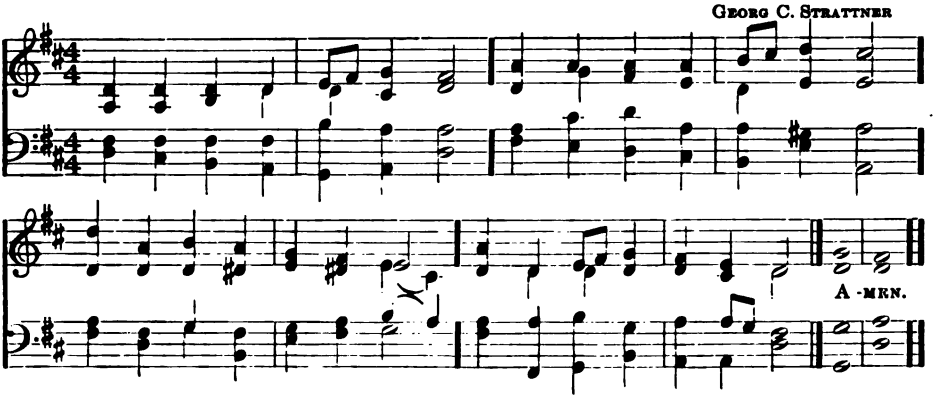
With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find:

With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding would I be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

JAMES D. BURNS

GEORG C. STRATTNER



220. ALWAYS NEAR *Mornington*, 60 *Boylston*, 14

One gift, my God, I seek, —
To know thee always near;
To feel thy hand, to see thy face,
Thy blessed voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,
O let me find thee there;
Where'er I stay, stay thou with me,
A presence everywhere.

And if thou bringest peace,
Or if thou bringest pain,
But come thyself with all that comes,
And all shall go for gain.

Long listening to thy words,
My voice shall catch thy tone,
And, locked in thine, my hand shall grow
All loving like thine own.

BRADFORD TORREY

221. COMMUNION DAY *Serenity*, 95 *Naomi*, 61 *Lambeth*, 47

How sweet and silent is the place,
My God, alone with thee,
Awaiting here thy touch of grace,
Thy heavenly mystery!

So many ways thou hast, dear Lord,
My longing heart to fill, —
Thy lovely world, thy spoken word,
The doing thy sweet will;

Giving thy children living bread,
Leading thy weak ones on,
The touch of dear hands on my head,
The thought of loved ones gone!

Lead me by many paths, dear Lord,
But always in thy way;
And help me make my earth a heaven,
Each day Communion Day!

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

222. HIS ANGELS *Azmon*, 6 *Martyrdom*, 55

Fair are the feet that bring the news
Of gladness unto me:
How many messengers God hath,
If we had eyes to see!

Thine angels speak, but still must we
The hearing ear bestow;
They smite the rock, but our own lips
Must stoop to drink the flow.

Lo, all things are thine angels, Lord,
That bring my God to me!
O for the ear to hear their word,
O for the eye to see!

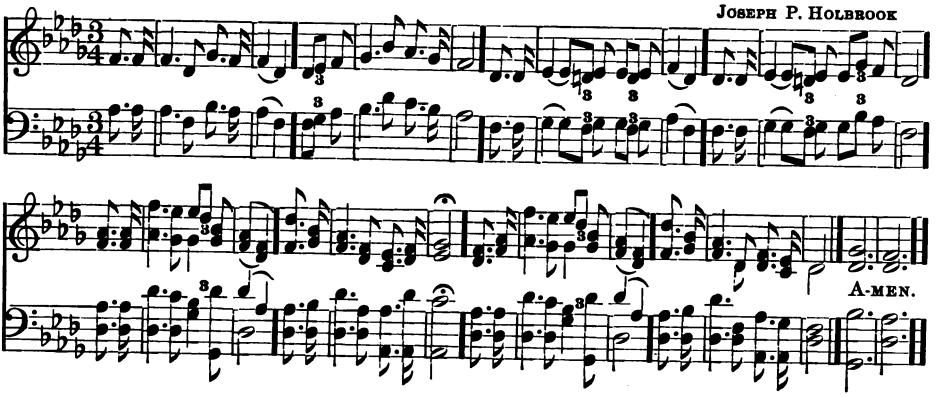
JOHN MASON

223. IN SPIRIT-LAND *Ellers*, 25 *Melton*, 57

Father, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK



Open our eyes that we that world may see!
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear!
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near, —

No more to lose us mid the things of time,
No more dismayed by death or earthly change,
But with unclouded heart and faith sublime
On through the vast, eternal scene to range!

JONES VERY.

224. FOREVER WITH THE LORD *Mornington*, 60 *Boylston*, 14

'Forever with the Lord!'
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower:

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

'Forever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Help, and I must prevail.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

225. LISTENING *Materna*, 56 *St. Leonard*, 90

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light, —
Where is the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

O may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
Then is thy heaven my very soul!
And thine, so sweet and strong,
The words that sweep its silences
With music and with song!

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
And breathe my 'Peace, be still!'
They ever seem to say, 'My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself, —
And listen by the way!'

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

226. THE INDWELLING GOD *Rochester*, 77 *St. Leonard*, 90

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there, —
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

ROCHESTER. C. M. D.

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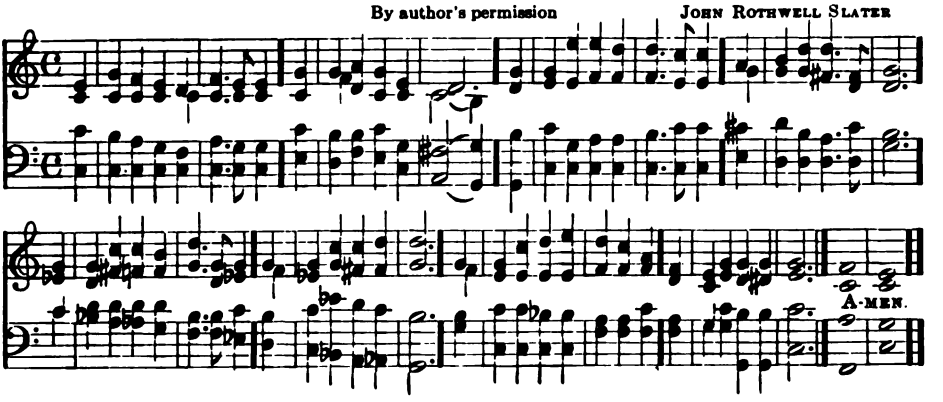


For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within:
And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.
Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

227. THE THOUGHT OF GOD *St. Agnes*, 81 *Martyrdom*, 55

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

228. THE THOUGHT OF GOD *Manoah*, 54 *Dundee*, 22

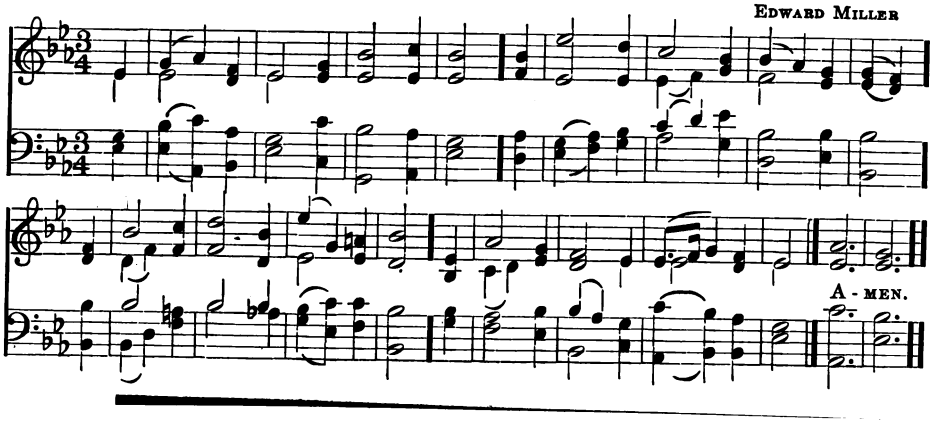
The thought of God, the thought of thee
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art, —

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow;
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear!

FREDERICK W. FABER



229. FOUND *Manoah*, 54 *Beatitudo*, 9

O Name, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fullness fill!

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

230. PRAYER *Hebron*, 36 *Hursley*, 41

Prayer is the opening of a door
To let the yellow sunlight shine
On chambers dark and chill before,
Now radiant with a gleam divine.

To pray is but to cross a sill
From crowded rooms, their noise and glare,
Into the star-lit calm of night,
That all the while was waiting there.

The soul is gateway to the Life
That breathes through all of time and space:
We do but lift the bar, and find
That we with God are face to face!

FRANCES W. WILE

231. A SONG OF TRUST *Materna*, 56 *Brattle Street*, 15 *St. Leonard*, 90

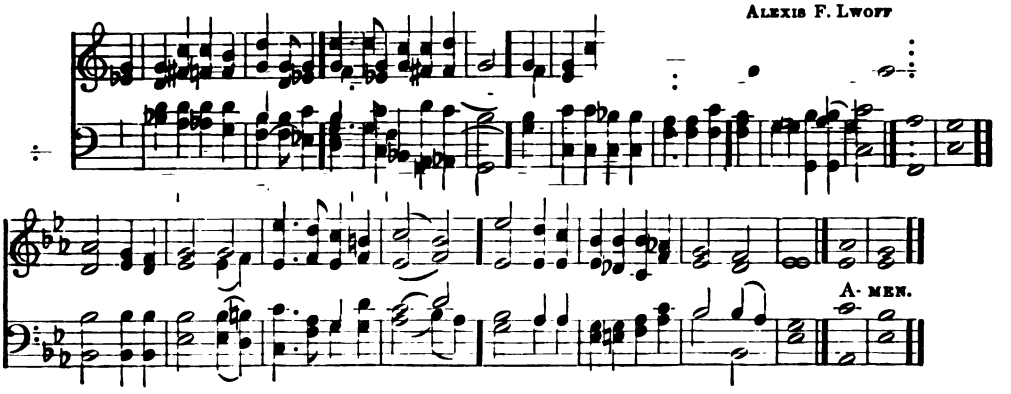
O Love divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest me now
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need,
And all my need of thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway,
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee,
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me?

I do not pray because I would, —
I pray because I must:
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust;
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say,
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou still must be;

ALEXIS F. LWOFF



Yea, thou art God, and what thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Shall sing itself to rest,
O Love divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

232. HE KNOWETH *Ewing*, 27 *St. Hilda*, 89

Before our heavenly Father
We do not fear to lay
The little needs and longings
That fill our every day;
And when we scarce can whisper
Some want that lieth dim,
'Tis joy to feel, 'He knoweth,'
And leave it all to him.

For his great love has compassed
Our nature and our need;
We know not, but he knoweth,
And he will bless indeed.
Therefore, O heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me,
And take the wants unanswered
As offerings made to thee!

ANON.*

233. PRAYER-ANSWER *Galilee*, 31

Standing on the shore at morning,
I beheld the shining sea,
Saw the wreathing vapors mounting
Into heaven silently.

Standing on the hill at evening,
Clouds stooped gently over me,
Softly from the west ascending,
And the rain fell silently.

So, I cried, my spirit's incense
Sure returneth unto me;
Upward breathing, falls in blessing
From our Father, silently.

So my life up-striving, soaring,
Where nor eye nor thought can see,
Comes again descending on me,
Filled with immortality.

And the bliss of hope awakens,
Earth and sky I clearer see;
And I carol in my gladness
Joyful hymn and melody.

J. VILA BLAKE

234. QUIETUDE *Whittier*, 111

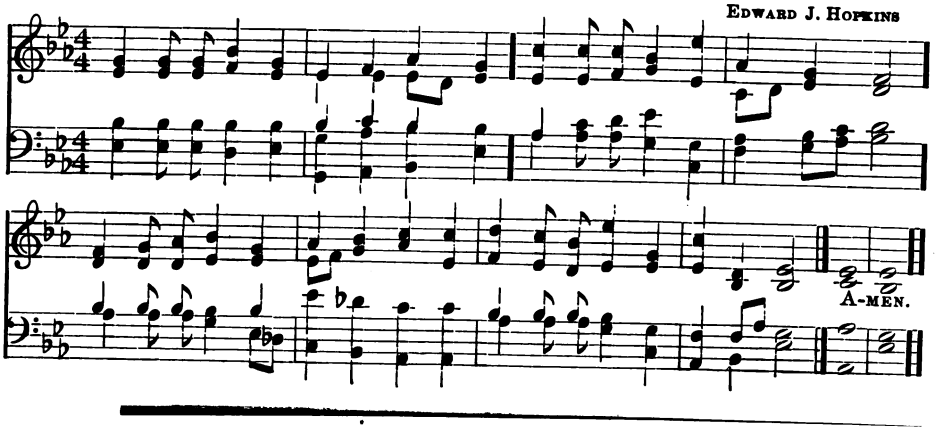
Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace!

JOHN G. WHITTIER



235. THE PEACE OF GOD *Serenity*, 95 *St. Agnes*, 81

We ask not, Father, the repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;

That peace which, through the billows' moan
And angry tempests' roar,
Sends forth its calm, unfaltering tone
Of joy forevermore;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

ANON.
Ad., HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT

236. THE DEEPER REST *Pilgrims*, 72 *Ventnor*, 104

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

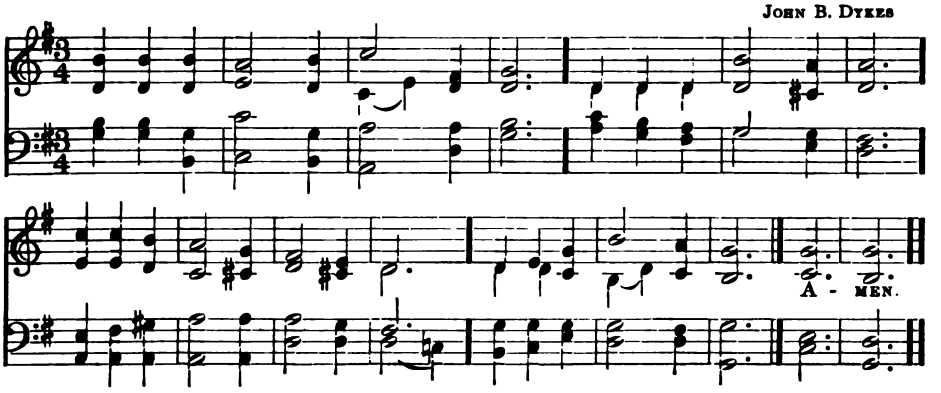
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

237. MY SHEPHERD *Portuguese Hymn*, 74

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

JOHN B. DYKES



In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

238. HE LEADETH ME *Dominus Regit Me*, 20

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine, forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My rescued soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy hand and touch to guide me.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever!

HENRY W. BAKER*

239. RESTING *Boardman*, 13 *Balerma*, 8

My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on thee,
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;

The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere!

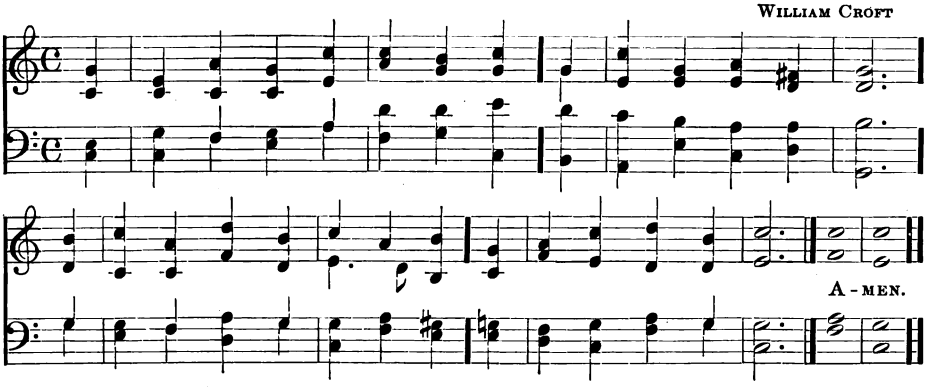
ANNA L. WARING

240. MY PSALM *Manoah*, 54 *St. Agnes*, 81

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

ST. ANN. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT



I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day

JOHN G. WHITTIER

241. ALL AS GOD WILLS *Balerma*, 8 *Naomi*, 61

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward nor behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

242. HOME *Ferrier*, 29 *Solitude*, 98

Inward, and observe thy breast!
There alone dwells solid rest;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall:
In a cleanly, sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.

Here in this sweet privacy
May'st thou with thyself agree;
Here content make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

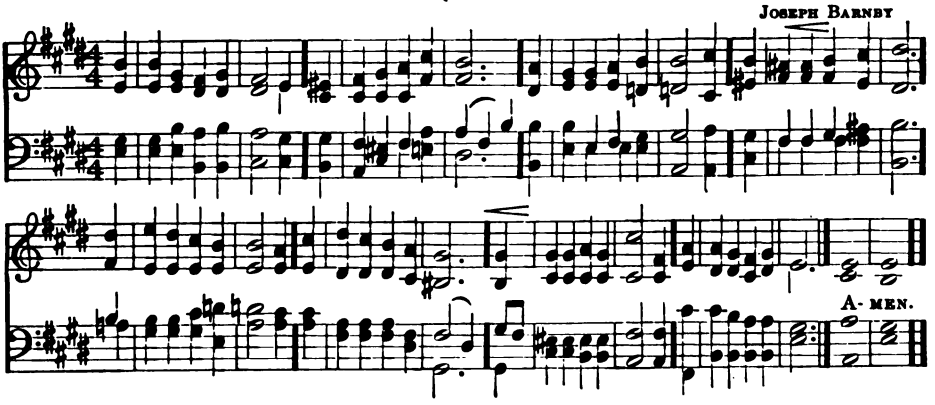
Home is everywhere to thee,
Who canst thine own dwelling be;
Yea, though ruthless death assail,
Still thy lodging shall not fail.

Still thy soul's thine own; and she
To an house removed shall be, —
An eternal house above,
Walled and roofed and paved with love.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT

243. WAITING *Wareham*, 109 *Hursley*, 41

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo, my own shall come to me!



I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea, —
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me!

JOHN BURROUGHS

244. 'NOW THANK WE ALL *Nun Danket*, 66

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hand and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God,
Our Father, now be given;
We lift our hearts to him,
Supreme in earth and heaven, —
The One Eternal God
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore!

MARTIN RINKART
Tr., CATHERINE WINKWORTH*

245. THANKSGIVING *Refuge* 76

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

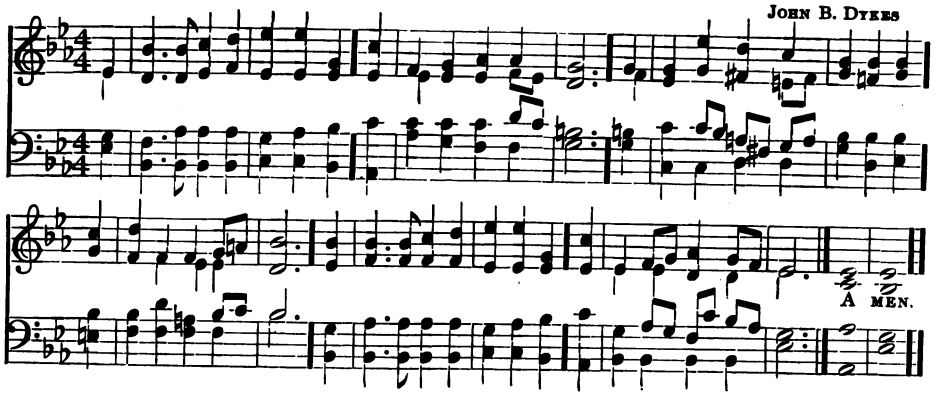
For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart's and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
Unto us so freely given,
Graces human, grace divine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT*

84 **ST. BEDE.** C. M. 6 lines.



246. EVERY GOOD GIFT *St. George's*, 87

Father, thy paternal care
Hath my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Hath thy hand of love supplied:
Thine is every thought of bliss
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

Every sun of splendid ray,
Every moon that shines serene,
Every morn that welcomes day,
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings,
Every incense at thy shrine, —
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, all are thine.

And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, Righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

JOHN BOWRING

247. FOR ALL THE YEARS *Duke Street*, 21 *Rockingham*, 78

O Thou, whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time;
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime;

For truth that evermore makes free
From bounds of sect and bonds of creed;
For light that shines that we may see
Our own in every brother's need; —

For all, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless thy holy name:
Come life or death, enough to know
That thou art evermore the same!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

248. MY HERITAGE *Pleyel*, 73 *Nuremberg*, 67 *Noyes*, 65

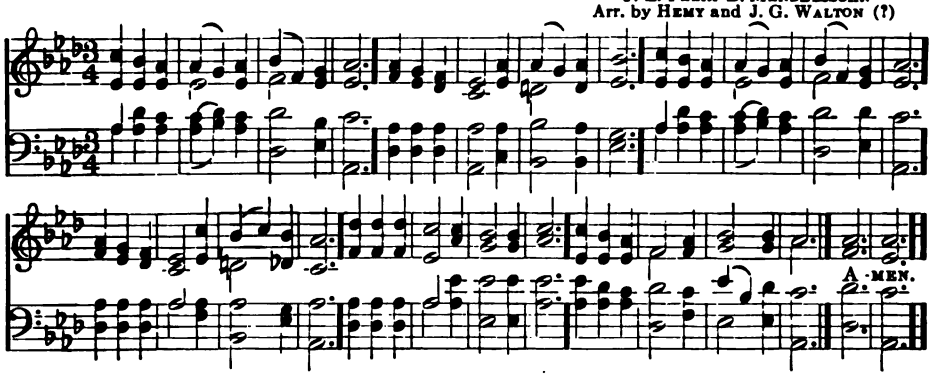
Heir of all the ages, I, —
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought!

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way;
All their labors, all their prayers,
Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that time
To earth's fainting sons hath given;

J. L. FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by HEMY and J. G. WALTON (?)



Aspirations pure and high,
Strength to do and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I, —
Lo, I am no longer poor!

JULIA C. R. DORR

249. I THANK THEE *Stephanos*, 100

My God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot on earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more, —
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

250. DAILY MERCIES *Gottschalk*, 34 *Horton*, 39

Tender mercies on my way,
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song!

ANNA L. WARING

251. ALL'S WELL *Germany*, 33 *Wareham*, 100

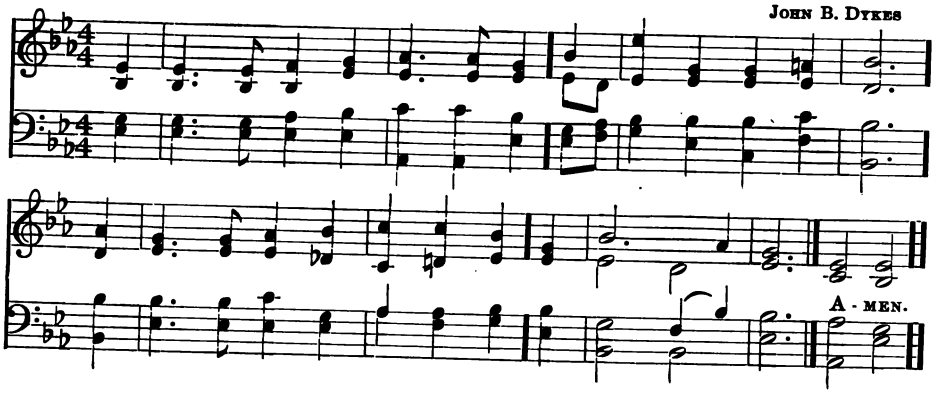
Ask and receive, —'t is sweetly said;
Yet what to plead for know I not;
For wish is worsted, hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.

If I would pray, I've naught to say
But this, — that God may be God still;
For him to live is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish his will.

Or glad, or grieved, oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night, or brightest day,
Still pours the flood of golden good,
And more than heartfull fills me aye.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.

JOHN B. DYKES



And since all his mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream in larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star!

DAVID A. WASSON

252. THIS PERPETUAL FEAST *Duke Street*, 21 *Germany*, 33

That God is Love, unchanging Love, —
This truth of truths do I not know?
Unnumbered blessings from above
Forever come to tell me so.

What have I done, what can I do,
To purchase this perpetual feast?
Of all the proofs he loves me so
I am not worthy of the least.

Forgive, dear God, forgive, forgive!
Set free this self-bound heart of mine,
That I may learn for thee to live
The self-renouncing life divine.

There's no return that I can make
For all thy goodness, God, to me
But, doing all things for thy sake,
To lose, and find, myself in thee.

WILLIAM H. FURNESS

253. GOD'S LOVE ONLY *Refuge*, 76

Shall I not sing praise to thee,
Shall I not give thanks, O Lord,
Since in everything I see
How thy love keeps watch and ward?
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

When I sleep, my Guardian wakes,
And revives my wearied mind;
Every morning on me breaks
With some mark of love most kind:
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

When my powers can do no more,
When my heart and courage fail,
Doth my God such strength outpour,
That I rise up and prevail:
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

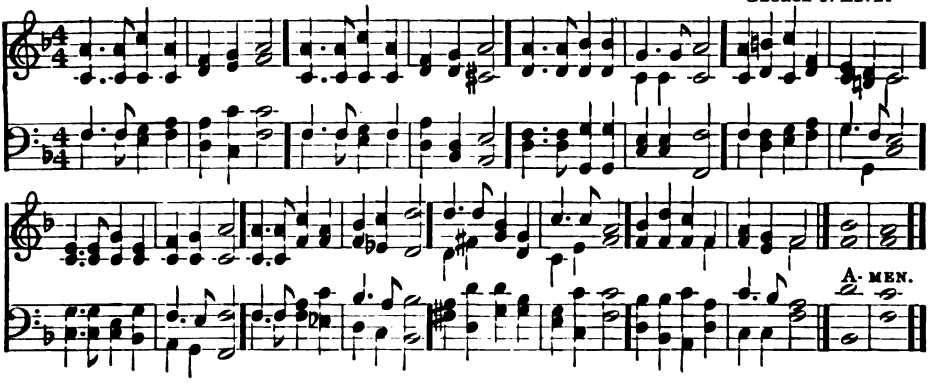
All my life I still have found, —
This will I no more forget, —
Every sorrow hath its bound,
Never cross but limit set.
All things, all things have their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Comes sweet summer back again
After all the winter snows;
Patient souls ne'er wait in vain,
Joy is given for all their woes:
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Since, then, neither change nor end
In thy love can e'er have place,
Ever shall my song ascend
For the comfort of thy face:
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

PAULUS GERHARDT
Tr., CATHERINE WINKWORTH

GEORGE J. ELVEY



254. MY FATHER'S WORLD *St. Thomas*, 92 *Laban*, 46

This is my Father's world:
Upon its wondrous birth
The stars of light in phalanx bright
Sang out in heavenly mirth.

This is my Father's world:
Still to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world:
Dreaming, I see his face;
I ope my eyes in glad surprise, —
'The Lord is in this place!'

This is my Father's world:
A wanderer I may roam, —
Whate'er my lot, it matters not,
My heart is still at home.

This is my Father's world:
O let me ne'er forget
That, though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world:
Should heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King, let heaven ring,
God reigns, let earth be glad!

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

255. DEEP ON DEEP *Dundee*, 22 *Coniston*, 17

O God, thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight!

All lives may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command, —
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand!

Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it,
Humbling itself to seek.

O little heart of mine, shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

FREDERICK W. FABER

256. THE HEART OF THE ETERNAL *Galilee*, 31

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

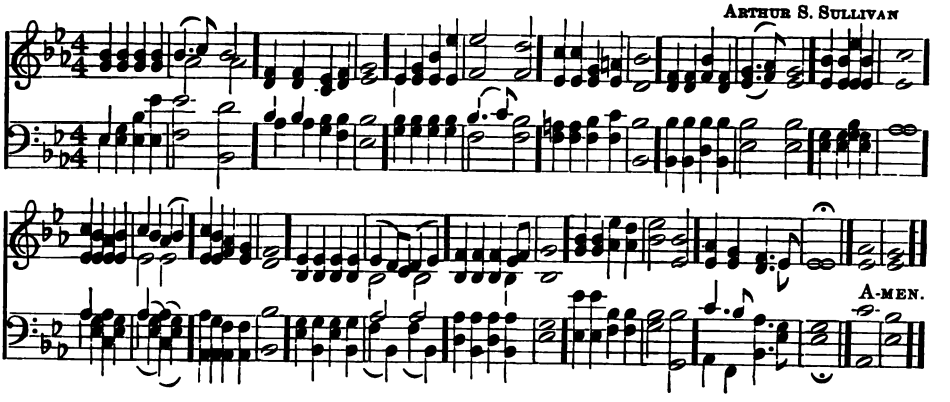
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER

257. THE OPEN SOUL *Beatitudo*, 9 *Azmon*, 6

Lie open, soul! around thee press
A thousand things divine;
All glory and all holiness
Are waiting to be thine.



Lie open, soul! be swift to catch
Each glory ere it flies;
The hours are charged, to those who watch,
With heavenly messages.

Lie open, soul! the great and wise
About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul! in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win;
The Infinite thy peace shall bless,
And God shall enter in.

HERBERT NEW

258. INNER GLORY *Christmas*, 16 *Azmon*, 6

Alas, the outer emptiness,
What life has it to give!
O shall it God's own fire oppress?
Soul, wilt thou lightly live?

Some joy of thine own seeking win,
To thine own strength repair;
Breathe, breathe the awful life within,
Feel all the glory there!

Thyself amid the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, thy God so near,
Thyself alone with him!

The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing;
The mingling with Almightiness,
The dwelling by life's Spring!

Thus deeply live, thus greatly watch,
Soul, be thus inly bright,
All outer things must smile, must catch
The strong, transcendent light.

THOMAS H. GILL*

259. BLESSEDNESS *Germany*, 33 *Federal Street*, 28

There is a something sweet and pure, —
Through life, through death, it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above;
A conscience clear from wilful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within;

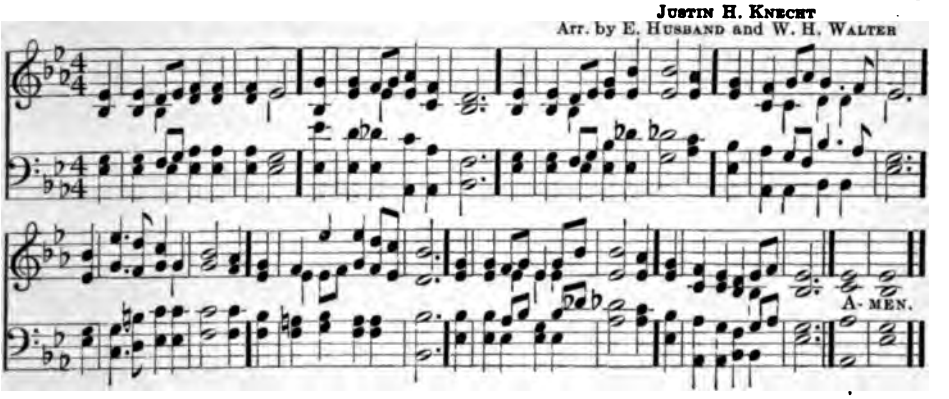
Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour, —
I ask no more, I seek no less:
These, these, my soul, make blessedness!

LOUISA J. HALL

260. FULL SALVATION *Austria*, 4 *Nettleton*, 62

Know, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do and bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
Think what he hath done to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

JUSTIN H. KNECHT
Arr. by E. HUSBAND and W. H. WALTER



Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Faithful in thine earthly mission,
Faithful through thy pilgrim-days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY F. LYTE

261. THE WINDS OF GOD *Mann*, 53 *Germany*, 33

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

A thread of law runs through my prayer,
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing towards her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

The wind ahead? The wind is free, —
Forevermore it favoreth me;
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

For Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And unseen over seen prevail;
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage and roar.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail, and let thy fortune be
Forgotten in thy destiny!

DAVID A. WASSON

262. TRAVEL SONG *Spohr*, 99 *Boardman*, 13

I travel all the irksome night
By ways to me unknown;
I travel like a bird in flight,
Onward, but not alone.

In secret paths God leads me on
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of love
Through all the heavenly road.

The ways most rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight:
Through all the paths I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate!

COMPOSITE (HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT)

263. THE HAPPY PILGRIM *Christmas*, 16 *St. Stephen*, 91

Faint not along thine earthly road,
Thou pilgrim soul of mine;
Still, still be gladsome in thy God,
Still sing thy song divine!

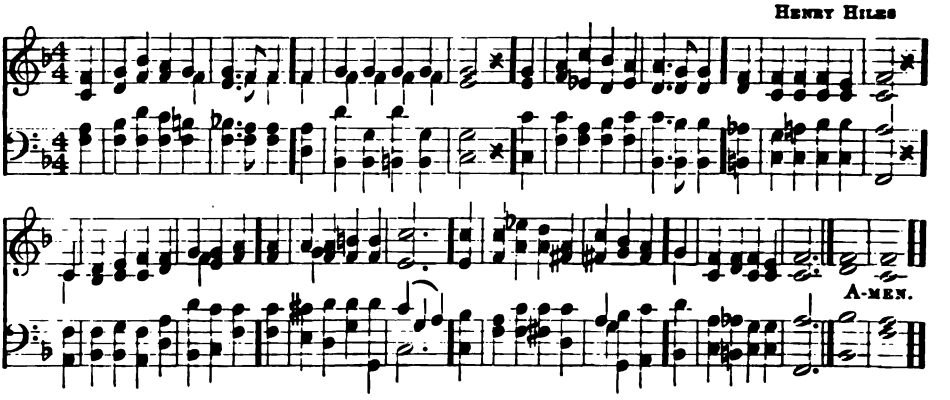
Doth life in all bright ways for thee
Its glory oft unroll?
O take thy pleasures holily,
Sing unto God, my soul!

A dreary desert dost thou trace,
Dim shineth thy far goal?
That desert make thy holy place,
Pursue thy song, my soul!

When the glad Spirit's voice divine
Through thy stirred deeps doth roll,
When glows with faith that heart of thine,
Sing forth thy song, my soul!

THOMAS H. GILL
Ad., SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

HENRY HILES



264. SOUL-FREE *Laban*, 46 *Mornington*, 60

Naught have I else to do, —
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.

O, it is good to soar,
My bolts and bars above,
To thee whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;

And feel thy mighty will
My wilfulness control,
And learn, a prisoner of the Lord,
The freedom of the soul!

MADAME GUYON
Tr., THOMAS C. UPHAM

265. THE WILL OF GOD *Logan*, 49 *Hummel*, 40 *St. Stephen*, 91

I worship thee, O Will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou,
Hast made thy triumphs mine!

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

FREDERICK W. FABER

266. MY HERITAGE OF JOY *St. Agnes*, 81 *Serenity*, 96

I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see:
The Father's hand that makes it mine
Is keeping it for me.

I have a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be thus is best.

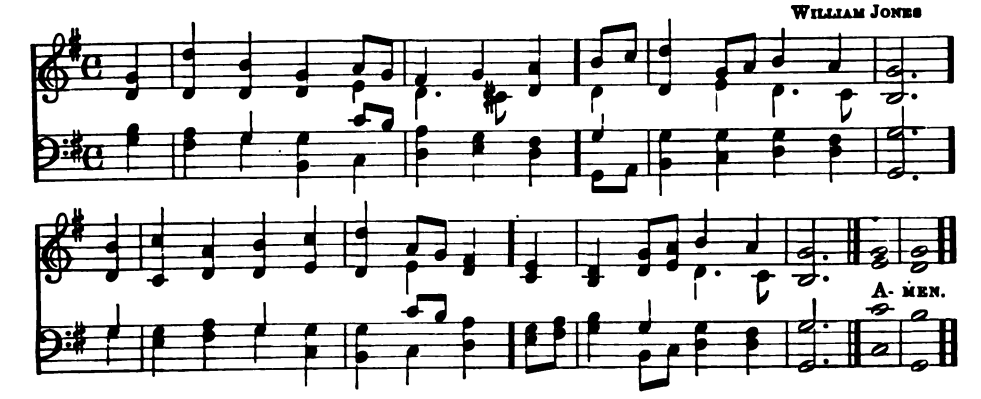
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long loved music set, —
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere!

ANNA L. WARING

WILLIAM JONES



VII
THE GOOD TO BE

Hymns

1. THY KINGDOM COME. 267-274
2. THESE THINGS SHALL BE . . . 275-283
3. ONE HOLY CHURCH 284-295

267. ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN *Boylston*, 14 *Badea*, 7

Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown:
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy spirit, O send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down!

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

EDWARD R. SILL

268. HAIL, TRUTH DIVINE *St. Ann*, 82 *Arlington*, 3

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find, —

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now;
Angel of God, come in!

Come, though with purifying fire
And desolating sword!
Thou of all nations the desire,
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

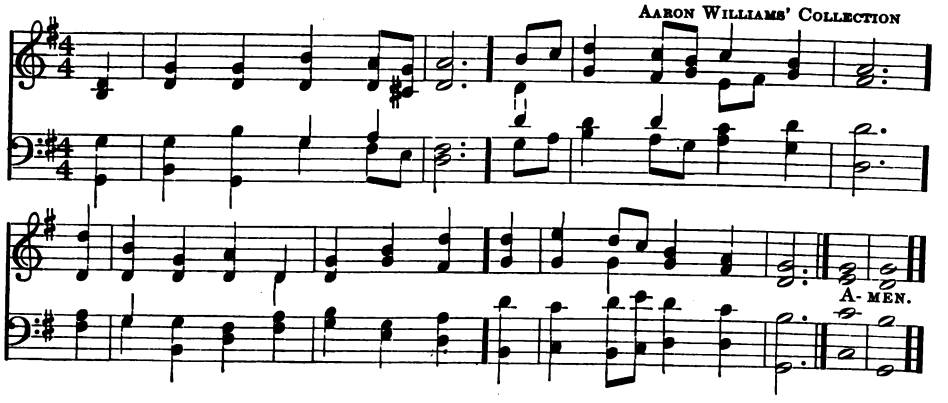
Flood our dark life with golden day,
Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all!

ELIZA SCUDDER

269. OUT OF THE DARK *Truro*, 102 *Duke Street*, 21

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires, —
These stars have been above us still.



Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

270. OLD AND NEW *Germany*, 33 *Hamburg*, 35

O sometimes gleams upon my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right!
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad, —
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

271. THE DAY OF GOD *Dundee*, 22 *St. Agnes*, 81

Thy kingdom come, — on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near!

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
Shall walk the earth abroad, —
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised Day of God!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

272. THY KINGDOM COME *Azmon*, 6 *Martyrdom*, 55

Thy kingdom come with power and grace
In every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Now to our souls bring in;

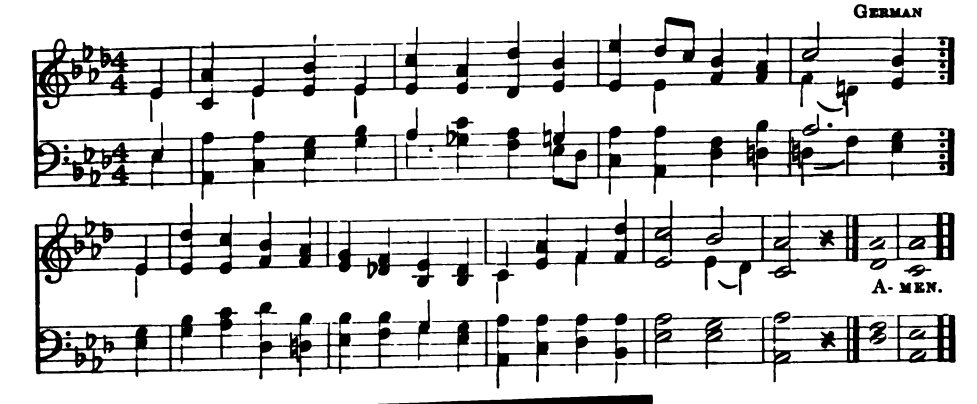
The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of Godliness;
The omnipotence of Love!

CHARLES WESLEY

273. THY KINGDOM COME *St. Thomas*, 92 *Franconia*, 30

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

GERMAN



Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine!
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family!

JOHN JOHNS

274. THE PROPHECY SUBLIME *Beulah*, 12

Thy kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide-circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old thy word
And make the nations one:
One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

Speed, speed the longed-for time
Foretold by raptured seers, —
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years:
Till rise, at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The Commonwealth of Man,
The City of our God!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

275. THE LORD WILL COME *St. Ann*, 8[2] *Dundee*, 22

The Lord will come, and not be slow:
His footsteps cannot err.
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, Lord, judge thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress!
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone!

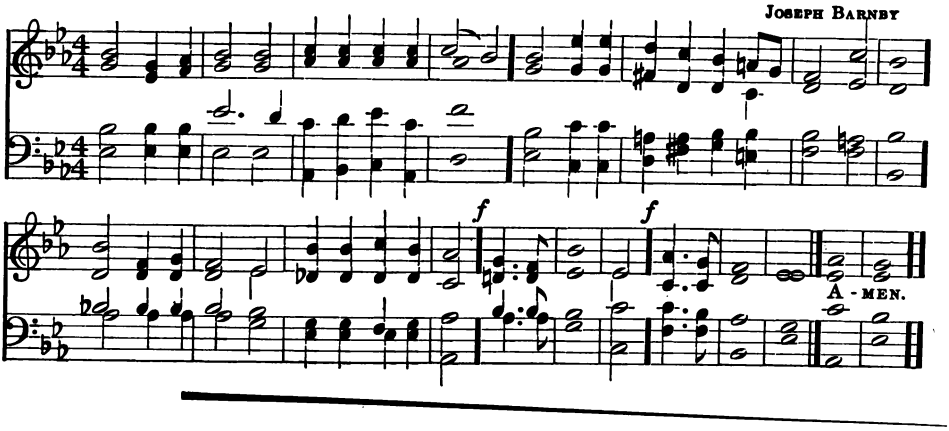
JOHN MILTON

276. ALL BEFORE US *Innocents*, 42 *Nuremberg*, 67

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind!
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Love, and flowers, and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.



When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around!

From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Naught that wastes or hurts shall mar
Its immortal unity.

ELIZA T. CLAPP.

277. THE CROWNING DAY *Wings of the Morning*, 114

The morning hangs its signal
Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
In silent darkness rest;
From peak to peak it flashes,
It laughs along the sky
That the crowning day is coming, by and by!
O the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by!
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky.
And that splendor on the hill-tops
O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's coming,
That's coming by and by!

Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise;
The Truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by!
Refrain: O the crowning day is coming!

The soul hath lifted moments
Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways;
From hour to hour it haunts us,
The vision draweth nigh,
Till it crowneth living, dying, by and by!
Refrain: O the crowning day is coming!

And in the sunrise standing,
Our kindling hearts confess
That 'no good thing is failure,
No evil thing, success!'
From age to age it groweth,
That radiant faith so high,
And its crowning day is coming, by and by!
Refrain: O the crowning day is coming!

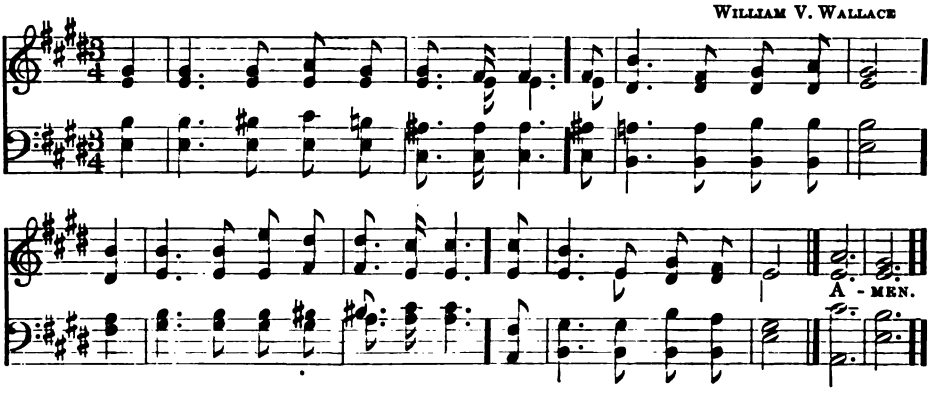
WILLIAM C. GANNETT

278. FORWARD THROUGH THE AGES *St. Gertrude*, 88

Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine:
Gifts in differing measure,
Hearts of one accord,
Manifold the service,
One the sure reward.
Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine.

Wider grows the kingdom,
Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor,
Till our faith is sight.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE



Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.
Refrain: Forward through the ages.

Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!
Refrain: Forward through the ages.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

279. THE NEW WORLD'S PROPHECY *Truro*, 102 *Duke Street*, 21 *Rockingham*, 78

O blest the souls that see and hear
The things of God to-day revealed,
Of old to longing saint and seer
Within the future closely sealed:

The stir of nations near and far,
The wakened hearts that beat as one,
The flow of peace, the ebb of war,
The passing night, the risen sun!

Be ours the vision, ours the will
To follow though the faithless ban;
The love that triumphs over ill,
The trust in God and hope for man.

And thou, whose tides of purpose bear
These mortal lives that come and go,
Give us to feel through toil and prayer
Thy deep, eternal underflow!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

280. MY TRIUMPH *Webb*, 110

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free:
A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

281. HEAR, O YE NATIONS *Lyons*, 52

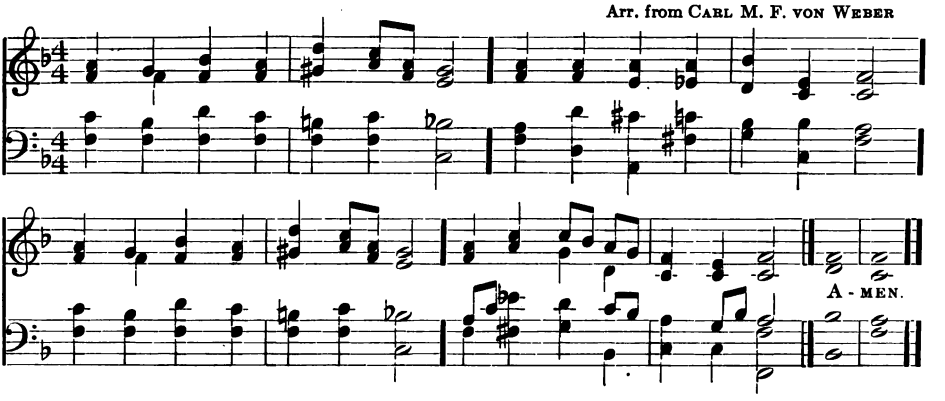
Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,

SEYMOUR. (Chatham.) 7.

Arr. from CARL M. F. VON WEBER



Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my Country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

282. A LOFTIER RACE

Truro, 102
Rockingham, 78

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is Paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN A. SYMONDS

283. THE CITY OF THE LIGHT

Beecher, 10
Austria, 4

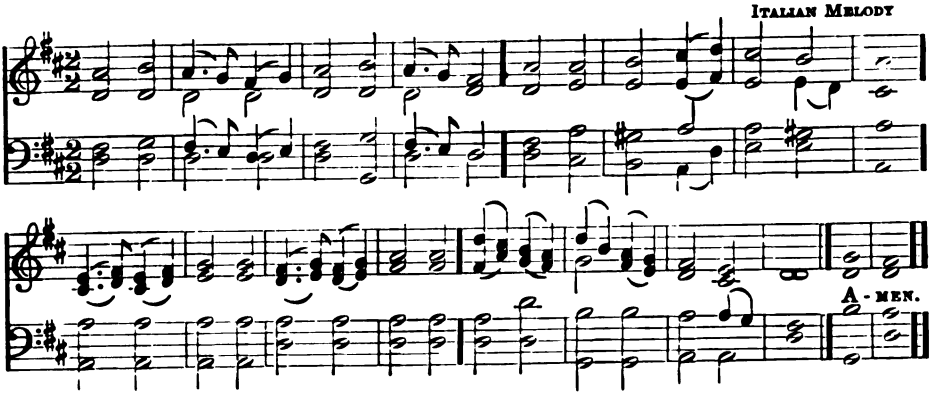
Sing we of the Golden City
Pictured in the legends old:
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that City;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones.
But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

It will be, at last, made perfect
In the universal plan;
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man;
It will last, and stand transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

FELIX ADLER

ITALIAN MELODY



284. ALL SOULS *Hursley*, 41 *Germany*, 33

O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
Or dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

And everywhere thy Spirit walks
With man as under Eden's trees,
In gardens of the heart, and talks
In all his varied languages.

Nor bound, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st;
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

285. THIS LATTER DAY *Christmas*, 16 *St. Stephen*, 91

Our God, our God, thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,
Here leads thy glorious way!

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and bright,
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee,
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright,
Down cometh thy full power, —
We, the glad bearers of thy light,
This, this thy saving hour!

THOMAS H. GILL

286. THE LARGER FAITH *Serenity*, 95 *Lambeth*, 47 *St. Leonard (D.)*, 90

We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

287. ETERNAL LOVE *Dundee*, 22 *St. Agnes*, 81

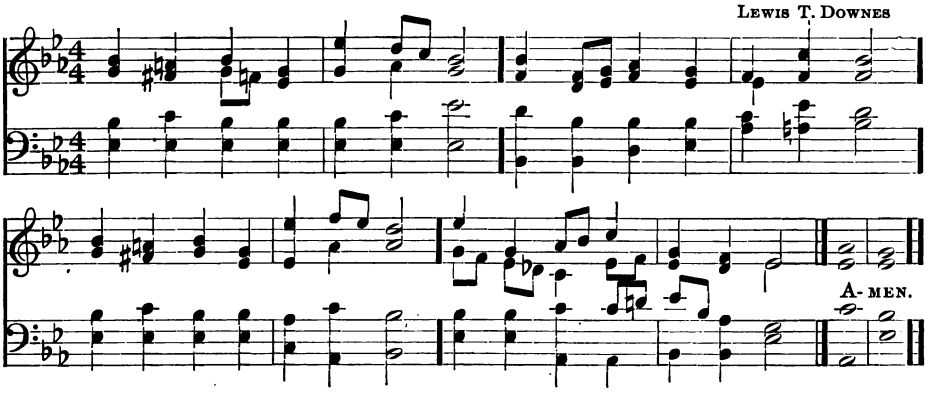
Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

LEWIS T. DOWNES



288. THE STREAM OF FAITH *St. Agnes*, 81 *Serenity*, 95 *Rochester (D.)*, 77

From heart to heart, from creed to creed
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons, —

The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood,
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows.

O thou who art the secret Source
That riseth in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean, too, — and thine,
That ever deepening roll!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

289. GODMINSTER *Rochester*, 77 *Lloyd*, 48

The Ages one great minster seem
That throbs with praise and prayer;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's East is there:
And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown,
And safe in God repose.

And as the mystic aisles we pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross we trace
Alike through grace and guilt.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of God, the inmost Friend.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *My Brother* here,
And hear *My Son* in heaven!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

290. UNITY *Victory*, 106

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The rival altars that we raise,
The wrangling tongues that mar thy praise!

Thy grace impart! In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to thee, —
Thy Church our broad humanity.
Alleluia!

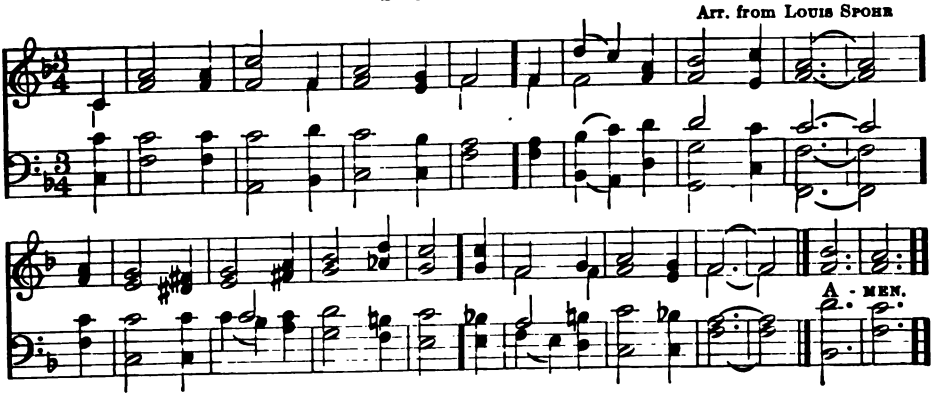
White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.
Alleluia!

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
Confessing, in a world's accord,
The inward Christ, the living Word.
Alleluia!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.
Alleluia!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Arr. from Louis Spohr



291. ONE HOLY CHURCH *Hummel*, 40 *Arlington*, 3

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page,
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

292. THE CITY OF GOD *Azmon*, 6 *Hummel*, 40

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!

How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the eternal Rock,
The eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

293. ONE LIFE, LAW, LOVE *St. Ann*, 82 *Manoah*, 54

O prophet souls of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
Now to fulfilment move!

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name, —
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame.

One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard:

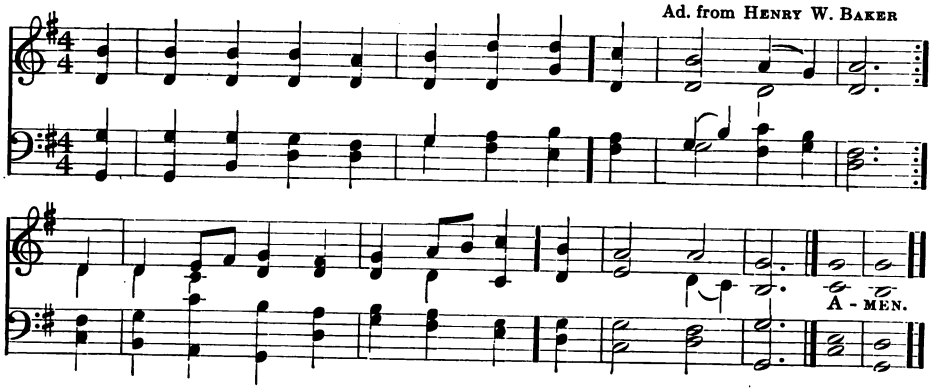
One Law that guides the shining spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul:

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

STEPHANOS. 8. 4. 8. 4.

Ad. from HENRY W. BAKER



4. I BELIEVE IN *Beecher*, 10 *Austria*, 4

I believe in God, Creator,
Shepherd of all human souls;
Not apart and watching Nature,
While her wondrous plan unrolls,
But the Father of our spirits,
And the Moulder of our frames,
Loving each as one begotten,
Calling all by separate names.

I believe his holy Spirit
Fills the earth from shore to shore,
Round about, above, within us,
Bearing witness evermore:
Where that Spirit findeth entrance,
Though it tarry but a night,
Even sordid eyes, beholding,
See the wondrous love and light.

I believe that human loving
Is a lesson taught above;
I believe the cup of blessing
Is the willing cup of love.
I believe in felt communion
With all souls in praise and prayer,
I believe that in forgiving
We rise Godward, stair by stair.

I believe in godly strivings,
I believe in contrite tears,—
That by these the soul moves upward,
Heir of God's eternal years:
I believe that life is greater
Than the segment shown us here,
And I trust him through all changes
That shall round the perfect sphere.

ANON.*

295. A UNIVERSAL CREED *Autumn*. 5

I believe in human Kindness,
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken:
I believe in Self-denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control, —
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul:
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost, — I do believe.

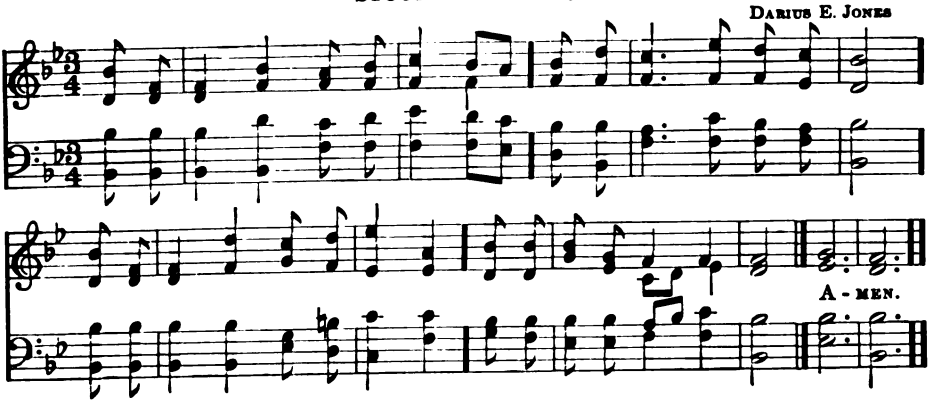
I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection, — I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still:
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph, — I believe.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL*

STOCKWELL. 8. 7.

DARIUS E. JONES



VIII
SEASONS, FESTIVALS, ANNIVERSARIES

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296. SPRING

Lambeth, 47
Azmon, 6

The softened mould is brown and warm,
The early blossoms break,
And loosened streams along their banks
A mossy verdure make.

A dewy light broods o'er the earth,
A sweetness new and rare;
And tumults of brook, bird and breeze
With music wake the air.

Awake, my heart, awake and learn
The secret of the Spring!
From winter-sleep it comes like light,
Or as a bird on wing.

And if I shall be winter-locked,
As sometime I may be,
If bitter storms and freezing snows
Come whirling down on me, —

Let me lie patient, like the earth,
And say, 'This shall be rest;'
And then, O Lord, at thy dear call,
Arise renewed and blest.

J. VILA BLAKE

297. SPRING-TIDE

Truro, 102
Wareham, 109

O yearly miracle of good!
The crocus springs, the violets peep,
The dandelion gems the sod,
The straggling vines begin to creep.

The rain may fall in constant showers,
The south-wind tarry on its way, —
But come the Summer's fragrant hours,
Advancing through the night and day.

And though the north-wind force him back,
The song-bird hurries from the south,
Studding with songs his airy track,
All Summer's music in his mouth.

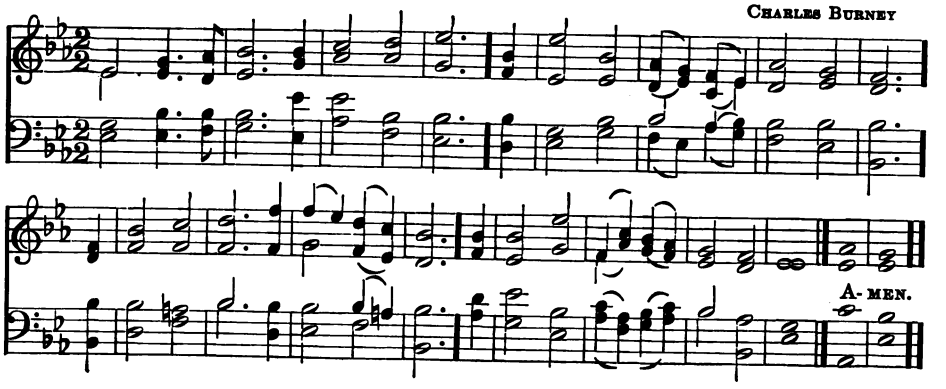
So, Father, shall it be with me!
Whether the winds blow foul or fair,
Still will I struggle up to thee,
Through want and woe and toil and care.

What though my winter days be long,
And brighter skies refuse to come?
My life shall yet be full of song,
And yet shall know the summer bloom!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY



298. UNDER THE LEAVES *Dominus Regit Me*, 20

Oft have I walked the woodland paths
In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest flowers were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away
Those wrecks of autumn splendor,
And lo, the starry hosts of Spring
Unfolding sweet and tender!

O prophet-flowers with lips of bloom,
Whose speech of silent beauty
Fills all the woodland aisles with song,
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
In love and hope foreknowing
That, where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the fair flowers growing.

ALBERT LAIGHTON*

299. REGENERATION *Varina*, 103

Lord God, thou bidst the green things start
A new life every year, —
Out of their sunken selves they rise,
Erect and sweet and clear:
Behold the lily's pure white leaves
Unfolding by each mere!

Again the sap mounts in the fir
Through every swelling vein;
Again the clover stirs and thrills,
Responsive to the rain;
Again the tender grass makes green
The lone breast of the plain.

I hear the golden flood of song
The lark pours to the blue;
I see the strong, undaunted shoot
Pushing its brave front through
The fallen trees: O God, my God,
Let *me* begin anew!

Out of my old self let me rise!
For, God, if it can be
A new and nobler growth may rise
From yon decaying tree,
Surely a strong, pure life may mount
Out of this life in me.

ELLA HIGGINSON*

300. VOICES OF SPRING *Innocents*, 42 *Solitude*, 98 *Ferrier*, 29

Hark, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King!
Each a double tribute pays, —
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

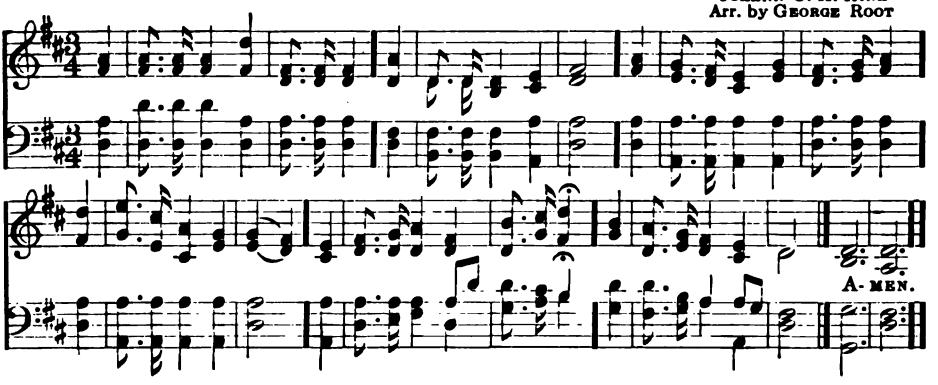
All the flowers that gild the Spring
Hither their still music bring;
If Heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers!

JOHN AUSTIN

VARINA. C. M. 6 lines

JOHANN C. H. RINK
Arr. by GEORGE ROOT



301. THY SUMMER *Logan*, 49 *Boardman*, 13 *Lloyd (D)*, 48

I walk amidst thy beauty forth, —
My joy thy praise declares;
I bless thee with thy blooming earth,
I drink thy vernal airs.

Those old eternal hills of thine,
What mighty cheer they breathe!
What fullness of delight divine
Thy solemn stars bequeath!

Each wonder of thy hand still makes
My gladness fresh and strong;
The glory of my God still wakes
The glory of my song.

When cheer and strength my heart doth lack,
Thy gladness makes me whole;
Amidst thy Summer I win back
The Summer of my soul.

THOMAS H. GILL

302. SUMMER DAYS *Lloyd*, 48 *Ellacombe*, 24

The sweet June days are come again,
With sun and clouds between,
And, fed alike by sun and rain,
The trees grow broad and green:
Spreads broad and green the leafy tent
Above the grassy floor,
Where feet, too long in cities pent,
Their freedom find once more.

The summer days are come again:
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain
And breath of clover-fields;
Her deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again:
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing:
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim,—
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to him!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

303. A SUMMER SUNDAY *Serenity*, 95 *Balerma*, 8

Amid the quietude and peace
Of this new Sabbath morn,
When Nature in her rich increase
Seems fresh in beauty born, —

With waiting hearts, O God, we kneel
In this thy house to-day;
We would the holy Presence feel,
That with us is alway.

Fresh flowers are on thine altar laid
As incense unto thee;
Our souls, in thine own image made,
Alike would offering be.

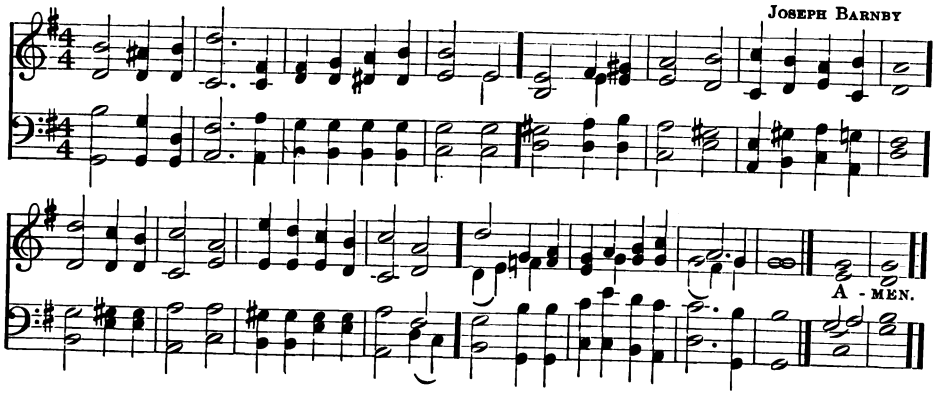
The songs of birds to thee ascend
Upon the fragrant air,
And with our prayer and praises blend:
Love reigneth everywhere!

One Name fills all the shining space,
Heard in the heart's profound,
Felt in the stillness of this place,
The silences around!

D. H. BARNES
Adapted

VENTNOR. (Windsor.) 11. 10.

JOSEPH BARNBY



304. HARVEST THANKSGIVING *Wareham*, 109 *Mann*, 53

To-day, O God, amidst our flowers
And fruits, we come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

O favors every year made new,
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

305. GRATEFUL VOWS *Posen*, 75 *Noyes*, 65 *St. George's (D.)*, 87

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store, —

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone!

ANNA L. BARBAULD

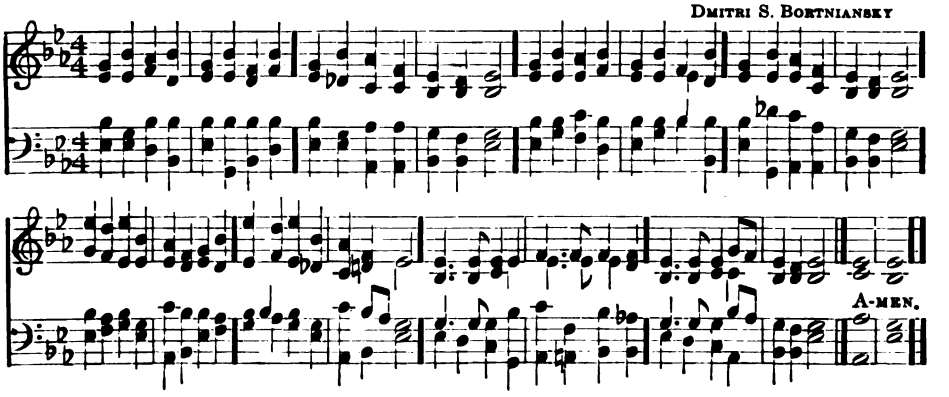
306. WINTER GLORY *Lloyd*, 48 *Rochester*, 77

All beautiful the march of days,
As seasons come and go:
The Hand that shaped the rose hath wrought
The crystal of the snow;
Hath sent the hoary frost of heaven,
The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness
On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure
The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night
Burn brighter through the cold;
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn,
'Good-will to men on earth!'

VESPER HYMN. 8. 7. D.

DMITRI S. BORTNIANSKY



O glory of the winter-land!
The peace of Nature's rest!
And sweet the dream of coming Spring
That stirs within her breast.
On move the resurrection hours,
The Easter heralds throng, —
Till sudden bursts the miracle
Of blossom and of song!

O thou from whose unfathomed Law
The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the Vision passing by
In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night proclaim,
In ever changing words of light,
The wonder of thy Name!

FRANCES W. WILE

307. THE YEAR OF THE LORD

Solitude, 98
Ferrier, 29
St. George's (D.), 87

Praise to God and thanksgiving!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing!
Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!

Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection scene;
Praise him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers!

Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain:
Praise him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need!

Praise him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit:

Praise for hills and valleys broad, —
Each the Table of the Lord!

Praise him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth
Brooding in the quiet earth!

For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-glorious One!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

308. HAPPY NEW YEAR

Ferrier, 29
Horton, 39

Backward looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit-wings
Downward through the silent air.

Hark! through all their music sweet
Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
'Happy be the coming year!'

Father, comes that voice from thee!
Swells it with thy meaning vast, —
Good in all thy future stored,
Fairer than in all the past!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

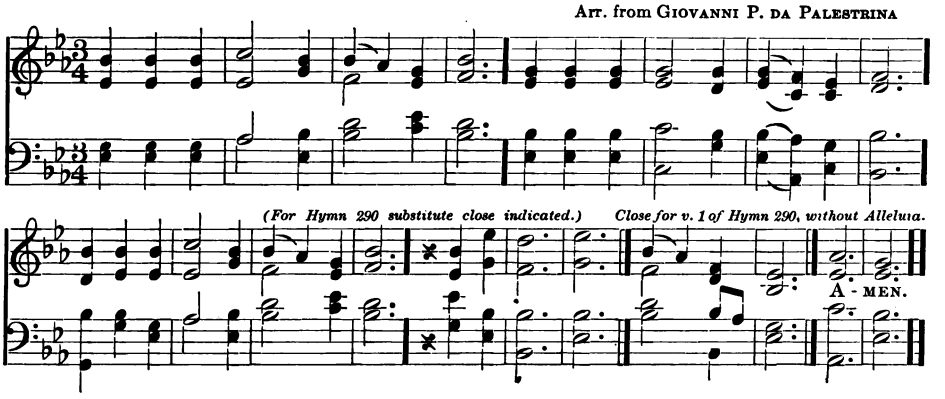
309. ANOTHER YEAR

Azmon, 6
Manoah, 54

Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed;
Of springing grass and opening buds,
By Winter's snow concealed.

VICTORY. (Palestrina.) 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arr. from GIOVANNI P. DA PALESTRINA



Another year of Summer's glow,
  Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
  The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
  That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
  More sweet from day to day.

Another year of children's mirth;
  Of friends, the tried and true;
Of thinker's thought, and poet's dream,
  And prophet's vision new.

Another year at beauty's feast,
  With every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
  The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
  Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight, —
  Another year of God!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

310. THE ENTERED YEAR *St. George's*, 87

Sunlight of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer,
Bless our yet untrodden way,
Lead us through the entered year!
In the shining of thy face,
Teach us as we pass along,
Even in a dreary place,
Many a sweet thanksgiving song.

Forward, though the path be hid,
Though we pass the lurking foe,
Though the sound of war forbid,
Girt with gladness let us go!
Bold in thy protecting care,
Through the desert or the sea,
Strong to prove thee faithful there,
On, to reign in life with thee!

ANNA L. WARING

311. RESURRECTION *Ellacombe*, 24 *Webb*, 110

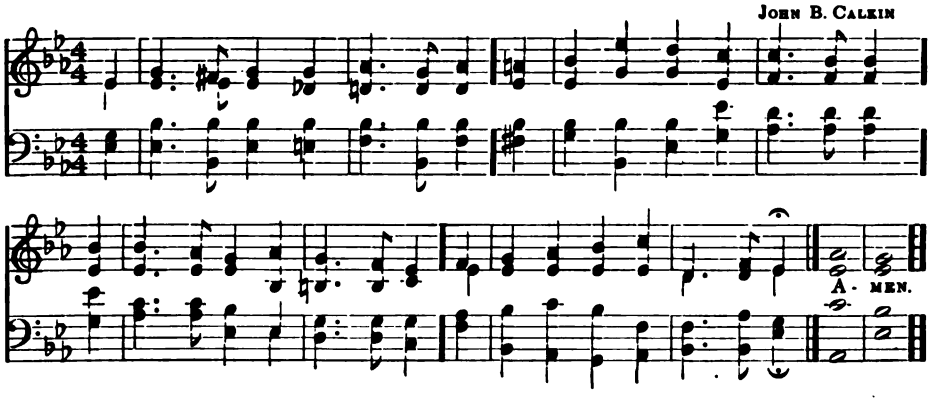
Come, sing with holy gladness,
  High alleluiahs sing!
Lift up your hearts and voices
  With new awakened Spring.
Sing, youths and gentle maidens,
  Your hymn of praise to-day,
With old men and with children,
  In sweet according lay.

The time of Resurrection,
  Earth sings it all abroad, —
The Passover of gladness,
  The Passover of God!
The sign of life eternal
  Is writ on earth and sky, —
The hope forever vernal,
  Of life the victory.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
  The seas their bright waves swell;
Let the round world keep triumph,
  With all that therein dwell!
Now let the seen and unseen
  In one glad anthem blend;
Let all our hearts be risen
  To life that hath no end!

COMPOSITE

JOHN B. CALKIN



312. EASTER GLADNESS *Ellacombe*, 24 *Webb*, 110

O day of light and gladness,
Of prophecy and song,
What thoughts within us waken,
What hallowed memories throng!
The soul's horizon widens,
Past, present, future blend,
And rises on our vision
The life that hath no end.

Earth feels the season's joyance;
From mountain-range to sea
The tides of life are flowing,
Fresh, manifold and free.
In valley and on upland,
By forest pathways dim,
All Nature lifts in chorus
The Resurrection hymn.

O Lord of life eternal,
To thee our hearts upraise
The Easter song of gladness,
The Passover of praise!
Thine are the many mansions;
The dead die not to thee,
Who fillest from thy fullness
Time and eternity!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

313. EASTER MORN *Serenity*, 95 *Azmon*, 6

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn!

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And birds returning sing.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow:

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

314. VIOLETS *Beulah*, 12

What will the violets be
There in the Spring of Springs?
What will the bird-song be
Where the very tree-bough sings?
What will their Easter be,
Where never are dead to mourn,
But brightly the faces ask,
'O when will the rest be born?'

Brighter the Easter shines
On the faces here below,
That theirs are behind the flowers,
The heart of the living glow.
Beautiful secret, wait!
A morrow or two, and we
Shall know in the Spring of Springs
What the violets will be.

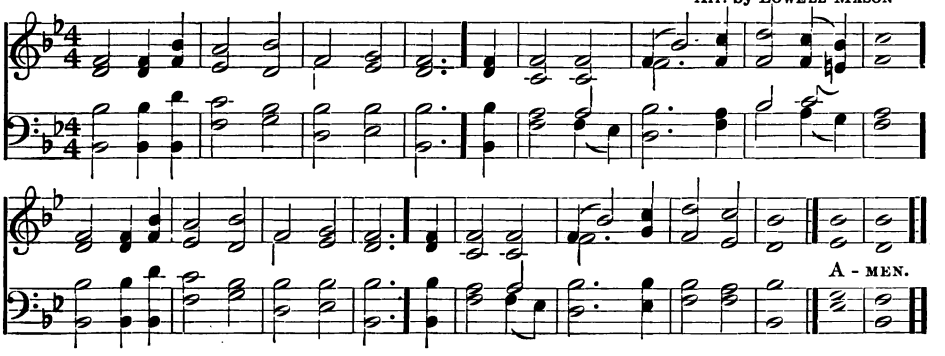
WILLIAM C. GANNETT

315. THE CHRISTMAS POEM *Logan*, 49 *Boardman*, 13

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches forth
Her silver-mantled plains.

WARD. L. M.

Old Scotch Melody
Arr. by LOWELL MASON



Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

'Glory to God!' the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!'

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Prince of Peace is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

EDMUND H. SEARS*

316. GLORY ROUND THE FEET

Waltham, 107
Wareham, 109
Park Street, 70

'What means this glory round our feet,'
The Magi mused, 'more bright than morn?'
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born!'

'What means that star,' the Shepherds said,
'That brightens through the rocky glen?'
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men!'

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men!'

For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born!'

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

317. THE BETHLEHEM WITHIN

Jewett, 44
Beulah, 12

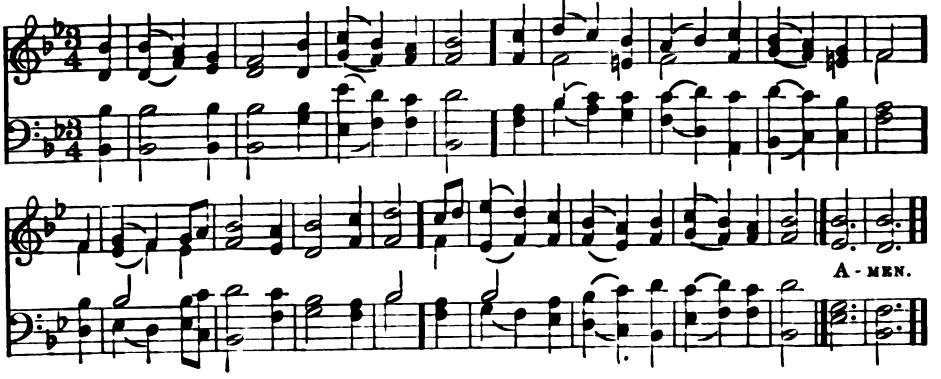
Could but my soul, O God,
Become a silent night,
Thou wouldst be born in me,
And set all things aright!
Ah, would my heart but be
A manger for thy birth,
Thou wouldst once more become
A child upon the earth!

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in me,
My soul is all forlorn;
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save my soul;
The cross in my own heart
Alone can make me whole.

JOHANNES SCHEFFLER
Tr., E. VITALIS SCHEPP*

WAREHAM. (All Saints.) L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP



318. PEACE ON EARTH *Rochester*, 77 *Lloyd*, 48

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing!

EDMUND H. SEARS

319. THE CHANT SUBLIME *Mann*, 53 *Truro*, 102

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men, —

And in despair I bowed my head:
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men':

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

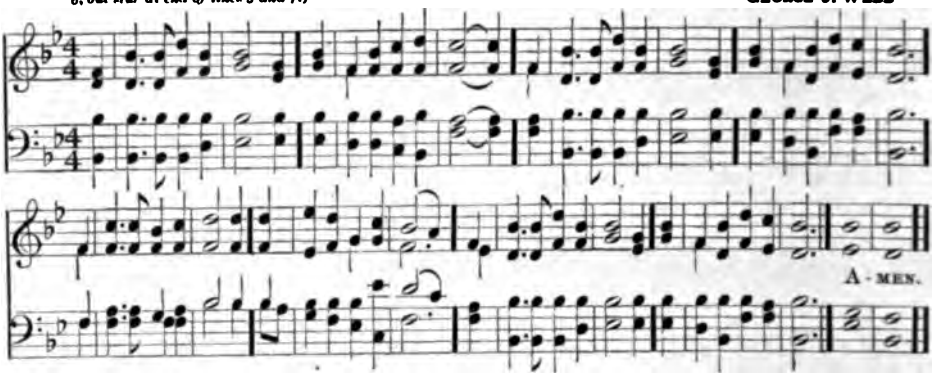
320. THE LITTLE ONES *Serenity*, 96
Before Christening

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee
From whom their being came,
These little ones we dedicate,
And in thy Name would name.

The beauty earth and sky between,
The spirit of this hour,
The loves that watch, unseen and seen,
Be their baptismal dower!

110 (*For Hymn 290, omit slur in lines 2 and 6, but slur at end of lines 3 and 7.*) **WEBB.** 7. 6. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB



May they, O Lord, in wisdom grow,
In goodness and in grace;
That inmost blessing may they know
Of those who see thy face!

Another Form

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee
From whom *his* being came,
This little child we dedicate
And in thy Name would name.

The beauty earth and sky between,
The spirit of this hour,
Their love who watch, unseen and seen,
Be *his* baptismal dower!

May *he*, O Lord, in wisdom grow,
In goodness and in grace;
That inmost blessing may *he* know
Of those who see thy face!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

321. *After Christening* *Serenity*, 95 *Manoah*, 84

All hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir,
And rise on lips of prayer.

To us beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn!

Within us wakes the childlike heart;
Back rolls the tide of years;
The silent wells of memory start
And flow in happy tears.

O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

322. MESSENGERS OF PEACE *Refuge*, 76

Ordination

Lord, who dost the voices bless
Crying in the wilderness,
And the lovely gifts increase
Of the messengers of peace,
Thou whose temple is with men,
Show us thy true priest again.

In the holy place may he
Thy immediate presence see;
Or through deserts, Father, led,
Show thy people heavenly bread,
While his lips, at thy control,
Warn, instruct, inspire, console.

Give him to his priestly dress
Faith and zeal and righteousness.
Then, lest all thy gifts be lost, —
Breathe thy gift of Pentecost, —
Love, whose many-languaged fire
Finds each listening soul's desire.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS

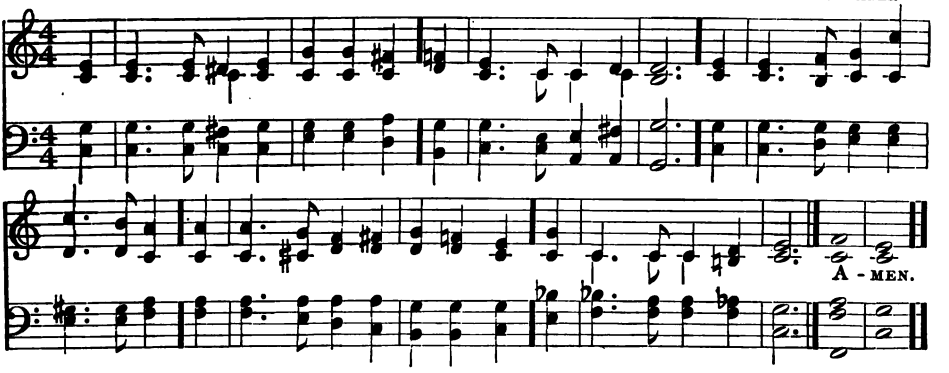
323. ORDINATION *Rochester*, 77 *Brattle Street*, 15

Once more the Call to who will hear!
A listening spirit heard,
And fain would go, its angel, forth
To be the living Word:
O holy Voices, call him now
From fear and self to cease;
His God be all his strength and stay,
His gladness and his peace!

Ordain in him the seeker's mind
Of eager, trusting youth,
That hastens every morn to glean
Fresh manna-falls of truth:

WHITTIER. (Elton.) 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

FREDERIC C. MAKER



Ordain a constant heart to choose
Lone sides with outcast Right,
And hands that shall from Duty make
His gardens of delight!

Ordain the eyes of sympathy;
The tones that stir and thrill;
The touch to heal, to bind the wound,
To brace the weakened will;
And give the prophet's eye to see,
Where men's faith waxes dim;
Ordain the voice that speaks for God!
Ordain the Christ in him!

Nor yet to one, — to all, O God,
Grant ordination free
To heights of life as yet untrod,
And nobler ministry;
The tenderer word, the manlier deed,
The task with love ashine,
The heart-beat timed to others' need,
The will made one with thine!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

324. THE INWARD WITNESS *St. Agnes*, 81 *Dundee*, 22
Church Dedication

O thou, whose Spirit witness bears
Within our spirits free,
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity, —

Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour;
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

325. CLOISTERS OF THE SPIRIT *Webb*, 110 *Ewing*, 27
Church Dedication

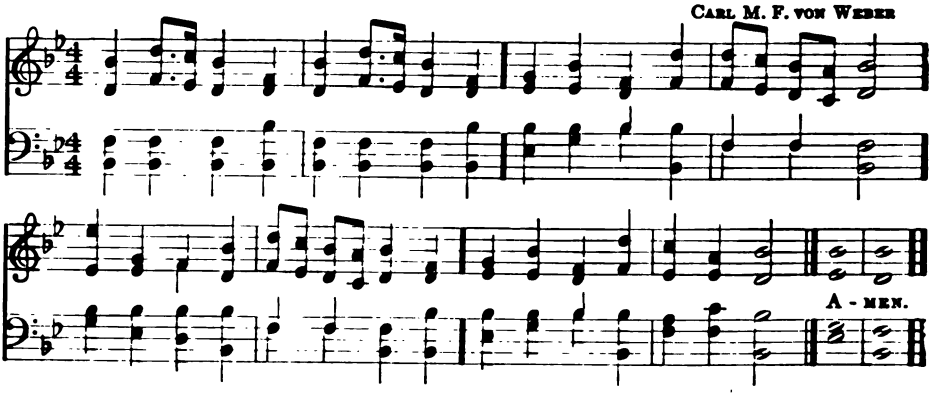
He laid his rocks in courses,
His forest crowned the hill,
He yoked his ancient forces,
And lent them to man's will;
The will he woke to duty,
He graced the hand that wrought,—
Till in the Temple's beauty
The soul its Maker sought.

To cloisters of the spirit
These aisles of quiet lead:
Here shall the Vision gladden,
The Voice within us plead;
And may the dear All-Father,
Who maketh trouble cease,
Here send his three strong angels,
Contrition, Hope and Peace!

The song these walls shall echo
Be song the heart within,
The prayer in consecration's
Sweet privacies begin!
Work on, O silent Builder,
Perfect thy inner shrine,
Till song pass into service,
Prayer into life divine!

WILMOT. 8. 7.

CARL M. F. VON WEBER



Here be no man a stranger;
No holy cause be banned;
No good for one be counted,
Not good for all the land;
And here for prophet-voices
The message never fail, —
'God reigns! his Truth shall conquer,
And Right and Love prevail!'

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

Truro, 102
Ward, 108
Rockingham, 78

326. GOD OF OUR FATHERS

Church Anniversary

With earnest heart and willing hand,
With spirit high and purpose fair,
Our fathers built to thee, O God,
Their simple homes of praise and prayer;

Where Truth revealed her glorious face,
And Right her solemn mandate gave,
And Love, triumphant over Death,
Saw all her mystic banners wave;

Where peace possessed the troubled mind,
And passion's stormy heart was stilled,
And sweet on trembling lips became
The cup with sorrow over-filled.

Nor less than they, our fathers' God,
We need thy help and strength and cheer,
Thy stern rebuke, thy healing hand:
We come, as they, to find them here.

And ever by their memory blest,
May we their faith and love renew,
Still seeking higher truth to know,
Still finding nobler work to do!

JOHN W. CHADWICK

Dundee, 22
Armon, 6
Brattle St. (*D.*), 15

327. WHAT MEMORIES THRONG

Church Anniversary

O Light, from age to age the same,
Forever living Word,
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair, —
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song!

Vanish the mists of time and sense;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all for evermore.

O not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide!
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

Duke Street, 21
Ward, 108
Germany, 23

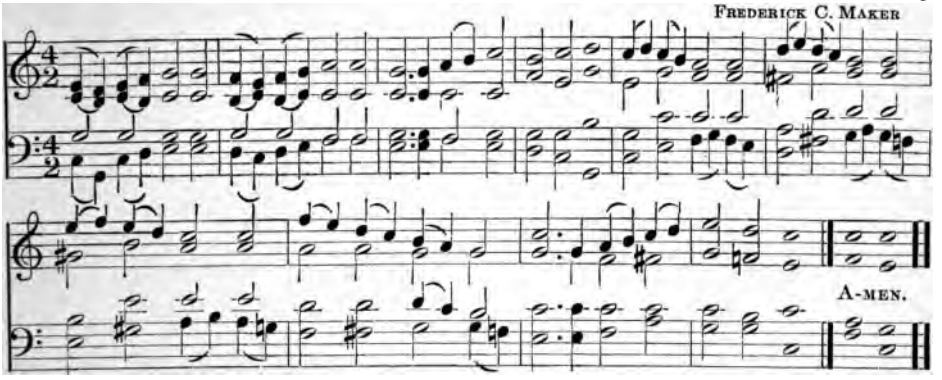
328. THE RADIANT YEARS

Church Conference

Thou glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As to our eyes the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day!

WINDERMERE. 4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

FREDERICK C. MAKER



We thank thee for the joy sublime
Of years so radiant with thy power
That all the best of endless time
Seems granted to the fleeting hour.

We praise thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above,
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

We bless thee for the friends we miss,
Who wrought our peace and stilled our pain,
And trust thee, on some height of bliss,
That thou wilt make us one again.

We magnify thy holy Name;
And while in thee our hearts rejoice,
Strong be our wills, through praise or blame,
To do the bidding of thy voice!

JOHN W. CHADWICK*

329. WITH WIDER VIEW *Germany*, 33 *Waltham*, 107

Church Conference

Eternal One, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged reveal,
With thee their way our fathers trod;
The hand they held, in ours we feel.

We bless thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view come loftier goal!
With fuller light, more good to see!
With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee
To follow where thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

330. AMERICA *America*, 1

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

My native Country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

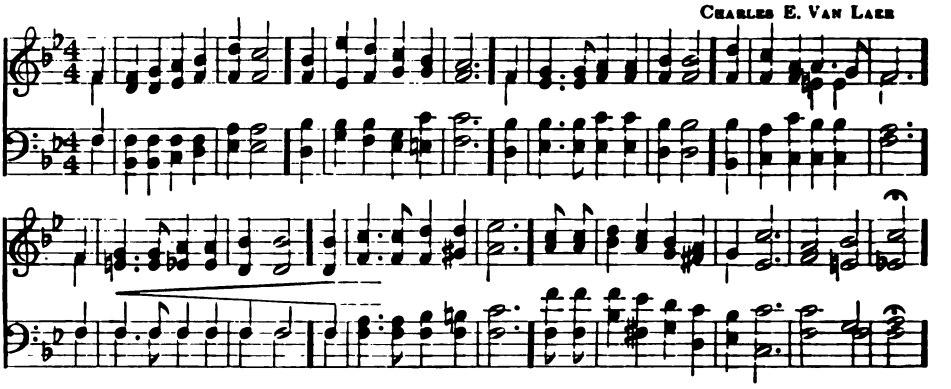
SAMUEL F. SMITH

331. OUR NATIVE LAND *America*, 1

God bless our native Land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Thou who art strong to save,
Be thou her might!

114 **WINGS OF THE MORNING.** 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 11. With Refrain

CHARLES E. VAN LAER



May all her pathways be
Highways of Liberty,
From shore to shore!
Justice sit throned in her,
Truth rise new-crowned in her,
Good-will abound in her,
For evermore!

For her our prayer shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
On whom we wait:
Be her walls, Holiness,
Her rulers, Righteousness,
In all her homes be Peace,
God save the State!

COMPOSITE

332. HYMN FOR AMERICA *Noyes*, 65 *St. George's (D.)*, 87

Great and fair is she, our Land,
High of heart and strong of hand;
Dawn is on her forehead still,
In her veins youth's arrowy thrill.

Hers are riches, might and fame;
All the earth resounds her name;
In her roadsteads navies ride:
Hath she need of aught beside?

Power Unseen, before whose eyes
Nations fall and nations rise,
Grant she climb not to her goal
All-forgetful of the Soul!

Firm in honor be she found,
Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease,
Blest in noiseless charities.

Unenslaved by things that must
Yield full soon to moth and rust,
Let her hold a light on high
Men unborn may travel by.

Mightier still she then shall stand,
Moulded by thy secret hand,
Power Eternal, at whose call
Nations rise and nations fall!

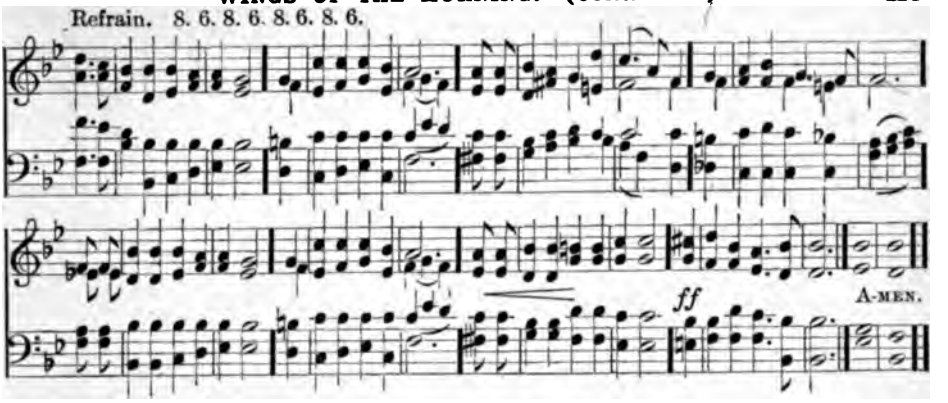
WILLIAM WATSON

333. THE PEOPLE'S THANKSGIVING *Autumn*, 5 *Austria*, 4

Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea,
Not alone for bounteous harvests,
Lift we up our hearts to thee:
Standing in the living present,
Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise thee more for things unseen.

Not for battle-ship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

For the armies of the faithful,
Lives that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot souls of deathless fame;
For the people's prophet-leaders,
Loyal to thy living word,—
For all heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.



God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction, —
Make our nation free indeed;
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the Brotherhood of Man!

WILLIAM P. MERRILL

334. A PEOPLE BLEST OF GOD *Tigdal*, 116

Uplift the song of praise
To him, our fathers' God!
Who led them o'er the watery ways
To lands untrod:
Seed of a race to be,
Upon his New-World shore;
The home of Law and Liberty
For evermore.

Lift high the song of praise,
O Nation grown in power!
Hold fast through good and evil days
Thy glorious dower:
The age-long hope fulfil,
New-quickened at thy birth;
Thy strength thy God, whose righteous will
Rules heaven and earth.

Uplift the song of praise!
His love and wisdom own,
Who leadeth still in unseen ways,
By paths unknown.
His purposes of old
And promises endure,
And through the circling years unfold,
Forever sure.

Lift high the song of praise
And bless his holy Name!
Whose care above the passing days
Abides the same:
Our fathers' confidence
Through all their pilgrimage;
Our dwelling-place and our defence
From age to age.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

335. 'O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY' *Lymington*, 51; *Webb*, 110

O Beautiful, my Country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair Freedom's open door!

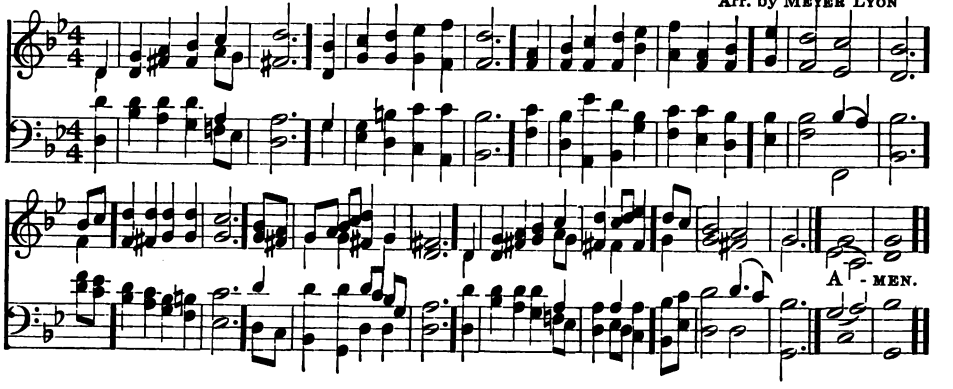
For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

YIGDAL. (Leoni.) 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

Jewish Melody
Arr. by MEYER LYON



Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
Righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne:
Mercy and truth go before his face.
For the Lord is good;
His lovingkindness endureth forever,
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

Psalms c: lxxxix

THE SERVICE BOOK

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OPENING SERVICES

I

WHERE BUT IN THEE?

Minister. The Lord be with you.

People. And with thy spirit.

Minister. He is nigh unto all that call on him.

People. To all that call on him in truth.

Minister. The heavenly Father is always more ready to hear than we are to pray; nor does anything hide him from us like the veil of a selfish and earthly mind. And since the preparations of even the willing heart are not without him, let us inwardly pray for the grace of a humble and holy spirit; that for a little while we may rise above the haste and press of life, and commune with him in spirit and in truth.

Silence for inward prayer

Then shall the Minister say the following prayer

O God, who art, and wast, and art to come, before whose face the generations rise and pass away, age after age the living seek thee, and find that of thy faithfulness there is no end. Our fathers in their pilgrimage walked by thy guidance, and rested on thy compassion: still to their children be thou the cloud by day, the fire by night. Where but in thee have we a covert from the storm, or shadow from the heat, of life? In our manifold temptations thou alone knowest and art ever nigh: in sorrow, thy pity revives the fainting soul: in our prosperity and ease, it is thy Spirit only that can wean us from our pride and keep us low. O thou sole Source of peace and righteousness, take now the veil from every heart; and join us in one communion with thy prophets and saints who have trusted in thee, and were not ashamed. *Amen.*

All joining

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

All singing (*Gloria IV, page* 46)

All glory be to God most High, the Ever-Blessed Father;
As it is now, shall ever be, and was in the beginning. *Amen.*

II

SEEKING THE HEIGHTS

Minister. Glory to God, who created the light that shineth this day; who of old did command it to shine on the face of the deep, and light was!

People. Glory to God for the light which shines in the heart from his holy Spirit within us.

Minister. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

People. O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead us; let them bring us unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles.

Minister. Even now have we come to the house of prayer, drawn hither apart in quest of his holy Presence to penetrate and purify our souls. Longing to quit for a while the level dust and narrow thoroughfare of our life, its hurry and noise, we seek the hills of the Spirit, where the wide and quiet horizons open. Each one in his heart, let us speak with him now.

Silence for inward prayer
Then shall the Minister say the following prayer

O Thou, who art the ever-returning dawn to darkness without and darkness within, we own thy secret Presence as the soul of every blessing. Thou art the solemn look of every duty; the healing pain of contrition; the peace of faithfulness; the quickening life of all that is holy within us. Did we remember thee as thou rememberest us, our whole life would be as a prayer, and our heart as a joyful sacrifice. How can we ever shrink from the glorious hardness of aught that thou givest us to do? At times the yoke of thy righteous will is our delight; then, and times many, the burden seems too great for our weary affections, and we serve no more. Leave us not in that hour to ourselves, our Father. Visit us still with the wrestlings of thy Spirit; lay on us again the cross; once more send us forth to carry a message for thee. Win us to all that thou lovest best, until at last we shall humbly and gratefully say, 'Thy will is our peace: blessed is he whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are thy ways!' *Amen.*

All joining

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

All singing (*Gloria III, page* 46)

Glory be to the Father, Almighty God, the High and Holy One;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen, Amen.*

III

AT THE FOUNTAIN OF PEACE

Minister. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. Who, coming humbly to the fountain of peace, carrieth not away some little of that peace?

People. For as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

Minister. We draw nigh to One who listeneth more to our hearts than our words. Let each bring in his heart an offering of penitence, if not of purity; of love, if not of holiness; of teachableness, if not of wisdom; if not the fruits of well-doing in the time that is past, the intent of devout obedience for the time to come. So may we find the way of peace.

People. Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and lead me in the way everlasting.

Silence for inward prayer
Then shall the Minister say the following prayer

Holy Lord God, how can we, remembering our days, lift up our face and make mention of thy loving-kindness? Yet thou dost not turn us back from thy presence. When we feel ourselves nigh unto thee, we are weary of selfish desires, of faithless cares, of our unresisted temptations. We lay at thy feet with shame the vows we have not kept, and the sorrows that have not become holiness to us.

Thou who art ever rebuke to our wrong, and pity to our weakness, and strength to our good endeavor, seek us now with thy reinforcements of grace, that we, the oft-stumbling, may say, 'It is my God helping me!' and press on to the victories to which thou art calling our souls. Quicken hope to assurance, O God, that we yet shall be thine. Enable us to make our failures of yesterday steps towards salvation today, — even means to save others from fall: use us, in our weakness, for that holy purpose, we pray. Strip us, our Father, of every proud thought: fill us with patient tenderness for all, seeing that we are in the same case before thee. Together, humbly, we come to the fountain of peace. *Amen.*

All joining

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

All singing (*Gloria I, page* 46)

Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven, || the | High and | Holy | One;
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end. *A-* | *men.*

IV

IN HIS HOLY PLACE

Minister. Blessed be God who satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Kind as a father, tender as a mother, is he.

People. The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. We would stay our souls upon God.

Minister. O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find rest in thee.

People. Until they find rest in thee. For thus saith the Lord: In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.

Silence for inward prayer
Then shall the Minister say the following prayer

God of our life, again we come from the work of the days, the quiet rest of the nights, to quicken together our sense of thee who art the Beauty of all things beautiful, the Joy in all that maketh delight. Day by day are our blessings renewed, — how should our thanksgivings cease? Thy loving-kindness is our strength every morning; thy faithfulness is our watch in the night. Thankful for happy hours, we come here to deepen our thankfulness. Remembering those whom we love, we come here to learn how to love them more truly and wisely. With sorrow for weak and ungrateful yieldings, we come longing to regain confidence that we can, and resolve that we will, make thy will our own. We come trusting thy goodness, but want the more perfect trust that leaves all fears and burdens behind, and lifts a glad face to whatever the morrow may bring. O that we, too, could be reborn like the morning; that consecration and love would rise within us as fresh as the dawn in the skies! Searching and cleansing Spirit, be with us now, while we dedicate ourselves anew to the work which thou layest on conscience and heart. Fill us with great and gentle thoughts. Sweep away with a holy breath all dust of care, all fear, all trace of selfish desire, and every taint of uncharity, — as together we pray:

All joining

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

All singing (*Gloria IV, page* 46)

All glory be to God most High, the Ever-Blessed Father;
As it is now, shall ever be, and was in the beginning. *Amen.*

V

FOLLOWING THE WILL

Minister. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. Though he inhabiteth eternity, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, yet even now and here may we find him: wherever man seeks him in spirit and truth, even there is the mountain and temple of God, and there is the gate of heaven.

People. Surely the Lord is in this place, and this the accepted hour.

Minister. Where two or three are gathered together in his name, there is he in the midst. More surely than we is God at the tryst. He openeth deep things of the Spirit to them that come earnestly seeking and loving.

People. We lift up our hearts unto thee, O God.

Silence for inward prayer
Then shall the Minister say

With reverent minds and grateful hearts we come to seek communion with God; to cast all our care on a Strength that is stronger than ours, and gain new power to meet our daily temptations and duties. With all our heart let us turn to him now; together confessing our weakness and waywardness; together seeking light on our difficulties; together giving thanks for the manifold blessings of life; together renewing our purpose to follow his will wherever it lead. Whether it lead to the day's lowly task, or where hardness and danger and loneliness wait, let us press on and rejoice. May it lead us to heights of endeavor we have not yet dared; to truth beyond our best vision today; to service in places of darkness and want; to the lines where men struggle for right against wrong. So through the ages have holy souls followed the Will, making the ways of God shine with their love and obedience. With them let us join in the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples and the lips of the generations have consecrated, — the prayer of those who seek to accomplish the will of the Father on earth.

All joining

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

All singing (*Gloria III, page* 46)

Glory be to the Father, Almighty God, the High and Holy One;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen, Amen.*

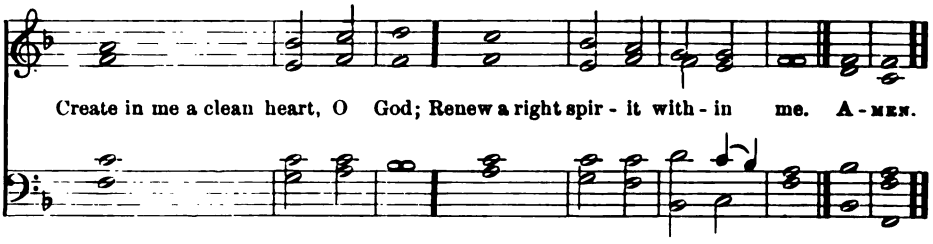
CHORAL RESPONSES

I

THE OFFERING

Minister. Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the high God? He hath showed us in our hearts what is good, and what it is he doth require: to do justly; to love mercy; and to walk humbly with our God.

People.



Minister. If thou bring thy prayer to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, — then come and offer thy prayer unto God. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart;
Try | me, and | know my | thoughts.

Minister. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father, also, who is in heaven, may forgive you your trespasses.

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart;
Try | me, and | know my | thoughts.

Minister. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, — think on these things.

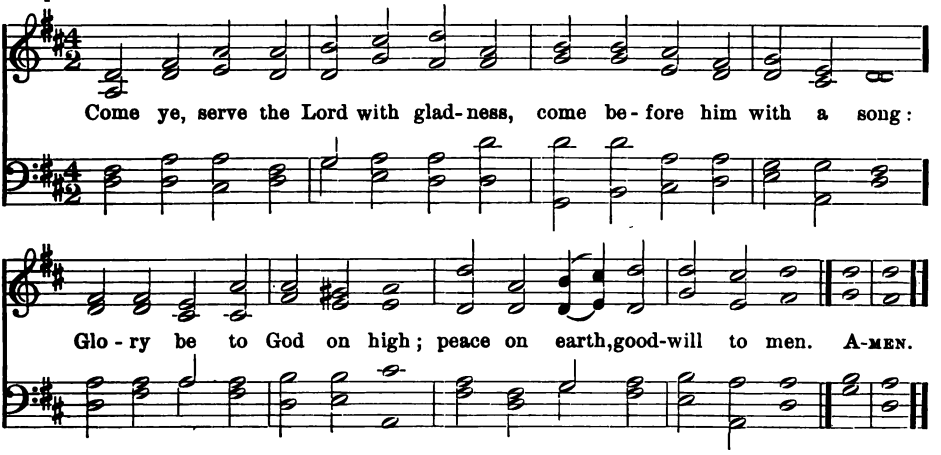
People. O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness:
Serve him with | gladness, | all the | earth. *Amen.*

II

IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE

Minister. I was glad when my companions said unto me, Come, it is our holy day: let us go into the house of the Lord; let our feet stand within his gates, and heart and voice give thanks unto him. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace.

People.



Minister. Blessed be the Lord God that giveth beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? It is good that a man should both hope, and quietly wait, for the salvation of the Lord.

People. Make not haste in time of trouble; patiently wait for the Lord:
We know all things work for good unto them that love the Lord.

Minister. Blessed be the Lord God of Ages, who never ceaseth to draw more nigh! His voice in the morning of the world was heard from afar: in the evening he speaketh at the door, and entereth to abide with us forever. Manifold are thy witnesses, O God, and the angels of thine invisible presence: else had we never known thee. Lo, thou goest by us, and we see thee not: but the firmament declareth thy glory; the prophets proclaim thy judgments; the righteous wonder at thy law in their hearts; the patient find thee in the secret places of their sorrow, and their songs break out in melody to thee.

People. Holy, holy, Lord Almighty, earth declares thy majesty;
And thy glory fills the heavens, holy, holy, holy Lord!

Minister. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. For he is our God; we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. His

mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations. Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

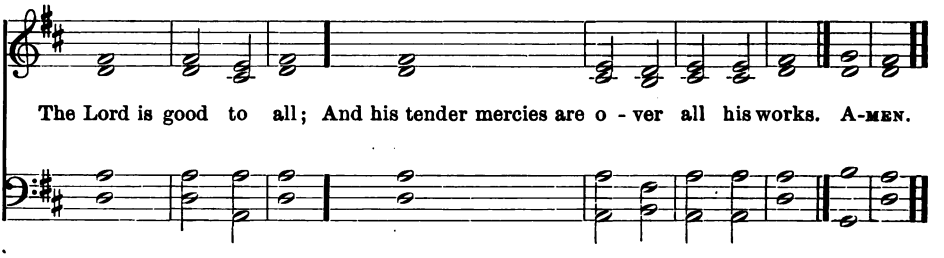
People. Come ye, serve the Lord with gladness, come before him with a song:
Glory be to God on high; peace on earth, good-will to men. *Amen.*

III

NIGH UNTO ALL

Minister. O come, let us sing unto the Lord. Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving, and be joyful of heart before him. He is nigh unto all that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

People.



Minister. Thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

People. The Lord is | good to | all;
And his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.

Minister. Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee, saith our God.

People. The eternal God | is our | refuge:
Underneath are the | ever- | lasting | arms.

Minister. Underneath are the everlasting arms: and neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. The eternal God is our refuge. Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before him.

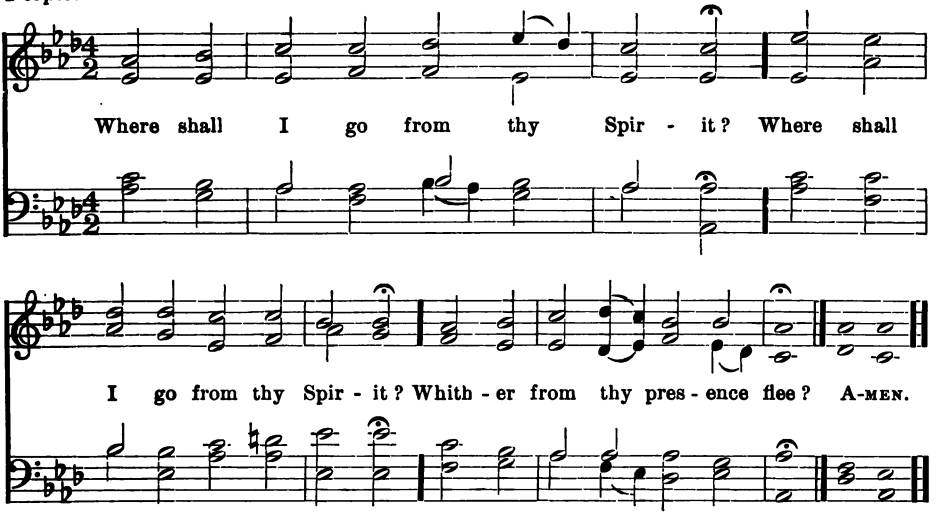
People. Trust ye in the | Lord for | ever:
For in the Lord, the Eternal, is | ever- | lasting | strength. *Amen.*

IV

THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS

Minister. O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off; thou compassest my path and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways. There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it.

People.



Minister. If I ascend into the heavens, thou art there. If I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

People. Even there shall thy hand lead me; even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

Minister. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me.

People. Yea, the darkness hides not from thee; yea, the darkness hides not from thee,
But the night shineth like day.

Minister. Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

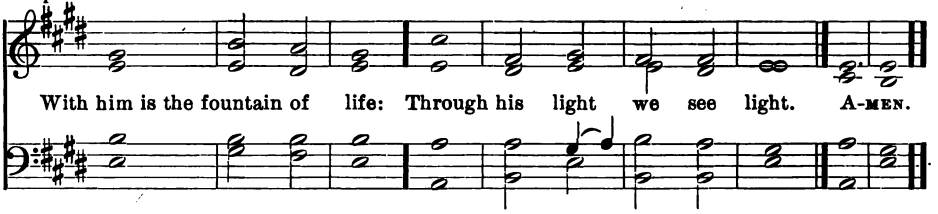
People. See if there be evil in me; see if there be evil in me:
Lead me in thine holy way. *Amen.*

V

THE STRENGTH OF THE HEAVENS AND THE HEART

Minister. There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all. In him we live, and move, and have our being. Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things.

People.



Minister. The heavens declare his glory; the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge.

People. O Lord, how manifold | are thy | works:
In wisdom | hast thou | made them | all.

Minister. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, who bringeth forth their host by number: he telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds: he reviveth the spirit of the humble, and the heart of the contrite ones.

People. As the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth,
So great is his mercy | to the | children of | men.

Minister. Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they whose ways are pure, who walk in the path of his commandments.

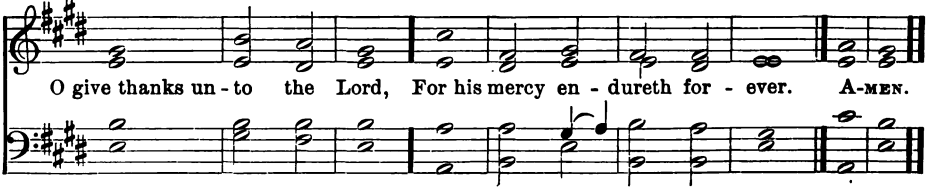
People. Blessed is the man whose | strength is in | thee,
In | whose heart | are thy | ways. *Amen.*

VI

THE REFUGE

Minister. Blessed be God, the God who helpeth us, who beareth our burdens day by day. The Lord meeteth him that, with rejoicing, worketh righteousness; that remembereth him in his way.

People.



Minister. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: I shall yet praise him, him my Deliverer, and my God.

People. His righteousness is like the | high | mountains;
His | judgments | are a great | deep.

Minister. When I am in heaviness, I will think upon God: a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

People. Thou wilt keep him in | perfect | peace,
Whose | mind is | stayed on | thee.

Minister. Why sayest thou, My way is hid from the Lord? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

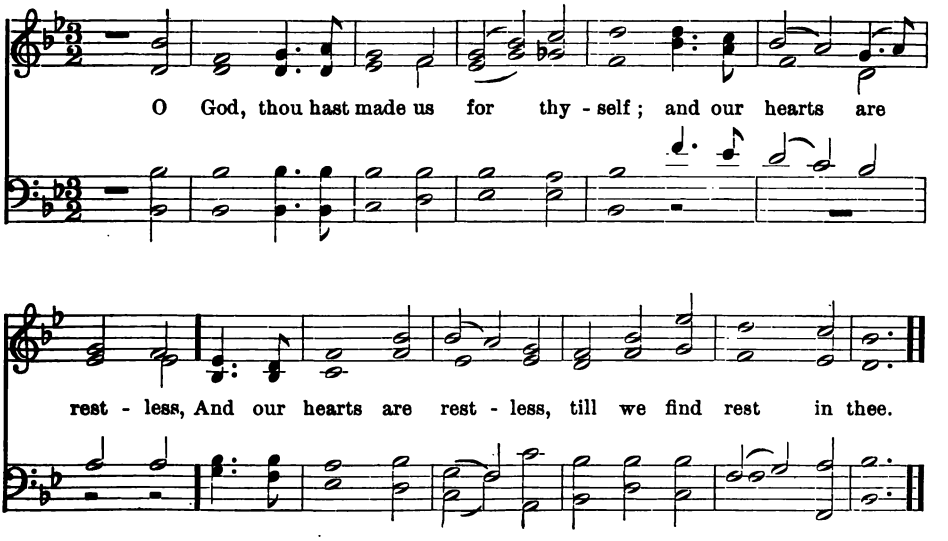
People. O give thanks un- | to the | Lord,
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever. *Amen.*

VII

REST IN GOD

Minister. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

People.

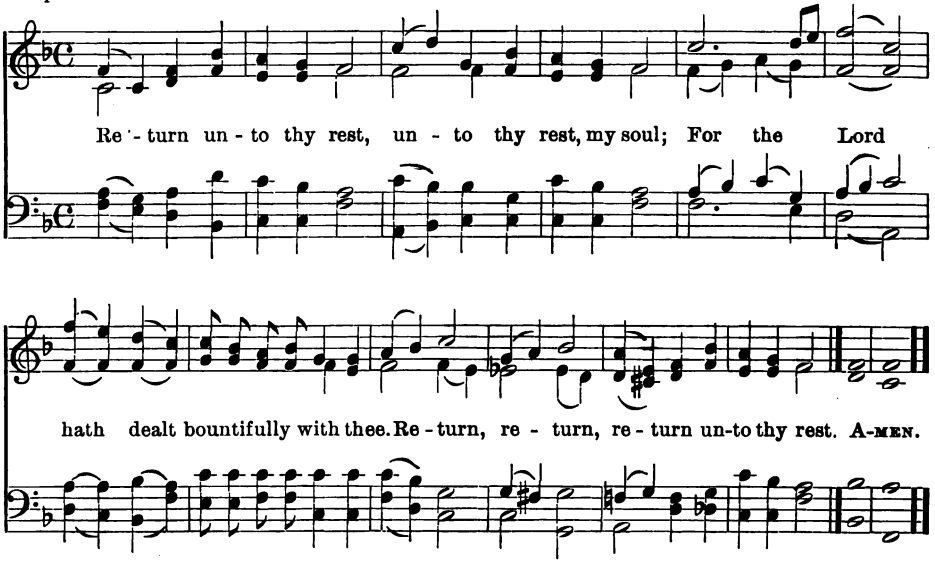


Minister. What though for him who filleth heaven and earth there can be no dwelling made with hands; what though his way is in the deep, and his knowledge too wonderful for us, and before him we are as children that cannot speak; yet, touched by the altar's living glow, we learn as an infant to lisp his name, and try the wings that beat for his refuge, and flee as a bird to the mountain.

People. O God, thou hast made us for thyself; and our hearts are restless,
And our hearts are restless, till we find rest in thee.

Minister. O Lord, when we cry unto thee from the deep, and wait for thee as they that wait for the morning, thou wilt command thy loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night thy song shall be with us, and thanksgiving to the God of our life.

People.



Minister. O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God, my exceeding joy: yea, I will praise thee, O God, my God. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

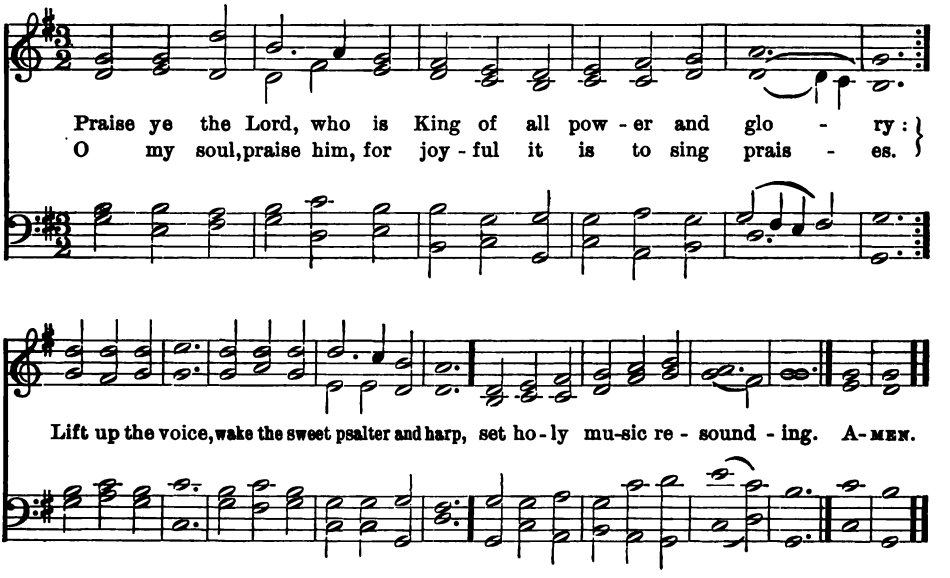
People. Return unto thy rest, unto thy rest, my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
Return, return, return unto thy rest. *Amen.*

VIII

TENDER MERCIES

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

People.



Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thy sins; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

People. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things;
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles;
Who thee upholds, when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

Minister. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters; they come trooping upon us; they break forth like mighty waters on every side. O make thy goodness, health and strength unto us, that we may be thankful, dutiful and holy.

People. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

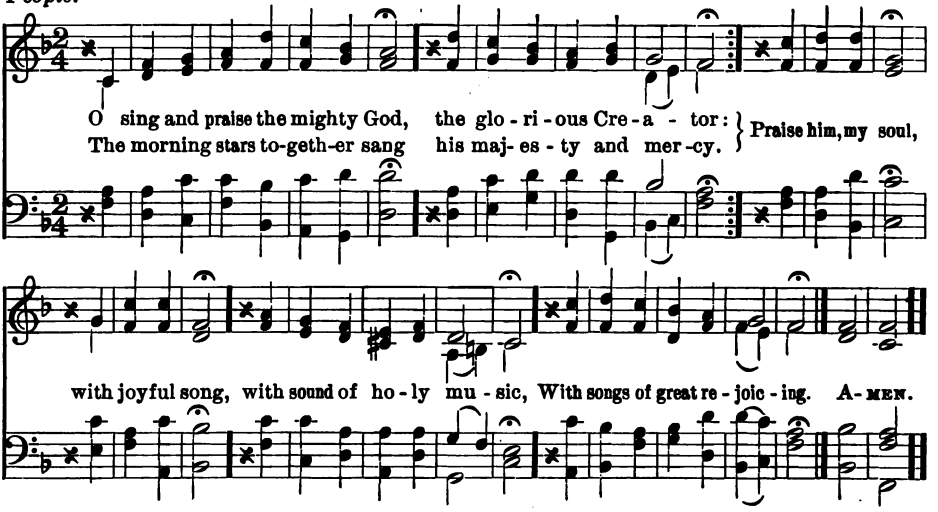
People. Amen.

IX

AS HIS MAJESTY IS, SO IS HIS MERCY

Minister. O Lord, my God, thou art very great, thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who walkest upon the wings of the wind; who makest the storms thy messengers, thy ministers a flaming fire. Who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed forever; who covered it with the deep as with a vesture; who called to the mountains, Arise, and cleaved for the rivers their path.

People.



Minister. The eyes of all wait upon thee: thou openest thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry; he causeth grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, and bringeth forth food out of the earth. For as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

People. O sing and praise the Lord our Strength, our bountiful Provider.
O'er hills and valleys wide he spreads the table of his blessing.
Praise him, my soul, with joyful song, with sound of holy music,
With songs of great rejoicing.

Minister. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him: he forgiveth all thy sins; he healeth all thy diseases; he redeemeth thy life from destruction; he crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust. Man's days on the earth are as grass: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, and his righteousness unto children's children. For as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

People. O sing and praise the boundless love, that never us forgetteth:
Our Father he, his children we, his tender mercies ever.
Praise him, my soul, with joyful song, with sound of holy music,
With songs of great rejoicing.

Minister. Thou who dost guide the stars in their courses, and callest them all by their names, thou who hearest the raven's cry, and crownest the year with thy goodness, thou art the Lover of souls. Thou art the Comforter, the Healer of sorrows, the Strength of the needy, the Refuge of the oppressed, the Father of the fatherless, the Giver of joys, our Dwelling-place in all generations.

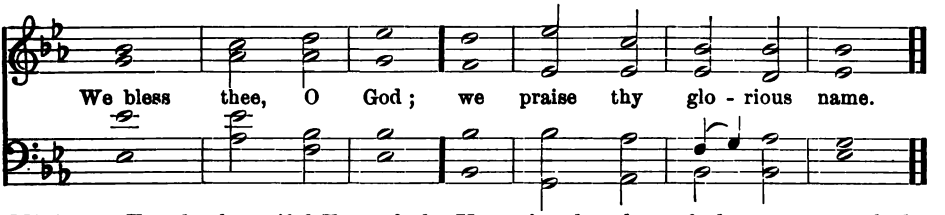
People. O sing and praise the mighty God of majesty and mercy:
The Shepherd of the starry host, of broken hearts the Healer.
Praise him, my soul, with joyful song, with sound of holy music,
With songs of great rejoicing. *Amen.*

X

ALL THE GLADNESS OF LIFE*

Minister. For the Gift of Life in this wonderful world; for the joy of the body, so curiously wrought; for the mind and the soul, ever seeking to see and to know:

People.



Minister. For the beautiful Face of the Year; for the glory of the seasons, and the sure and bountiful harvests:

People. We bless | thee, O | God, || thou | Giver | of all | good.

Minister. For our Homes, and the daily communion of gladness and sorrow; for Friends, and the bond that makes one:

People. We bless | thee, O | God, || our | Father | and our | Friend.

Minister. For Leaders and Lovers of Men, — thinkers and artists and poets, prophets and martyrs of truth; and the multitude, always on earth, of the humble, faithful and loving:

People. We bless | thee, O | God, || Source | of all | light and | love.

Minister. For the vast and beautiful Order in Nature, — One Law, One Mind, One Will, One Life:

People. We bless | thee, O | God; || we wonder | and a- | dore.

* A longer form of this Thanksgiving, arranged for responsive *readings*, will be found on page 26.

Minister. For evil turned into Good, and sorrow to Joy, — no good thing, a failure, — no evil, success:

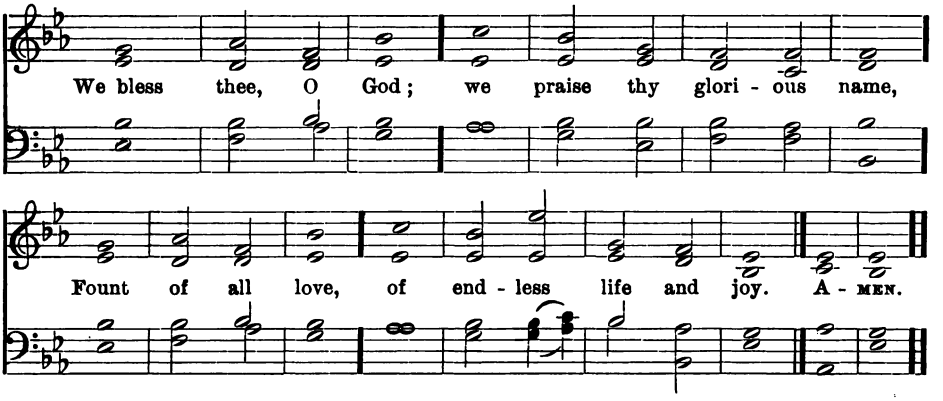
People. We bless | thee, O | God; || we | lift our | song of | trust.

Minister. For Faith in Man and in Progress; and for the Faith, beneath all names and creeds, in Goodness Eternal:

People. We bless | thee, O | God, || in | grateful | worship | bow.

Minister. For the Riches and Gladness of Life in this wonderful world, and for the assurance of Life Everlasting in thee:

People.

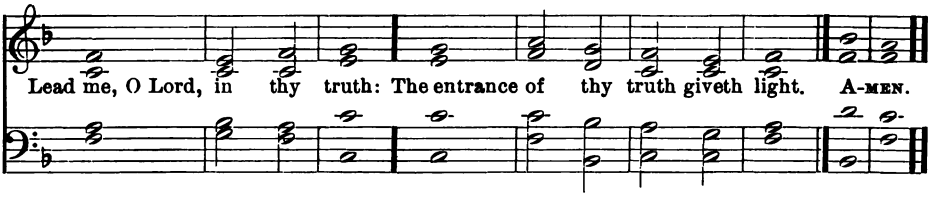


XI

THE SONS OF GOD

Minister. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for the Spirit of Truth will guide us into all truth, and we shall know the truth, and the truth shall make us free.

People.



Minister. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts also, and given us the earnest of the Spirit within us, whereby we lay hold of eternal life. This is the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world: and as many as receive it, to them it giveth power to become the Sons of God.

People. Lead us, O Lord, | in thy | truth:
Let thy truth pre- | serve us | ever- | more.

Minister. Jesus said: For this cause came I into the world, and to this end was I born,—that I should bear witness to the truth, and work the works of him that sent me. And if any one desires to come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross. For I came not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father that sent me; and whosoever will do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister.

People. They shall | know the | truth;
And the | truth shall | make them | free.

Minister. For the Spirit teacheth all things, even the deep things of God.

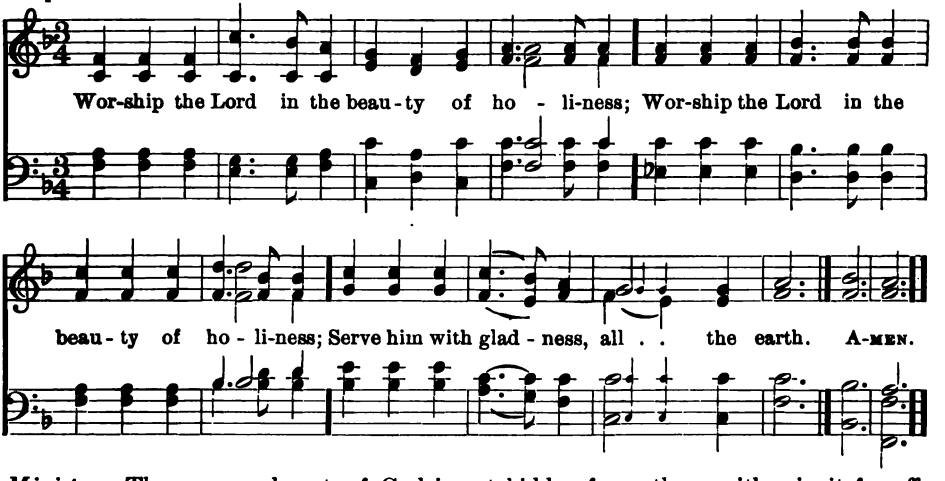
People. Even the deep | things of | God;
And his | truth shall | make us | free. *Amen.*

XII

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL

Minister. Come, O my soul, and give thanks unto God: he dealeth with thee so lovingly, he visiteth thee so graciously, he stirreth thee up so fervently, lest thou sink down with the weight of earthly desire. Set thee, my soul, to his will: in his will is thy peace.

People.



Minister. The commandment of God is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, neither is it beyond the sea, that one should say, Who will go up to the heavens, or who will go over the sea, to bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. See that thou do the word, therefore; for no one can know the deep things of right, till he doeth it; no one can love it, until he hath done it often, with cost; and none can enter into its peace, till he doeth it always and with rejoicing. Set thee, my soul, to his will: in his will is thy peace.

People. Nigh unto all is He: listen in lowliness.
Nigh unto all is He: listen in lowliness.
Listen, my soul, He speaketh to thee.

Minister. The eternal Voice speaketh within: To endure and to labor is holy; the day is short, the task is great, — it is not laid on thee to finish the work, but thou art not to cease from it. Be not faint-hearted, nor go aside; hold fast the faith that makes faithful. Hardness and sorrow and pain, — God hath matched us with these, that we may prevail. Set thee, my soul, to his will: in his will is thy peace.

People. Never aside from thee, God of our faithfulness!
Never aside from thee, God of our faithfulness!
Holy the task that thou givest to do.

Minister. Who hath gladness? He who is strong to do, and to suffer, if need be, for God. Who hath joy? He who can welcome all that God bringeth. Who hath peace? He who hath power to do naught but God's will.

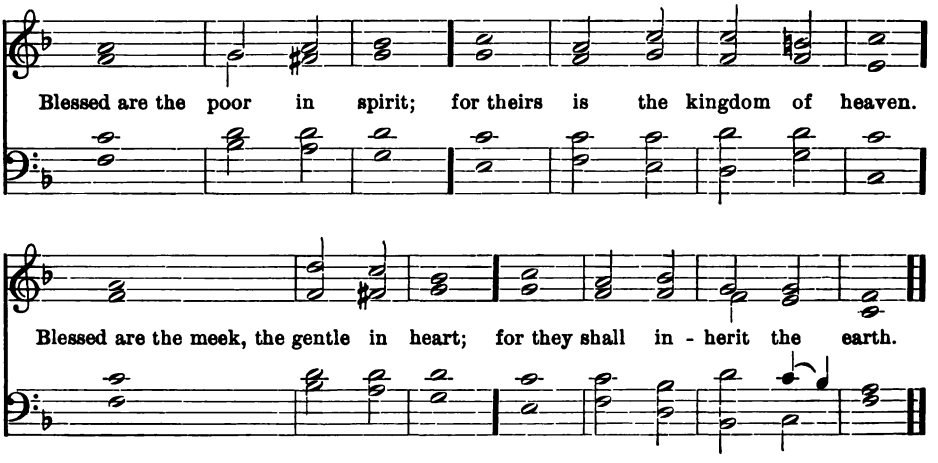
People. Set thee, my soul, to his will with rejoicing;
Set thee, my soul, to his will with rejoicing.
He is our peace: in his will is our peace. *Amen.*

XIII

THE HEART OF LOVE

Minister. Children together of God, who is all Loving-Kindness, when we give thanks unto him for his great goodness to us, let us open our hearts and our hands unto men. He who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his heart from his brother, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

People.



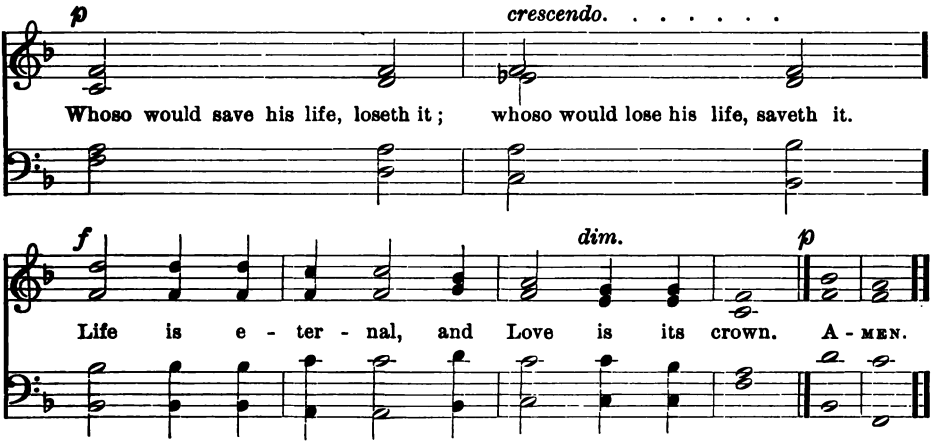
Minister. Children together of God, who is all Tender-Mercies, are we not members one of another? For no one liveth, and no one dieth, unto himself. Nor let us forget who, in the parable, speaketh: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, ye have done it unto me.

People. Blessed are the | merci- | ful; || for they | shall ob- | tain | mercy.
Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after | righteous- | ness; || for | they shall | be | filled.

Minister. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. As sons of God, therefore, let us remember all who are in bonds as bound with them; becoming eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, a father to the poor, a mother to the motherless; rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep; kind, tender-hearted, forgiving one another; overcoming evil with good, — even as He.

People. Blessed are the | pure in | heart; || for | they shall | see | God.
Blessed are the | peace- | makers; || they shall be | called the | children of | God.

Minister. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,—Whoso would save his life loseth it; whoso for love's sake would lose his life, saveth it. To share and to serve is the glory of life.



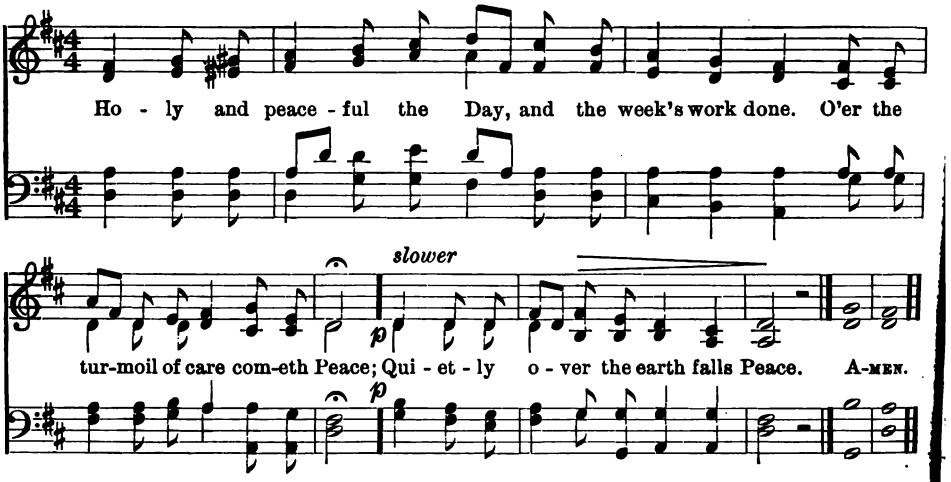
XIV

THE HOLY DAY

Minister. It is our glad and holy day: we will take sweet counsel together. Peace to young and old that enter here: peace to every soul herein.

To land after land the rising sun brings jubilee today. Today are we children of liberty, reason and hope. We cease from bodily labor, and sojourn with things of the spirit. Sloth and folly and fear be put away: today the cheerful face, the lifted eye, the quiet mind, the heart conversing with the sky.

People.



Minister. Let the Day be dedicated to re-creation and rest; and be ordered in simplicity, that our rest be not burden to others. Be it our Day of love, of ingathering, of all kindly intercourse, of fellowship one with another on the higher levels of life; a Day of communion with Beauty, with Nature, with the Spirit that liveth in all things.

People. Holy and peaceful the Day, and the heart sings songs;
Sings the song of the Home and of Love.
Quietly over the earth moves Love.

Minister. Holy the custom that, week by week, calls men together in brotherhoods to remember God; to face their ideals; to thank, to confess, to forgive, to quicken the spirit of service. Through this quiet hour breathes the worship of ages, the prayers of forgotten generations, the cathedral music of history. Earnestly let us search ourselves in what spirit we come, to bring with us only the lowly and childlike heart, open to God, and gentle to all things, except to the sins we have to confess. Three unseen guests attend, Faith, Hope and Love: let all our hearts prepare them place. On every face, as here we meet, be light of friendly welcome. Then, in the silence sitting, let each one to his own soul listen, — until the song within breaks forth, 'Holy, holy, holy, Father Almighty!'

People. Holy and peaceful the Day, and the soul seeks rest:
To the hills of the spirit we go.
Humbly who seeks, he will there find rest.

Minister. So shall our Day of Rest enrich us in heavenly things; quieting the heart, renewing the mind, restoring the soul, and strengthening our hands for the work which He gives us to do on the morrows.

People. Holy and peaceful the Day, and the roadside sweet:
Cometh morn, and how gladly we rise,
Girded with strength for the God-given task! *Amen.*

THANKSGIVINGS

I

A LITANY OF THANKFULNESS

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. — Psalm ciii.

Minister. For days of health; for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty; for the glory of earth, and its ministry to our need and delight:

People. We thank thee, our Father.

For all that the generations before us have wrought in travail and pain, that we might be heirs of truth and freedom and peace:

We thank thee, our Father.

For our country's sheltering arms; for the little one become a strong nation in a new world; for neighbor and friend; for the manifold blessings of home:

We thank thee, our Father.

For the soul, and its powers of growth; for the new ideals ever rising within it; for holy lives opening new paths of duty and love; for the spirit that was in Jesus, lighting the sons of men onward:

We thank thee, our Father.

For opportunities used, unused, and even those misused; for the shame that recalls us from sin, and the peace that follows the humble return; for victories over beseting temptations; for the gladness and courage abiding with loyalty:

Humbly we thank thee, our Father.

For work, and for its necessity; for the joy of the problem unsolved and the task well performed; and in the lowliest task, for the feeling, when doing our best, that we are working together with thee:

We rejoice, and we thank thee, our Father.

For disciplines that enrich us, — the doubt that opens new vision; the burden that strengthens the bearer; the temptation that braces the will; the failure that compels higher endeavor; the sorrow that enlarges the heart:

For all that enriches and strengthens the spirit, we rejoice, and we thank thee, our Father.

For the impulse to share, to serve, and to save, — to give all for love; for the Christ in us urging, This is our errand on earth, and this is increase of life:

We rejoice, we praise, we thank thee, our Father.

For the lessening of self in human relations; for democracy widening from people to people; for the quickening of justice and sympathy between nation and nation; for the call of the future to leave the earth better and fairer than when we received it:

We rejoice, we praise, we thank thee, our Father.

For each day's revelation of order and beauty in Nature; for the growing freedom and gladness of life, as we learn to interpret her laws and obey them:

We rejoice, we praise, we thank thee, our Father.

For the deepening sense of Soul in Nature and Man; for the growing trust in Goodness Eternal; for the dream of the good yet to be, the heaven to come on the earth, when righteousness and brotherhood reign; for the brightening assurance that death is transfiguration of life:

We rejoice, we praise, we thank thee, our Father.

For Life, — for Life in its fullness and glory, Life more and more one with our brother's life, one with thine own:

For Life in its fullness and glory, one with our brother's life, one with thine own, we rejoice, we praise, we thank thee, our Father.

II

FOR ALL THE GLADNESS OF LIFE*

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! The earth is full of thy riches. — Psalm civ.

Minister. For the gift of Life in this wonderful world; for the miracle and high cost of its making; for health, and the joy of the body; for mind, for conscience, for soul, ever seeking to see and to know:

People. We bless thee, O God; we praise thy glorious name.

For the changing Seasons and the beautiful Face of the Year, we bless thee, O God. For the splendor of Winter days and nights; for the starry hosts of the storm, and the sparkling silence of snow-clad fields:

We lift our glad song of wonder and praise.

For the coming of Spring; for the rebirth of life, and all flowering things; for running brooks, and budding woods, and bird-song in the trees:

We lift our glad song of wonder and praise.

For joyous hours of Summer rest; for the vision of beauty on every side, — the glory of hills and the sea and the wide green earth, of sunset and twilight and star-lit nights:

We lift our glad song of wonder and praise.

* Of the sentences reflecting the Glory of the Seasons (II–V) only the one or the two that fit the time of the year might be read. A shorter form of this Thanksgiving, arranged for *choral* responses, will be found on page 19.

For bountiful Autumn; for the red and gold of the woodlands; for the wheat and corn and the ripened fruits, and the merry-makings of harvest-home:

We lift our glad song of wonder and praise.

For honorable and disciplined ancestry; for the joys of Home, and the daily communion of gladness and sorrow; for the strong heart and strong arm of the father; for the gentleness of mothers; for the laughter and music of children:

We praise and we bless thee, the Father of all.

For Friends whose faces light our days; for those we love, no longer seen, the generous, the loyal, the brave, the sincere:

We praise and we bless thee, O Love that makes one.

For the Bond of Devotion to common ideals; for the growing sense that all are members one of another; for the broadening peace and good-will in the world:

We praise and we bless thee, who art making one all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth.

For all Leaders of men, — searchers of Nature, thinkers, inventors and statesmen; artists and poets and prophets of truth; defenders of freedom and justice; martyrs and saints; and for the multitude, humble and faithful, unthanked and unknown lovers of men:

We praise and we bless thee: with thee is the fountain of life; thy life is the light of men.

For the vast and beautiful Order in Nature; for law binding the stars and the courses of history, shaping the atom, perfecting the soul; One Law, One Mind, One Will, One Life:

We praise and rejoice: our trust is in thee, of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things.

For Righteousness at the heart of the world; for evil turned into good, and sorrow to joy; for darkness giving way to the sunshine; for right victorious over injustice, — no good thing, a failure, — no evil, success; for faith in man, in progress, in Goodness Eternal; for all the Gladness of Life in this wonderful world, and the heart's assurance of Life Everlasting in thee:

We bless thee, O God of our joy; we praise thy glorious name. Thy righteousness is like the high mountains; thy mercy endureth forever.

III

A PEOPLE BLEST OF GOD

Psalm cv.

Minister. O give thanks unto the Lord; glory in his holy name. Remember his marvellous works, his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth; how he brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness, that they might observe his statutes and keep his laws. Seek the Lord and his strength; seek his face evermore.

People. *Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord.*

O God, we have heard with our ears, our fathers have told us, what thou didst in their days, what deeds thou didst in the days of old. With a strong hand and an outstretched arm thou didst guide the people over the sea. When they went from nation to nation, from one kingdom to another people, thou didst suffer no man to turn them; thou didst reprove kings for their sakes. When they were yet few in number, very few and strangers in the land, when they were wandering in the wilderness and found no city to dwell in, when they were hungry and thirsty and their souls grew faint within them, then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of all their distresses.

O let us praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men. Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord.

The little one hath become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. Let the redeemed of the Lord say this, whom he hath redeemed from many lands. Our portion hath fallen to us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever: to him who alone doeth great wonders; for his mercy endureth forever.

But thou didst forget thy God, O People, who brought thee out of the house of bondage; the faithful God, who keepeth covenant and loving-kindness with those who obey his commandments unto a thousand generations. Then didst thou drink at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury; thou didst drink the dregs of the cup.

He hath taken it out of thy hand; no more shalt thou drink it again. For thou hast loosed the bands of wickedness, thou hast undone the heavy burdens, thou hast broken the yoke, and let the oppressed go free.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever: to him who alone doeth great wonders; for his mercy endureth forever.

Arise, put on thy strength; put on thy beautiful garments, O Land! Lift thou up a standard for the nations! For in righteousness hath the Lord called thee, and given thee for a light to the kingdoms. Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; and nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising:

To the nation that keepeth the truth, that establisheth justice. O Lord, incline our hearts unto thee, to keep thy commandments and to walk in thy ways!

Blessed art thou, O Land, when thy law is not slackened; when thou makest thy rulers Righteousness, and thine officers Peace; when each one despiseth the gain of oppression, and shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes; when he keepeth fast his innocence and removeth not his integrity from him. For righteousness exalteth a nation, and by justice is the State established.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, and by justice is the Commonwealth established. The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers. Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord.

It shall come to pass in the latter days that the Lord will pour out of his spirit upon all flesh; and he will put his law within them, and upon their hearts will he write it. In that day shall God himself be a judge of the nations, and an umpire among the kingdoms. Violence shall no more be heard in the lands, wasting nor destruction within their borders. Men shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. The end of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.

And the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.

PRAYERS

I. THE FRIENDLY DAY

Our heavenly Father, thine is the beauty of this fair and friendly day, whose morning shines within our souls as in the heavens above. Thy Spirit broods over earth and sea and sky. The order and bounty of the universe pay their silent worship. To us thou hast given voice that our hearts may speak thy praise. And our hearts pray: May all that is beautiful remind us of thee, the infinite Beauty! May all that is good remind us of thee, the perfect Goodness! May all that is true lead us to thee, the Source of all Truth! Breathe thy loving Spirit upon all, that, abiding for a while together in thy peace, we may take up the burden of our daily duty and go on our separate ways, rejoicing evermore in thee, our Father and our God. — *Amen.*

II. MORNING

O Thou holy and ever-loving God, we thank thee for the quiet rest of the night gone by, for the promise that comes with this fresh morning, and for the hope of this new day. While we have slept, the earth has swept on in space, great fires have burned under us, great waters have been all about us, and great storms above us; but thou hast held them back by thy strong hand, and we have rested under the shadow of thy love. The bird sat on the spray out in the darkness, the flower nestled in the grass, we lay down in our home, and all slept in the arms of God. The bird will trust thee this day to give its morsel of meat, and the flower will trust thee for its fresh raiment. So may we trust thee for all our needs. Give us this day our daily bread for body and soul; and grace to do our work in small or great, and do it as for thee. May men be happier because we are at their side. Help us to make more beautiful thy day. — *Amen.*

III. EVENING

Lord of the darkness and the light, as the shadows fall around we lift our hearts to thee. Thou veilest the face of Nature, and the day grows still. Thou leadest forth the stars, and callest them all by their names: the silence is their hymn of praise. We bless thee for thy tender gift of sleep. Night by night in peace and thankfulness we lay us down, committing the folded hours of our unconsciousness to thee; and the eye that never slumbers doth watch over us, the care that never fails doth guard our rest. Then thou makest us to know thy loving-kindness in the morning, and we rise in new strength for the duties and joys of another day. So through nights and days of love and beauty the seasons come and go, and our years are fulfilled. O God, when our hours on earth are numbered, and we lie down to our last sleep, may it be with hearts as thankful as they are to-night, and with trust as simple in the same dear watch and care, — to awake in the glory of that morning whose sun shall bid us rise to higher service and more abundant life. — *Amen.*

IV. THE EVENING AND THE MORNING WERE THE DAY

O Thou, who art the same yesterday, today and forever, on whom, while all around us changes, we lean with perfect trust, we thank thee for another day of life. For bread, for work, for love, for beauty seen and truth that we have learned, for privilege of service that has come with every hour, for all that has made it beautiful to be alive this day, we thank thee, Giver of all good. The unkind word, the selfish deed, the weak indulgence, the coward fear, — now, in the quiet when the day is spent, we see them as they are, and we repent. Deepen the shame we feel: make it to be our safeguard on the morrow. When in happy trust we fall asleep, safe in the everlasting arms, sweet be the rest of the unconscious hours. Or if, in wakefulness of pain or sorrow, any have to count the watches of the darkness, cause them to remember love and goodness, and rest their hearts on thoughts of thee. And when the new day comes, may all accept it as a holy trust from thee who daily makest our lives new. — *Amen.*

V. SUNDAY

O God, who givest us not only the day for labor and the night for rest, but also the peace of this blessed day, grant that the season of holy quiet may be profitable to us in heavenly things, and refresh and strengthen us to return to the work which thou hast given us to do. With lowly reverence and grateful love we adore the goodness which makes our lives so rich. We lift up our hearts unto thee and bless thy holy name. O Spirit of wisdom and grace, may thy presence be felt today in our souls; may light from thee open the eyes of our minds, that we may behold thy truth; may thy love enter our hearts. So may our hearts be filled with kind and gentle affections, and our worship of thee be in spirit and in truth. Nor let our service cease with our words; may our cheerful duty be as a continuing sacrifice, our daily conduct as a song of praise, and our whole life become a thank-offering unto thee. — *Amen.*

VI. IN THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

O God, in whom we live and move and have our being, never dost thou leave us, day or night. Thou makest thine abode in the deep places of our thought and love; and into each gentle affection, each contrite sorrow, each higher aspiration, we can retire to meet and worship thee. Yet the very nearness and custom of thy presence hide thee from our infirm and heedless hearts, and under cover of this darkness our inner discernment becomes dim, temptations gain a shameful power, the good that is in us droops and fades. And still, O God, we long for thee. To clear our blindness away, to recover the pure wisdom of a holy mind, we come, on this day of remembrance, to seek thee in our house of prayer. Entering here, we fain would cross the threshold of eternal things. Help us to shake off the dust of transitory care, and every disguise that comes between ourselves and thee, that with thee who seest in secret we may commune in spirit and in truth. — *Amen.*

VII. THE QUIET HOUR AND THE BUSY DAYS

O Thou Source of all life and blessedness, we pray that the light which shines in our hearts in moments of quiet communion with thee, may never fade and die out of our lives; that the mountain visions may abide, when we descend to the plain where our daily tasks and duties lie. May the word heard when our spirits listen and are still, speak to us with power when we return to our accustomed labors, and encounter again the strife and care, the difficulties, the doubts, the temptations, by which thou dost discipline our lives. There, in the hours that test our prayers, fix in us each nobler hope and purpose cherished here. Give us of thy wisdom, give us of thy strength; in all we do, be thou our light upon the way. So may we be of those who in the still hour worship thee in truth, and who, through the busy days among our fellow-men, strive earnestly that thy kingdom may come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. — *Amen.*

VIII. THE QUIET HOUR AND THE UNKNOWN MORROWS

Our Father, we thank thee for all that makes us feel the need and blessing of this hour of prayer. Touch thou the harsh, discordant notes within our lives, that they may pass in music and suffer us to come into thy presence with singing hearts. Open now to each thy secret, our Father, that, with spirits freed from fear and care, we may return with gladness to our places of toil, and there among our comrades strive to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thee in the paths of daily life.

If in those paths we have to carry with us memories of sin and blunder, may we not be utterly cast down: thou who dost love thy wayward child in the far country, make us to remember also that, when we come to ourselves and in sorrow and humility turn us homeward, there is always welcome, forgiveness and fresh opportunity with thee. Thou who dost grant to tired bodies a new birth with every dawn, grant, too, that with wills unconquered and hearts unafraid we may meet our morrows manfully, and keep our morning purpose and our morning face throughout the hours. If shadows darken round us, then most we pray to keep our faith and hope, as those who know that darkness and the light are both alike to thee. Whatever in the coming days befall, in thee let us rejoice and trust, — that the song in the heart may never cease. — *Amen.*

IX. THY GLORY AND THY GOODNESS

The heavens declare thy glory, O God, and the firmament sheweth thy handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge of thee: who makest heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is; who settest fast the mountains; who stillest the noise of the seas, and the tumult of the peoples. O Lord, how great are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep: who can utter thy mighty acts? who can show forth thy praise?

Thy mercy, O God, is as the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the high mountains; thy judgments are a great deep. Thou keepest truth forever. Thy going forth is sure as the morning, and thou comest unto us as the rain that watereth the earth. With thee is the fountain of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy. Cause us to know thy loving-kindness, O God; for in thee do we trust. We lift up our souls unto thee. — *Amen.*

X. THY SIGNS AND TOKENS

O Thou Eternal One, we thank thee for the signs and tokens of thyself with which thou dost beset our path. For this new day, for the wonderful earth beneath our feet, for the ancient and faithful heavens above our heads, we praise and bless thee. They tell of thy greatness; they show forth thy wisdom; they speak of thy power.

More plainly yet thou speakest in the still, small voice that whispers in the soul. There thou dost bid us know thee as our Father, thy name as Holiness, and thy nature Love. We bless thee for this dearer revelation of thyself, that grows so clear to each one as he listens and obeys, and ever clearer as the generations learn to walk in thy ways. And lo, at the word earth and skies, the day and night, the dark roll of human history, the mysteries of birth and death, of pain and sin, become no longer tokens of thy wisdom or thy power alone, but the majestic vision of thy righteousness and love! O may we, lowly listening, love the things thou lovest, know thee as thou art within, and, seeing thee in all, see truth and good and beauty everywhere! — *Amen.*

XI. THY VOICE IN OUR HEARTS

O Thou who hast measured the waters in the hollow of thy hand, and meted out heaven with the span, thy knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. I pour out my soul in me, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God? Thou that rulest the heavens, we cannot find love among the stars. Thou that guidest the birds of the air, hast thou forgotten the man that died for naught?

Yet in our heart of hearts a voice names thee Everlasting Righteousness, and tells us thou art Love and only Love. Better is love than hate, better is truth than falsehood, better is courage than fear, it saith to us; and we believe. It bids us do our best each day; and we would fain obey. It gives us visions of a better morrow; and we trust. Is it not thine, O God, thy very own, this all-compelling voice within the secret places of our being? Be it the survival of forgotten faiths, be it the voice of an endless hope, is it the less thy voice, God of our inmost life? Hast thou not made us what we are, and made us in thine image?

Quiet our nameless fears before that which we do not understand. Steady us in the midst of a mysterious and changing world. Confirm us in the faith that thou standest within the shadow, keeping watch above thine own. Make us to know that thou art the Changeless Good. Tell our hearts again and yet again that thy name is Father Everlasting. That voice in the deeps of our being, thy voice, O God, we believe. — *Amen.*

XII. THY HOLY ONES REVEALING THEE

O God, our Father, Spirit of grace and goodness, Strength of the righteous, Inspirer of the true seers and prophets, we rejoice that thou, incomprehensible in thine infinitude, dost stand revealed in holy men and women; and that in following them we learn how we may best resemble thee. In them we see the likeness of thy righteousness rebuking sin, and know the power of holiness. Through them we feel thy tender mercy, and in their faces look on the Eternal. May the sanctity of their spirit rest upon our lives, mak-

ing our daily toil, like theirs, divine; filling us with shame for our short-comings and with patient striving for a better mind; teaching us not to be pleasers of ourselves, but to be filled with pity to redress the ills of men. Strengthen us, in turn, O God, to sow the fields of love and duty, even if with weeping and in fear, that others may hereafter reap in joy the harvest of our toil; until at last, our spirit and our life become all answer to thy call, and, like those thy holy ones, we pray, — " Yea, here am I, O Lord; send me! " — *Amen.*

XIII. THY BLESSINGS NUMBERLESS

Our heavenly Father, thy presence maketh heaven everywhere. We bless thee for this rich and various earth whereon we live. Thou fillest Spring-time with its bloom; the Summer with its corn and fruit; the Autumn with its bounty, heaped and sheaved; the Winter with its sparkling glory and the treasures of the snow. Daily thou wakest us with morning on the hills, and leadest us forth as those new-born. Through the sun-lit hours of labor thou art our strength and stay, and givest us the daily bread. When thou hast called the shadows from their hiding and set the stars in their places, thou pourest sleep on weary eye-lids, and overbroodest as with wings through the still hours of night. The love of those we love, the dear delights of home, the gladness of our work and play, the happy heart of service and the peace of hearts at one with thee, the spirit's power within made strong by outward difficulties, sorrows and defeats, — these all are ours because thou lovest that which thou hast made; because thou keepest watch to give the creatures thou hast called to life that which they need to make their lives a joy. In thee we live and move and have our being, — our bodies fed, our senses filled with beauty, our hearts stored high with gladness, our minds renewed with truth. Who can number his blessings? Who can declare thy love?

For these thy thoughts towards us, we praise and thank thee, our Father. Be it ours to remember from whom all joys come, to take them reverently and gratefully, to use them as a holy trust. We ask for nothing but to feel the height and depth of what we have. Give us to see; give us to listen in simplicity; to follow closely; to trust and love thee more and more. — *Amen.*

XIV. SHOW US THE WAY, OUR FATHER

We are thy children, Father, and we need thy hand: show us the way, lead us in thy truth. Open our eyes, that we may behold the wonderful things of thy law. Order our steps by thy word, and let not evil have dominion over us. Cause us to know the path wherein we should walk, and quicken and strengthen us to do thy will. For thou art our Father and our God: we are thy children, and we need the touch of thy hand. — *Amen.*

XV. WITH COMMON NEEDS WE COME

O Thou, unseen yet ever near, with common needs we come this day to ask thy help and blessing in our lives. Be with us now as we remember before thee our struggles and our failures, or thank thee that on a hidden way thou hast disclosed some light from above. Day after day we are upheld by thy love. In our waywardness and indolence

thou withholdest not thy sunshine and rain; still by thy constancy dost thou remind us of our unfaithfulness, and summon us to more earnest loyalty. Confessing our oft unworthiness, we ask of thee new strength for duty, and a deeper faith. May we neglect no humblest task that rises to our hand; nor shrink from the higher and harder toil to which at times thou callest us; nor tremble at the burden or the mystery of sorrow or temptation we had not foreseen. Teach us our kin with all who have endured hardness, who have conquered difficulty, who have loved through their pain; and grant, O Father, that at last we, too, may enter into conscious fellowship with all pure hearts and faithful souls that call unto their God, and hear in peace and joy the answering voice, ' My child! ' — *Amen.*

XVI. THE SOLEMN TRUST OF LIFE

Eternal God, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life, since we know not what a day may bring forth, but that the hour for serving thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of thy holy will; not waiting for to-morrow, but yielding to-day. Lay to rest by the persuasion of thy Spirit the resistance of our passion, indolence, or fear. Consecrate with thy presence the way our feet may go; and the humblest work will shine, the roughest places be made plain. Lift us above unrighteous anger and mistrust into faith and hope and charity, by a simple and steadfast reliance on thy sure will: and so may we be modest in our time of prosperity, patient under disappointment, ready for danger, serene in death. Draw us steadily to the mind of him who said, ' I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and who in fewest days finished the work thou gavest him to do. — *Amen.*

XVII. OUR HEARTS, O FATHER, WOULD WE GIVE

O God most holy, if none but the pure in heart might draw nigh to thee, we could but stand afar. With what glad thanks would we praise thee, did we not know that our thoughtless lives would contradict the song upon our lips! We remember in how many ways we turn our faces from thee. For proud thoughts and idle words and unloving deeds; for wasted moments and reluctant duties and too eager rest; for the vain fancy, the wandering desire, the scornful doubt, the untrustful care, for impatient murmurs and unruly passions and the hardness of a worldly heart, — for these, and more, thou, Lord, dost call us to thy judgment-seat, and we have naught to answer thee. Yet even in our sins thou lovest us; and when we shrink away, because we have nothing to offer, thou callest unto us, ' Give me thy heart! '

Our hearts, O Father, would we give. Though we have erred, and wander still in the deserts of folly, thou knowest that we have not wholly gone astray; that we do not love our guilty ways; that our secret spirit still hungereth after righteousness. Touch us with a sacred dread, that we may stand in awe and sin not. Open our ears as at a midnight watch, that we may be attent to the approach of evil and the softest whisper of thy grace. Fill us with the love of pureness, that we may redeem our lives from confusion, lift up our wills from weakness, and in return to thee, and in thee, find our peace. — *Amen.*

XVIII. A GRATEFUL PENITENT

For countless mercies do we thank thee, our Father; but most of all for what we learn on lonely fields, where the hardness of the struggle and the belated victory or the base surrender are known to no one but ourselves and thee. There have we verified beyond all waver that there is a holy Ought; that it penetrates our every word and deed; and yet that to wills as frail as ours is given power to refuse obedience to its solemn-sweet command. There have we learned that, when we disobey, the instant sessions of thy judgment begin within the soul, and shame and evil consequence beset us; and, O Tenderness, that our pains are but the tightenings of a Hand outstretched to save us from the hell in which we make our bed. There have we come to our true self, and known the sad joys of repentance; and through its searching disciplines have learned humility, our kinship with all brothers in transgression, and the need of pity, patience, tolerance from all to all. And then, O Father of the wayward and the humbled, have we not found the waiting love, the welcome at the gate, the peace of the return, the gladness in the Father's home?

Mighty Wrestler with our souls, teach us to recognize in each temptation of our days thy challenge to a higher life. And when our weak and foolish wills misuse their freedom and elect to fall, then close thy hand, we pray; spare not, spare not, — until, at break of day, we know thee face to face, our seeking Saviour, our Redeemer, the relentless, conquering, eternal Love! For countless mercies do we thank thee, gracious God; for none so much as this, — thy wrestling with the soul on lonely fields to win our wills to thine. — *Amen.*

XIX. TO REDEEM LOST HOURS

O Thou who art and art to be, there are no seasons unto thee. But unto us thou hast appointed a set time upon the earth, and the shadow on our dial lengthens out. Our hours of faithful duty follow us from the past and do not perish: our wasted hours we cannot gather up and they are gone forever. Stir thou within us an effectual repentance, that we may redeem the time we have lost, and in the hours that still remain may do the work of many days. Make us to hear thy urgent word, ' Fulfil thou thy work ere the sun goeth down! ' Hasten us even with thy chastisements, great Giver of the task. O righteous God, it is a solemn thing to live by day and night beneath thy constant eye, and move onwards to thy mysterious eternity. May we be steadfast through all faintness of the soul, and rest not by the roadside while thine errand waits, nor be bewildered and held back by pleasures of the world. Daily may we crucify our selfishness, and delight to bear our brother's burden, and uphold each other's faith and charity; being tenderhearted and forgiving as we hope to be forgiven. Soon shall we be spent and gathered unto thee: let all disquiet and contention cease, and our minds be wholly turned to finish the work thou hast given us to do. O Watcher of our days and nights, we would commit ourselves to thee. — *Amen.*

XX. IN TIME OF FAILURE

O Thou who art the Father of all faithful souls, give us the great gift of faith, — the faith that maketh faithful. Help us always to believe in the best that we know and the best our hearts have hoped for. And may we not be utterly cast down, if ever we look upon the ruins of our happiness, or even of our strivings after goodness. Bid us arise, in patience and good cheer, to keep on our way, to take up the broken task once more, to rebuild the eternal mansion-house of God in the midst of our vanishing days. And so teach us that by our failures we may learn how to outlast time, to rescue from decay and oblivion all that is best and loveliest in the fleeting days, and to become true citizens of the kingdom of heaven that passeth not away. — *Amen.*

XXI. COME WITH THY SPRING, O GOD

O God, our Help in ages past, our Hope for years to come, thou keepest all in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on thee. Our lives seem but a watch in the night, yet generation after generation bears witness to the abundant strength thou givest. To us, also, teach that life is not measured by years; that, living in time, we are inhabitants of thine eternity. May no day of our lives pass by as a tale that is told; but its hours be holy, as potent with life yet to be. May we live in rejoicing awe of the days!

But to all who know not the awe of the days, to all whose heart's love seems chilled, to all who watch the river of Time but hear not the music of its flow, come thou with thy Spring! Come with thy sunshine, thy birds and flowers, O God, that the hearts that are withering and sad may be glad again! We pray for the gladness of resurrection, for a fresh birth of the spirit, for a renewed and tireless enthusiasm. And if the winter of selfishness has so hardened the fields of our life that we have ceased to strive for the highest, then, whatever the upturn and pain of the furrowing, we ask that the plough of thy holy and victorious will shall again make them receptive and flowering and fruitful. Yea, come with thy Spring, O God, and flood the fields of our life with thy light and beauty and joy. — *Amen.*

XXII. THE SPLENDOR EVER ON BEFORE

O Thou who hast set eternity in the heart of man, and hast made us all seekers after that which we can never find, forbid us to be satisfied with life. Draw us away from base content, and set our eyes on far-off things. Keep us at tasks too hard for us, that we may be driven to thee for strength. Make us sure of the goal we cannot see, and of the hidden good in the world. Open our eyes to beauty by the way, and our hearts to the loveliness men hide from us because we do not trust them enough. Bind us by fast bonds to the brotherhood of those who love thee better than they know, who serve thee in the darkness, and even in their doubts will never give thee up. Shine thou upon us with such light as we can bear. Show us such truth as we can understand and obey. From haste and dismay, from self-pity and fretfulness, deliver us. Set our daily life before us in the quiet light of eternity. Fill our hearts with the vision of Jesus, — of heaven upon the earth. And when the days of our years are fulfilled, we ask not for a heaven beyond wherein to be made happy, but only to have more time to do the tasks we have failed in here, and to learn the freedom of nobler service. — *Amen.*

XXIII. FOR A COMPASSIONATE HEART

O Thou who art the Shepherd of all wandering souls, we who have loved too few, and none aright, beseech thee to teach us compassion. Show us the hungry hearts of men and women, turned bitter with long waiting, that with understanding we may love those who love us not. Blot out of our remembrance all harsh words, and make us ever mindful of the hidden pain. To all weakness that men bear as a burden from the past, make us very merciful. To all defect of love in those who have never been loved, make us blind. And even toward wilful malice make us forgiving, when we remember how richly we have been forgiven. Show us the hidden tragedies and the hidden heroisms of those who have wronged us. Help us to look upon the thwarted souls of men in the days of their life as we shall look upon their still faces in the day of their death; that, understanding all, we may forgive all. — *Amen.*

XXIV. FOR GOOD-WILL AND FRUITFUL SERVICE

O Thou, the Giver of life, we come together as thy children. We would put away whatever may divide us, and as comrades face the way of thy truth. May the spirit of infinite goodness bind us in unison. May the constant good-will keep us free from meanness and pride and the selfishness that knows not itself; and all the power of our lives flow forth in glad accord with the motion of thy will. May we learn to speak truth in love, one with another, and to wish for nothing so much as to do justice, to show kindness, to be loyal friends and helpers of men; as all those have done whom we reverence most. May we delight to fill our little place in thy majestic order of beneficence, never forgetting to look unto thee for wisdom and strength in our deed.

Send us forth from this hour of quiet communion with thee refreshed and girded for our duties among men. Let the light of our love shine ever more brightly upon the faces of old and young in our homes. May the streets where we pass, may the schools and the shops and the places of toil, feel the sunny spirit of our friendliness. Teach us the wonderful law that it is happier to give than to receive. May we deem no interest of human welfare alien to us, but make the good cause that lacks friends our very own in its day of small things, and give pity and help wherever men's need is the greatest. May our faith deepen, and our daring for love's sake increase, and our daily service become more and more fruitful. So may thy kingdom come, the commonwealth of peace and righteousness, and thy good will be done. — *Amen.*

XXV. FOR WISDOM IN SERVICE

O Thou who hast called us out of darkness to be the bearers of light, we beseech thee to make us helpers in the world. Take away from us the love of ease and the fear of men. Show us the simple things that we can do to help our neighbors to be good. Brighten the daily round of tasks that we have undertaken and are tempted to neglect. Make us faithful to the trust that life has put upon us: hold us to the humblest duty. Prepare our hearts in sympathy to be partners in suffering with the weak, partners in eager service with the strong. Reveal to us the wavering ranks of those that are struggling upward, that we may cheer and support our comrades unknown. Teach us brotherhood

and loyalty. Remove from us the love of glory and the thirst for praise. Give us in weariness refreshment, and in struggle peace; but when we are idle, send shame, and when we are false, send fear, to bring us back to thee. By thy love restrain our censorious speech, and teach us to commend. By thy wisdom enlighten our plans and direct our endeavors for the common wealth. And give to us the vision of that bright City of God upon earth where all shall share the best they have in thought and deed, and none shall harm or make afraid. And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it. — *Amen.*

XXVI. MEMBERS OF ONE BODY

O Thou who hast set our lives in near relations one with another, and made us to be as members of one body unto life more abundant for each and all, may we be ever mindful of our blessings so derived and of the claims and duties thereby laid upon us. Amid diversity of gift and variety of employment and pursuit may we be alive to the one spirit of service, which lifts the lowliest calling unto honor with the highest, and without which no life attains to its fulfilment and joy. O that we might more realize that in the suffering of one all the members suffer with it; that none liveth to himself or dieth to himself as one apart and unknown; and that only in justice and due consideration from each toward every other are all made strong and secure. Are we not all of thine household, and thou the God and Father of all?

Give us to feel our kinship with the generations gone before, and with all who now walk these ways of earth with us, — bearing the burdens, facing the temptations and perplexities, knowing alike the joys and sorrows wherein we have share. By all that we ourselves have felt and known quicken in us that sympathy which shall enable us to enter into other lives, and to become ministers to one another's need and helpers of one another's joy. — *Amen.*

XXVII. FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

O God, to whom, in whom, our generations are as one continuing life, we bless thee for those of old whose toils and pains have made possible our greater light and peace. With reverent gratitude to them we recognize that no joy of body, mind, or soul is ours that does not hold their distant struggle, their faithfulness and sacrifice, hidden within it. The chastisement of our peace was on them, and by their stripes have we been saved from many hurts.

Today we live and occupy thy earth. Its glory is poured out around us, and we are entrusted with its infinite resources. Guide thou our hearts to approach them humbly and thankfully, to use them nobly, and to share them justly. Many are the inequalities of opportunity and privilege: thy whole creation travaileth in pain together until now. Not yet, O God, is thy work finished and thy will perfected; and to us thou lookest to be laborers with thee in carrying out thy purposes of good. Living side by side, thy children of to-day on earth, may we all be brothers and sisters to each other's need, healers of each other's hurt, distributors of thy gladness to those on whom life's shadows lie.

Give us, also, to forefeel our kinship with brothers yet unborn, the generations yet to come, whose joys and sorrows hang so largely on our faithfulness. By the blessings

made ours from the past be we pledged before thee, Giver of all good, to transmit blessing with increase to those whose fates our hands are weaving. Children of one Father, members of one body, are we all, O thou of the eternal years in whom past, present, future meet! — *Amen.*

XXVIII. A WORLD MADE NEW

We thank thee, O God, for the endless renewing of life. Thou that art never weary of setting us free from the bonds wherewith we have bound ourselves, make us to walk abroad in this new day without fear or any kind of bondage. Teach us to enter humbly into the heritage of truth won for us by saints and martyrs of old, that their sacrifice may not have been in vain, but that they, being perfected in us, may be glad after all their griefs. Open our eyes to receive new light, and our ears to hear the voices that are calling to us to make the world new by love. Show us how to help men and women to be more truly and fearlessly themselves. Fit us for the life that is awaiting us in the kingdom of heaven upon earth that is at hand, wherein there shall be no least and no greatest, but all shall be brothers, and men shall be the people of God. May we gladly give up all things to work with thee to bring that kingdom nearer. — *Amen.*

XXIX. THY KINGDOM COME

Thy kingdom come, our Father! pray we still with him who made the prayer his life, and sealed it with his death: thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Never have the generations ceased to pray the words: how oft, how easily have they passed our own unthinking lips! Help us, like him, to *live* the prayer, O God! When flesh is weak, and it is hard to say, ' Thy will be done,' help us with him to *live* the prayer. When wrong is strong, and the cry of the oppressed goes up, help us to *live* the prayer, to make the suffering and the peril ours, and work rejoicingly with thee to make our earth thy heaven. Increase the multitude of those who feel that they, too, are sent on earth to heal and save and set the captive free, and pray the prayer as Jesus prayed it. So shall thy Day draw near, the Day of righteousness and peace and love and joy in thy holy Spirit. And as the holier ideals waken in the heart, still shall the prayer be on the lips of men, till all shall live it in that Day of God, — Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven! — *Amen.*

XXX. FOR OUR COUNTRY

Almighty God, of whose righteous will all things are, and were created; who liftest the continents and islands out of the deep, and preparest not in vain the habitable world; thou hast gathered our people into a great nation, and laid upon us a mighty trust. Deepen the root of our life in everlasting righteousness; and let not the crown of our pride be as a fading flower. Make us equal to our high trusts and obligations; reverent in the use of freedom, just in the exercise of power, generous in the protection of weakness. To our legislators and counsellors give insight and faithfulness, that our laws may clearly speak the right, and our judges purely interpret it. Let it be known among us how thou hatest robbery for burnt-offering; that the gains of industry may be all upright,

and the use of wealth considerate. May wisdom and knowledge be the stability of our times: and our deepest trust be in thee, the Lord of nations and the King of kings. — *Amen.*

XXXI. THAT THOU MAYST BE OUR LAWGIVER AND JUDGE

Lord of all, whose balance trieth the nations, to lift up or to cast down; never through vain conceit may we be blind to the unchanging conditions of thy blessing. The world and its fullness are thine: our portion thereof may we hold, not in wanton self-will, but reverently, as of thee; making it the stronghold of right, the refuge of the oppressed, and the moderator of lawless ambition. Make all who speak or act for this nation true organs of thine equity, that through their wisdom and faithfulness thou mayst be our Lawgiver and Judge. And let it be that, as with the people so with the chiefs, as with the toiler so with him who directeth toil, as with the buyer so with the seller, all may know thee as weighing the path of the just; that righteousness may be the girdle of our power, and by justice our commonwealth may be established. — *Amen.*

XXXII. GOD SAVE THE STATE

Grateful in heart the people turn to thee, O God of nations. By thy strength our fathers made us free. For thy law and the love of country they gave their lives. Through martyrdom we are come into this peace; and the high histories of the brave are our inheritance. God save the United States of America! Save her from greed and corruption; save her from pride and presumption; save her from tyrants and misrule. Save her for the people and the future. Save her to be a school for freedom, and a home for the oppressed. Deliver us from war and the menace of war. Give to our leaders wisdom and to our people patience, that together they may achieve the better laws, the purer life, the more abundant opportunity for all. Make the republic a peacemaker and a hope to the world. Give us a share in her upbuilding and defence, and a jealous care for her abiding honor among the nations; that in liberty and self-restraint, in prosperity and charity, in strength and gentleness, she may be ever worthy of her origin and her destiny. — *Amen.*

BENEDICTIONS

I

The Lord bless us and keep us:
The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us:
The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace. — *Amen.*

II

And now may He in whom we live and move and have our being, — our God, our fathers' God, the God of all whom we love in the unseen, — go with us as we go, and abide with us: our strength, our comfort and our joy. — *Amen.*

III

May the God of all grace, who loveth us and calleth us unto himself, comfort our hearts, and establish us in every good word and work: to whom be glory and thanksgiving evermore. — *Amen.*

IV

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, be with us now, and abide in our hearts evermore. —*Amen.*

V

May the spirit that was in Jesus be in us also, enabling us to know the truth, to do the will of God, and to enter into his peace. — *Amen.*

VI

May the faith that makes faithful, the hope that saves, the love that casts out fear, and the peace of God, be and abide with us all evermore. — *Amen.*

VII

Our Father, go with all: our hearts be pure, unclouded, and in peace; our wills unconquered, unafraid, — and thine! — *Amen.*

VIII

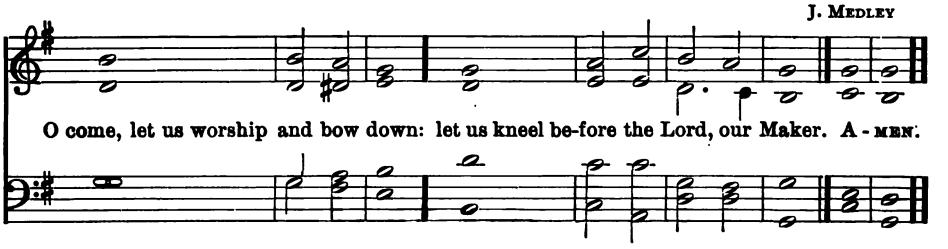
And now, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace: and the God of love and peace be with us all. — *Amen.*

CHORAL SENTENCES
FOR
CHOIR AND CONGREGATION

CALL TO WORSHIP

I

J. MEDLEY



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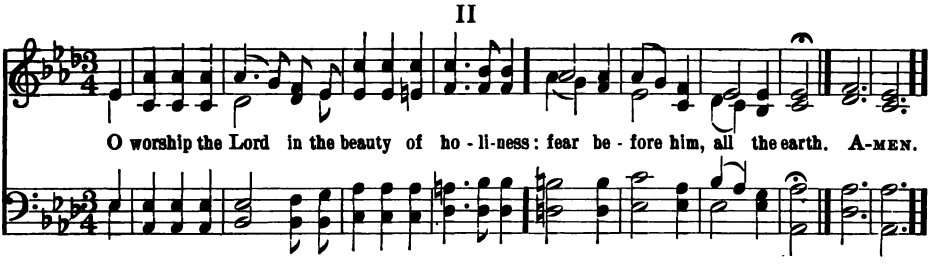

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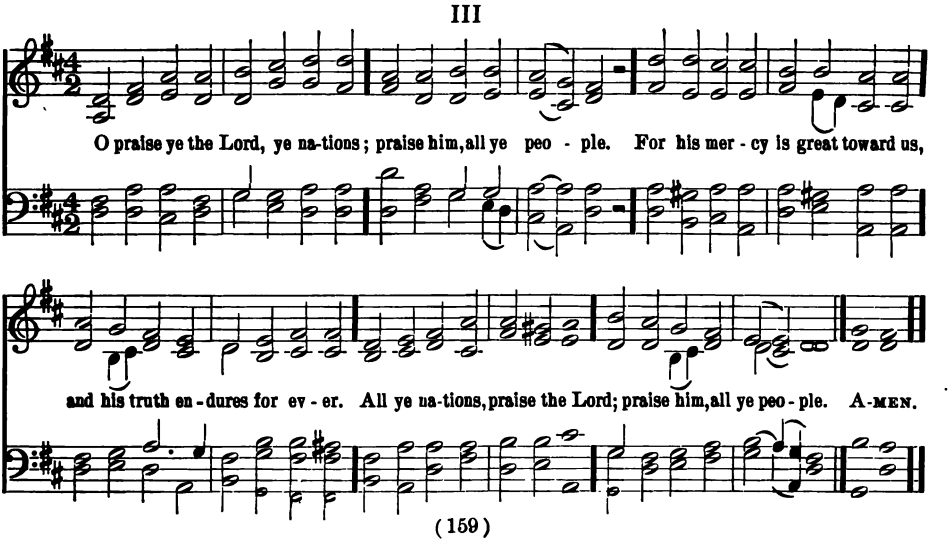
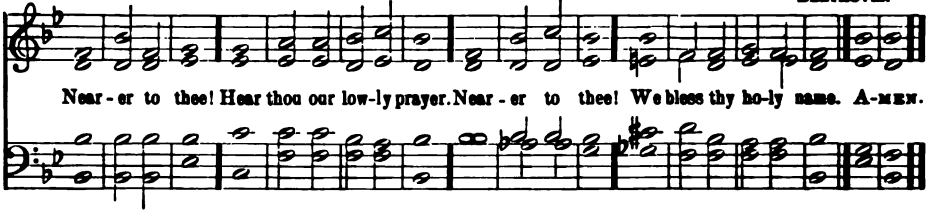


RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER

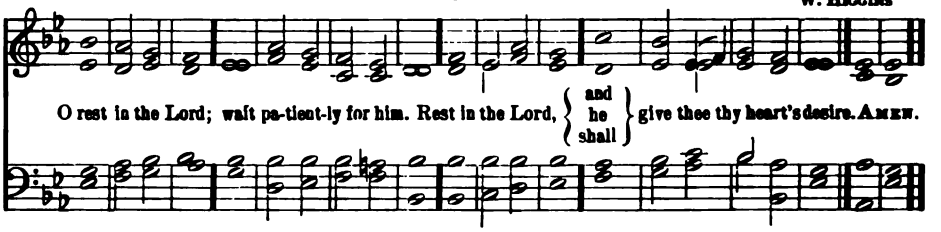
I

BEETHOVEN



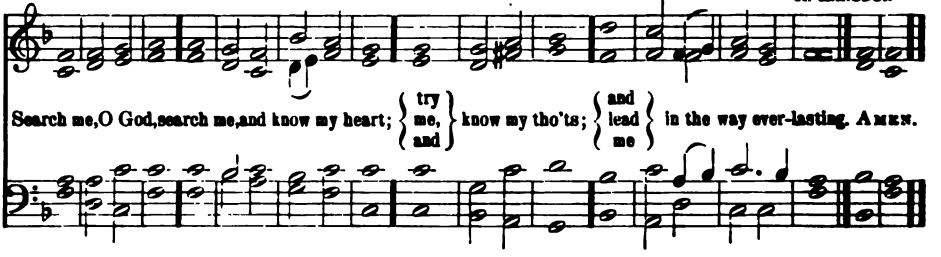
II

W. HIGGINS



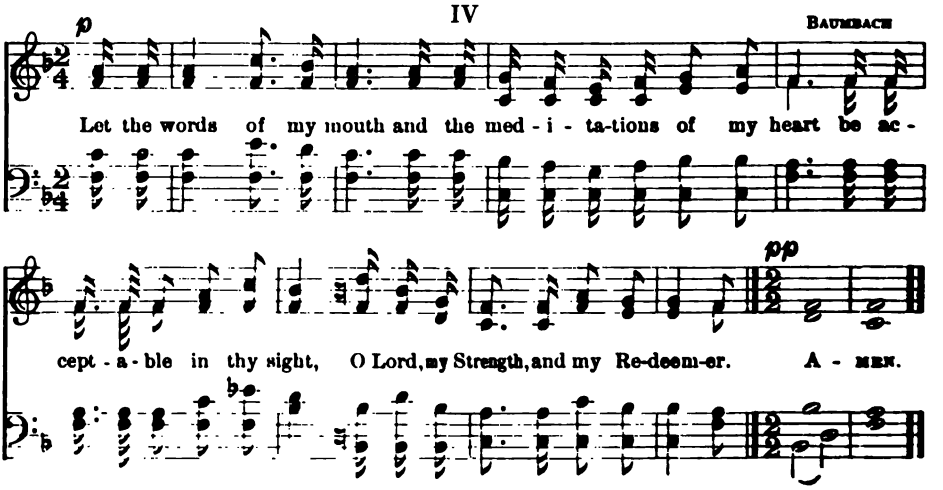
III

R. LANGDON

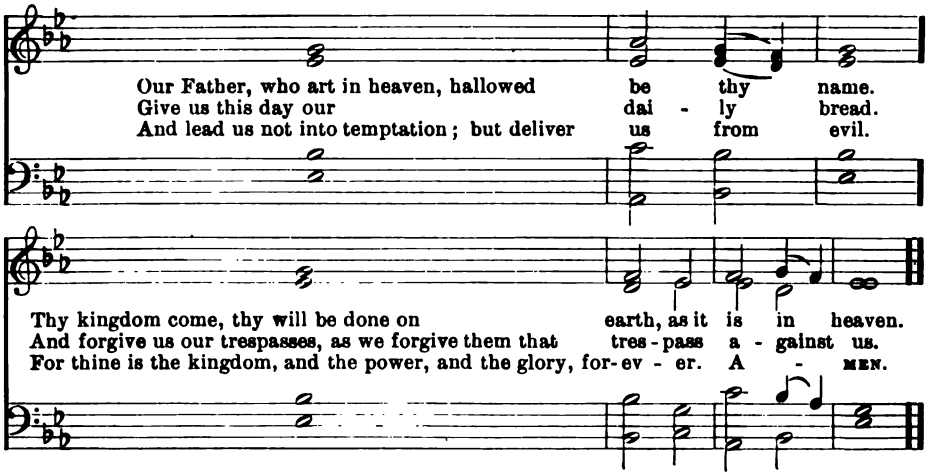


IV

BAUMBACH



I. OUR FATHER



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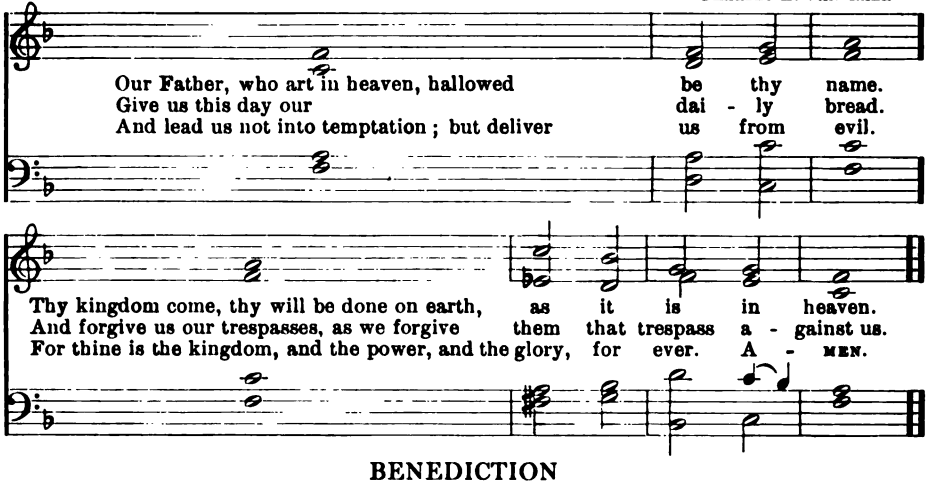
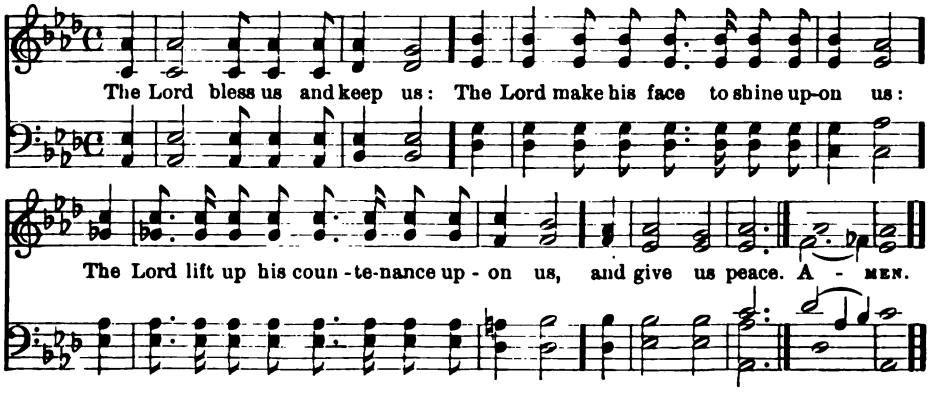


BENEDICTION



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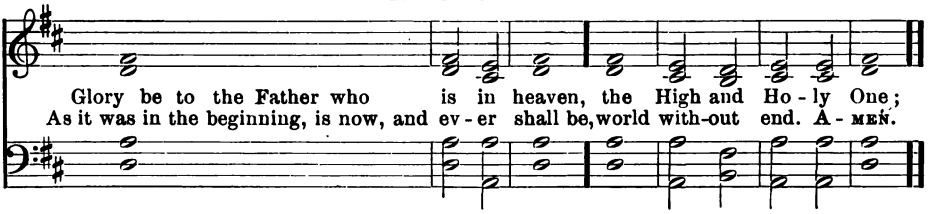

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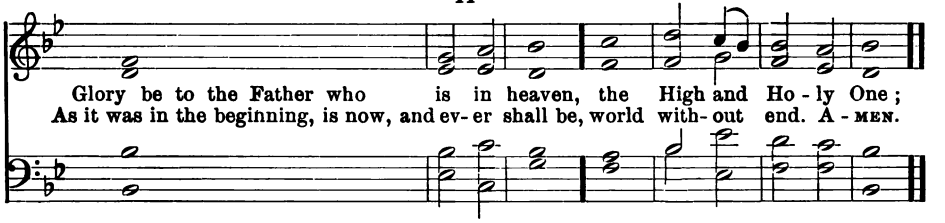
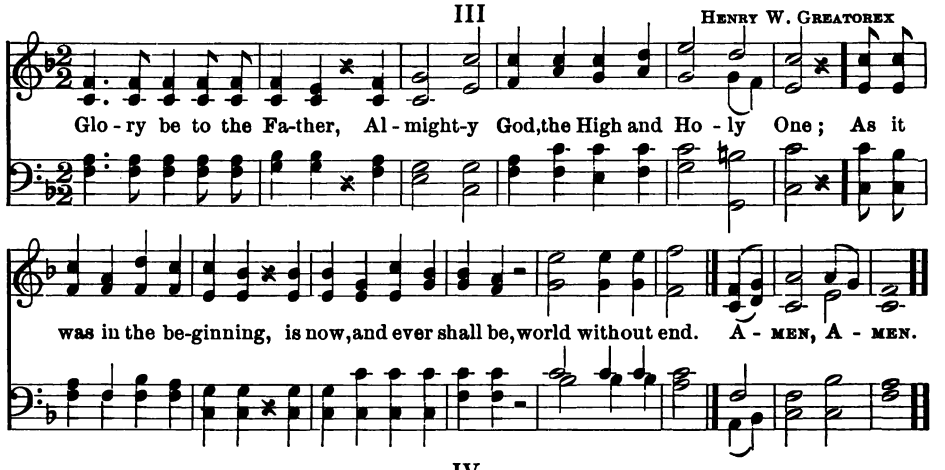


III

HENRY W. GREATOREX



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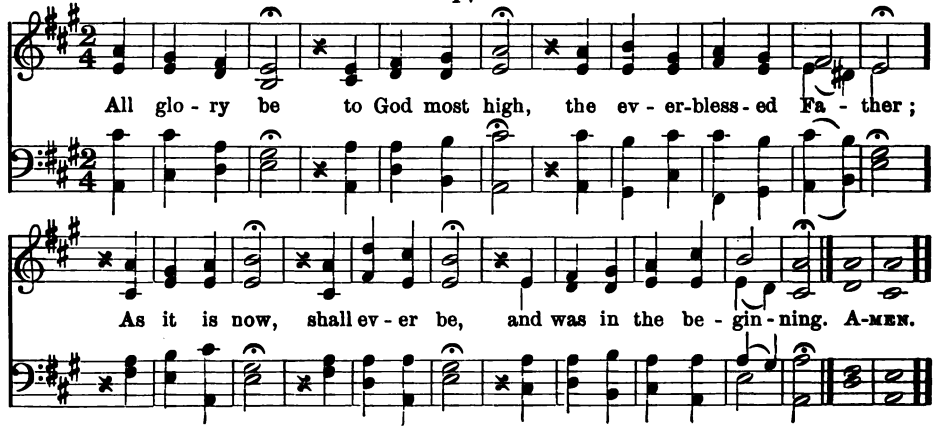

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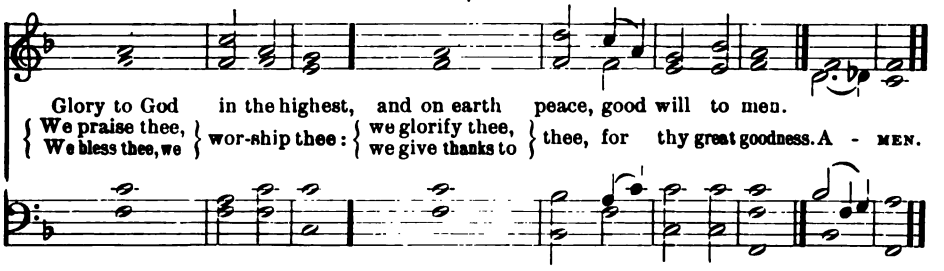

HALLELUJAH

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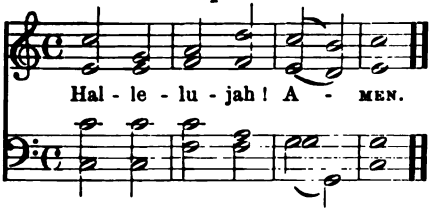

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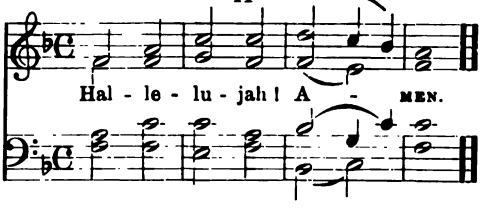

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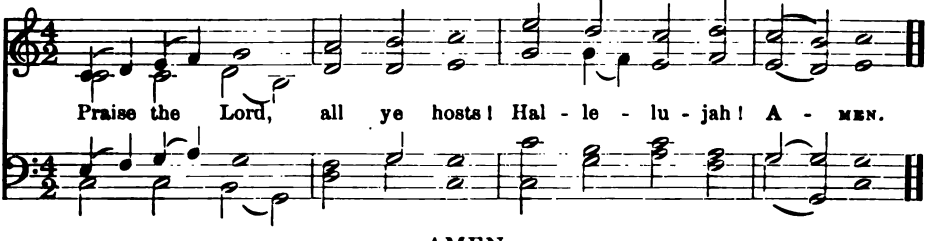

AMEN

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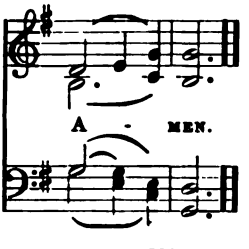

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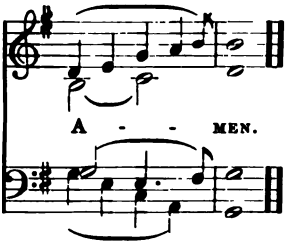

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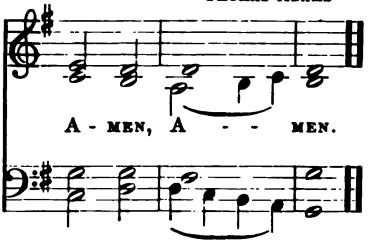
THOMAS ADAMS



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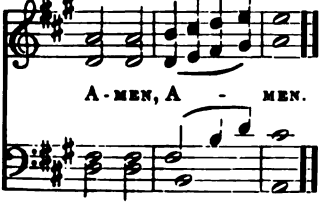
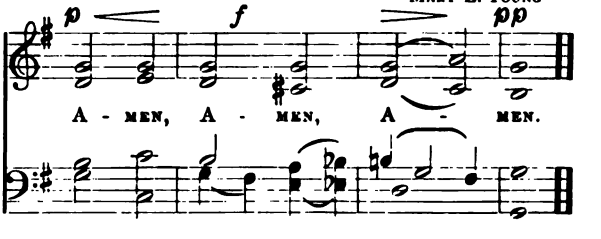
J. G NAUMANN



V

MARY L. YOUNG



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